April 24, 1954

# THE NEW YORKER

Price 20 cents

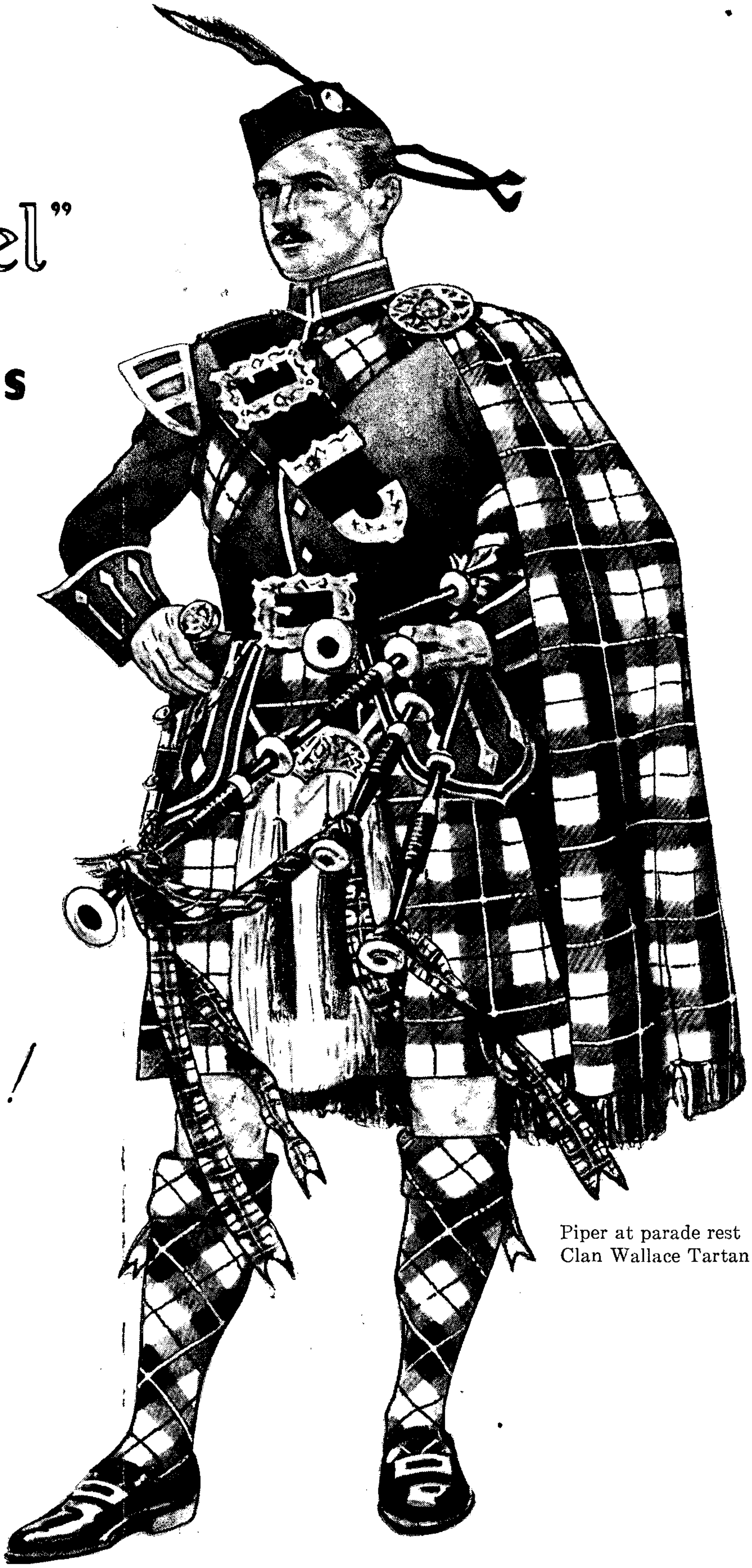
LIBRARY
STATE SCHOOL SCIENCE
WAHPETON, NO. DAK.

# DEWAR'S
# "White Label"
# and Victoria Vat
# SCOTCH WHISKIES

Famed are the clans of Scotland ...their colorful tartans worn in glory through the centuries. Famous, too, is Dewar's White Label and Victoria Vat, forever and always a wee bit o' Scotland in a bottle!

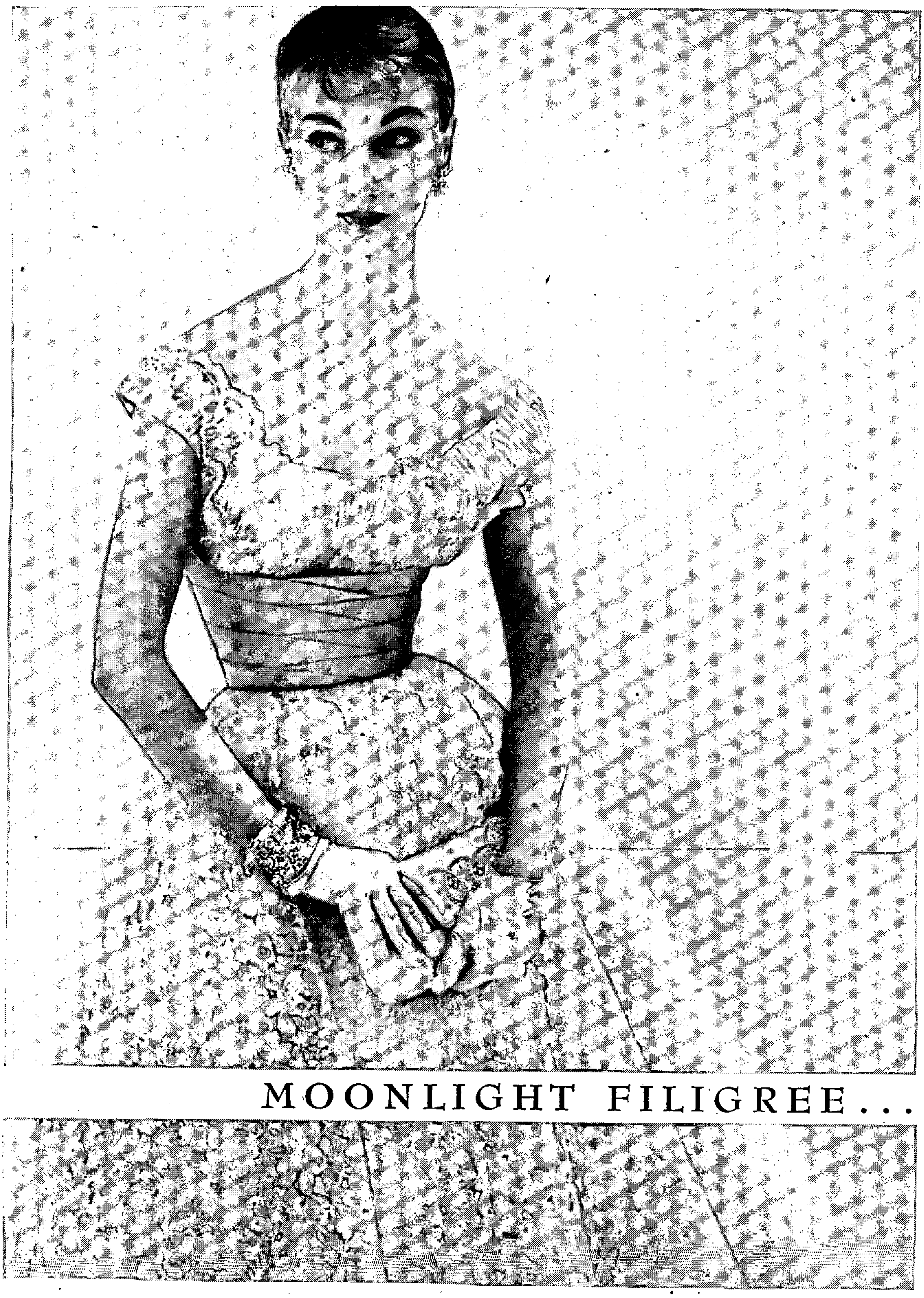
*Dewar's never varies!*

Scotch Whisky Distillers
John Dewar & Sons
Perth
"White Label"
Blended Scotch Whisky
100% Scotch Whiskies
Product of Scotland
John Dewar & Sons Ltd
Distillers
Perth
4/5 Quart 86.8° Proof
Schenley Import Corporation, New York, N.Y.
Dewar's V.V. Whisky
Dewar's
Victoria Vat
Blended Scotch Whisky
Product of Scotland
Specially Selected and Blended by
John Dewar & Sons Ltd
Perth, Scotland
4/5 Quart 86.8 Proof
Sole Distributors in U.S.A. Schenley Import Corporation, New York, N.Y.



Piper at parade rest
Clan Wallace Tartan

Both 86.8 Proof Blended Scotch Whisky © Schenley Import Corp., N. Y.



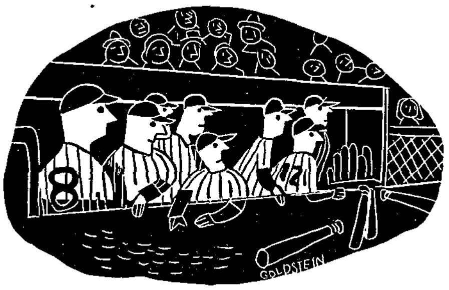
# MOONLIGHT FILIGREE...

**BONWIT TELLER**

our imported Chantilly lace, transformed by Ceil Chapman into a charming short evening gown. The look of a shepherdess, with draped peau de soie midriff, deep neckline...a flowering of fluted lace. Sizes 10 to 16. In pink or blue, 125.00

New York White Plains Chicago Cleveland Boston

# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



## A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

| S | M | T | W | T | F | S |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| | | | | 22 | 23 | 24 |
| 25 | 26 | 27 | 28 | 29 | 30 | 1 |

## THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

### PLAYS

**Anniversary Waltz**—Kitty Carlisle and Macdonald Carey do their best in this comedy by Jerome Chodorov and Joseph Fields, but the remarkably primitive nature of the humor is against them. Phyllis Povah and Howard Smith also appear, and Moss Hart is the director. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

**The Caine Mutiny Court Martial**—Herman Wouk's dramatic version of a section of his novel is a highly impressive achievement. Charles Laughton's direction of it is illustrious, and the acting is all magnificent. Henry Fonda, Lloyd Nolan, and John Hodiak head a cast that also contains Charles Nolte, Russell Hicks, Ainslie Pryor, and Robert Gist. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

**The Confidential Clerk**—T. S. Eliot's special blend of elementary farce and poetic reflection will probably enchant his admirers, but others may find neither ingredient altogether satisfactory. Claude Rains, Ina Claire, and Joan Greenwood head the excellent cast, which has been directed by E. Martin Browne. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:35. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:35.)

**The Girl on the Via Flaminia**—Alfred Hayes has made a play out of his novel about an Italian girl's unhappy romance with an American soldier, and in spite of a poorly contrived rendering of its central role it is a rather touching piece of work. (48th Street Theatre, 48th St., E. CI 5-4396. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

**The Immoralist**—Although Ruth and Augustus Goetz have adapted Gide's novel about homosexuality with dignity and reticence, and Louis Jourdan and Géraldine Page give exemplary performances, the total effect is rather thin and clinical. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesday and Saturdays at 2:30. Closes Saturday, May 1.)

**King of Hearts**—Maybe this unobtrusive comedy by Jean Kerr and Eleanor Brooke lacks substance, but it has enough real humor to compensate for its defects. It's about an egocentric comic-strip artist, Lord help us. The play was directed by Walter F. Kerr, and Donald Cook, Cloris Leachman, and Jackie Cooper are in the cast. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. LU 2-3897. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

**The Magic and the Loss**—Uta Hagen gives a fine performance in Julian Funt's well-written but rather dated play about the war between men and women. Michael Gordon directed a cast that includes Robert Preston, Lee Bowman, and Charles Taylor. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

**Oh, Men! Oh, Women!**—Franchot Tone as a psychoanalyst who gets caught in his own net. Betsy von Furstenberg, Gig Young, Anne Jackson, and Larry Blyden are those who conspire to complicate his life in Edward Chodorov's bright and expert comedy. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

**Ondine**—Without Audrey Hepburn, this Giraudoux fantasy, adapted by Maurice Valency, probably wouldn't amount to much; with her, it makes for a captivating couple of hours at the theatre. Miss Hepburn, who moves to some pleasant incidental music by Virgil Thomson, needs, and gets, only slight support from Mel Ferrer, who is co-starred with her. Directed by Alfred Lunt, and winner of the Drama Critics Circle award for best foreign play of the year. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:35. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:35.)

**The Remarkable Mr. Pennypacker**—Burgess Meredith, as the hero of Liam O'Brien's very lively farce-comedy, has eight children in Wilmington and nine in Philadelphia, and you can see how confusing that might be. Martha Scott, Thomas Chalmers, Una Merkel, Glenn Anders, and Michael Wager are also in the cast. (Coronet, 49th St., W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

**Sabrina Fair**—This sociological document by Samuel Taylor, which has something to do with a romance between a millionaire and the daughter of a chauffeur, stars Margaret Sullavan and Joseph Cotten, and they are both quite appealing. (National, 41st St., W. PE 6-8220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:35. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

**The Solid Gold Cadillac**—A pertinent and spirited satire on the business world of today. Josephine Hull is, as usual, the girl of everyone's dreams, and Loring Smith is rampageous as a magnate whose weakness is reciting "Spartacus to the Gladiators." The play is the work of George S. Kaufman and Howard Teichmann. (Belasco, 44th St., E. JU 6-7950. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

**Tea and Sympathy**—Deborah Kerr, as an understanding older woman, and John Kerr, as a sensitive boy accused of homosexuality, are both compelling in this thoughtful but not altogether convincing play written by Robert Anderson and directed by Elia Kazan. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Page
THE ART GALLERIES 123
BOOKS 135
THE CURRENT CINEMA 70
MUSICAL EVENTS 72
THE RACE TRACK 130
TELEVISION 133
THE WAYWARD PRESS 126

THE NEW YORKER
25 WEST 43RD STREET
TELEPHONE
ADVERTISING & SUBSCRIPTIONS, OXFORD 5-1515
EDITORIAL OFFICES, OXFORD 5-1414

### CHANGE OF ADDRESS

It is essential that subscribers ordering a change of address give four weeks' notice and provide their old as well as their new address. Please give postal zone numbers for both addresses.

**The Teahouse of the August Moon**—John Patrick's diverting comedy about Okinawa under the American Occupation. David Wayne is happily all over the place as a resident Oriental, and John Forsythe, Paul Ford, Larry Gates, and William Hansen are some of the transient Occidentals. There is also an interesting contribution by Mariko Niki, who plays a geisha. Directed by Robert Lewis, and winner of the Drama Critics Circle award for the best American play of the year. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

**Long Runs**—**THE FIFTH SEASON**: Menasha Skulnik and Richard Whorf are the stars of this play about the garment industry. (Cort, 48th St., E. CI 5-4289. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.) . . . **THE SEVEN YEAR ITCH**: Tom Ewell has the leading role in George Axelrod's comedy concerning a man who gets mixed up with a beautiful girl while his wife is away for the summer. (Fulton, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

### MUSICALS

**By the Beautiful Sea**—Shirley Booth is entrancing and Wilbur Evans and Mae Barnes are a big help, too, but the show's book, by Herbert and Dorothy Fields, is a serious handicap, and Arthur Schwartz's songs are by no means in his best vein. Helen Tamiris provided the dances, and Jo Mielziner designed the pleasant old-fashioned Coney Island settings. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

**Comedy in Music**—Victor Borge in a one-man show. (Golden, 45th St., W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

**The Girl in Pink Tights**—Jeanmaire is always bewitching as a Parisian ballerina in old New York, but she gets almost no assistance from the Chodorov-Fields book, and not much more from Don Walker's arrangement of the Sigmund Romberg score. Charles Goldner and Brenda Lewis furnish some useful comedy, and Alexandre Kalioujny appears to excellent effect in the Agnes de Mille dances. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. PL 7-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

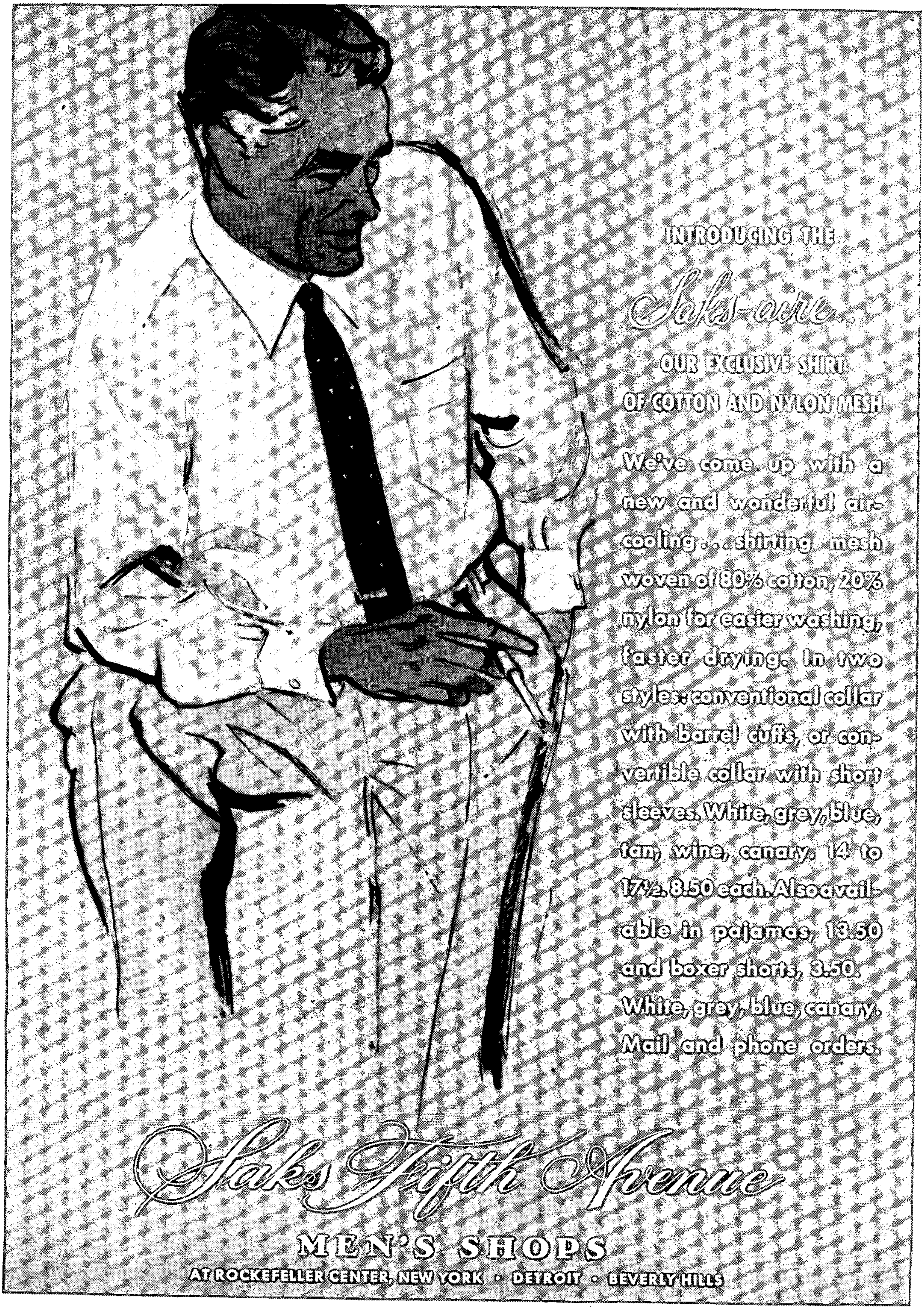
**The Golden Apple**—A cheerful but fairly standard musical that transports Ulysses, Paris, Helen, and all that cian to nineteenth-century America. It is chiefly the work of John Latouche, who wrote the book, Jerome Moross, who did the music, and Hanya Holm, who staged the dances. With Kaye Ballard, Jack Whiting, Jonathan Lucas, Priscilla Gillette, Bibi Osterwald, and Stephen Douglass. Voted the year's best musical by the Drama Critics Circle. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

**John Murray Anderson's Almanac**—Five very funny sketches are the highlights of this potpourri, which features the comic gifts of Hermione Gingold, Billy De Wolfe, Alice Pearce, and Orson Bean. Among the singers and dancers are Harry Belafonté, Carleton Carpenter, Elaine Dunn, Celia Lipton, and Nanci Crompton. The sketches are by Jean Kerr, Lauri Wylie, and many others; and Richard Adler and Jerry Ross wrote most of the songs. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

**Kismet**—Alfred Drake cuts a dashing figure as the vagabond poet in this adaptation of Edward Knoblock's comedy-melodrama, and his leading associates include Doretta

---

THE NEW YORKER, published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 W. 43rd St., New York 36, N. Y. R. H. Fleischmann, president; E. R. Spaulding and R. H. Truax, vice-presidents; S. B. Botsford, treasurer; M. L. Fries, secretary; A. J. Russell, Jr., advertising director. Vol. XXX, No. 10, April 24, 1954. Entered as second-class matter, February 10, 1925, at the post office at New York, N. Y. under the act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1954, by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U. S. A. Subscription rates: U. S. and possessions, 1 year $7.00; Canada, Philippines, Latin America, and Spain, $8.00. Other Foreign, $10.00.



INTRODUCING THE

*Saks-aire*...

OUR EXCLUSIVE SHIRT
OF COTTON AND NYLON MESH

We've come up with a new and wonderful air-cooling . . . shirting mesh woven of 80% cotton, 20% nylon for easier washing, faster drying. In two styles: conventional collar with barrel cuffs, or convertible collar with short sleeves. White, grey, blue, tan, wine, canary. 14 to 17½. 8.50 each. Also available in pajamas, 13.50 and boxer shorts, 3.50. White, grey, blue, canary. Mail and phone orders.

*Saks Fifth Avenue*

MEN'S SHOPS
AT ROCKEFELLER CENTER, NEW YORK • DETROIT • BEVERLY HILLS

# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

| S | M | T | W | T | F | S |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| | | | | 22 | 23 | 24 |
| 25 | 26 | 27 | 28 | 29 | 30 | 1 |

Morrow, Richard Oneto, Joan Diener, Philip Coolidge, and Henry Calvin. Robert Wright and George Forrest pieced together a score from the music of Alexander Borodin; Charles Lederer and Luther Davis fixed up the book; Jack Cole did the choreography; and Lemuel Ayers designed the costumes and sets. (Ziegfeld, Sixth Ave. at 54th St. CI 5-5200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30. Special performance for the Actors' Fund Sunday evening, April 25.)

**Long Runs**—**can-can**: Cole Porter wrote the music and lyrics for this spectacle set in the Paris of 1893, and Peter Cookson, Gwen Verdon, and Lilo are among those in the cast. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **wonderful town**: Life and love in Greenwich Village in the mid-thirties. The music is by Leonard Bernstein, and the cast is now headed by Carol Channing. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

## DANCE PROGRAMS

**Inesita**—Flamenco, Spanish classical, and other dances. (Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. TR 6-2366. Thursday, April 22, at 8:40.)

**Charles Weidman**—With his company and Nadine Gae. (Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. TR 6-2366. Sunday, April 25, at 8:40.)

**Emily Frankel and Mark Ryder**—In a dance recital. (Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. TR 6-2366. Monday, April 26, at 8:40.)

**José Greco and His Company of Spanish Dancers**—A two-week engagement that will open Monday, April 26, and run through Saturday, May 8. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7992. Nightly, except Monday, May 3, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesday, April 28, and Saturdays and Sunday at 2:40.)

**Ballet Theatre Workshop**—Five new ballets by William Dollar, Robert Joffrey, and Hubert Farrington, in a program sponsored by the Ballet Theatre Foundation. (Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. TR 6-2366. Tuesday, April 27, at 8:40.)

## OFF BROADWAY

**Amato Opera Theatre**—Starting Friday, April 23: "Don Pasquale," in English. (Amato Opera Theatre, 159 Bleecker St. GR 7-2844. Fridays through Sundays at 8:30. Admission is free, but reservations should be made in advance.)

**Barbizon-Plaza Theatre**—"The World of Sholom Aleichem," with a cast, directed by Howard Da Silva, that includes Morris Carnovsky, Ruby Dee, and Jack Gilford. (Barbizon-Plaza Theatre, Sixth Ave. at 58th St. CO 5-7845. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40. Closes Sunday, May 9.)

**Cherry Lane Theatre**—"A Sound of Hunting," by Harry Brown. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. CH 2-9583. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40.)

**Theatre de Lys**—Kurt Weill's "The Threepenny Opera" has an impressive score, but otherwise this version of Gay's classic of the London underworld is hardly likely to entertain you much. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

## MISCELLANY

**The Circus**—A continuous marchpast, two by two, of animals, clowns, tumblers, and other rare specimens. (Madison Square Garden. CO 5-6811. Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 7. Matinées daily at 2:15. Through Sunday, May 9. . . . ¶ The doors open weekdays at 1 and 7, and Sundays at 1 and 6, for those who like to roam around among the sideshows in the basement.)

**American Savoyards**—A ten-week Gilbert and Sullivan repertory, under the direction of Dorothy Raedler. Through Sunday, April 25: "Ruddigore." . . . ¶ Tuesday through Sunday, April 27-May 2: "Iolanthe." (President, 48th St., W. CI 6-5595. Tuesdays at 8, and Wednesdays through Sundays at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40. Through Sunday, May 30.)

**Blue Hill Troupe**—Presenting Gilbert and Sullivan's "The Yeomen of the Guard." For the benefit of the Legal Aid Society. (Hunter Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. Thursday and Friday, April 22-23, at 8:45, and a performance primarily for children on Saturday, April 24, at 2:30. For tickets, call SA 2-8338.)

**Milbourne Christopher**—In "Now You See It," a one-man magic show. (Longacre, 48th St., W. CI 6-5639. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

## NIGHT LIFE

(Some places at which you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

### DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

**Ambassador**, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—Sid Foster's orchestra and Nino de Moraes' band provide the wherewithal for the dinner and supper dancing in the Trianon Room, and William Adler's violin discourses in the adjoining Rotunda at cocktail time. No music in either room on Sundays.

**Biltmore**, Madison Ave. at 43rd St. (MU 7-7000)—Gleb Yellin and his ensemble make soft music "under the clock" at cocktails, except Sundays, and from seven to nine in the Madison Room Mondays through Fridays. No dancing, just listening.

**Copacabana**, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-0900)—Sammy Davis, Jr., a singer, dancer, and mimic who has energy to burn (and you can see the dense smoke on a clear night) is a show in himself, which is all to the good, since there isn't much else, unless you count the Copa corps de ballet, a dressy and dizzying gaggle of girls. On Thursday, April 29, George DeWitt, a wordy but nevertheless funny man, and Jane Froman, who sings, will be heading up a new show.

**El Morocco**, 154 E. 54th St. (EL 5-8769)—A fashionable photographer's studio, open evenings for the convenience of those who have to sleep during the day. Dancing to Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba group.

**New Yorker**, Eighth Ave. at 34th St. (LO 3-1000)—Trends may come and trends may go, but ice shows . . . The one in the Terrace Room, where Steve Kisley's orchestra plays for dancing, is presented at dinner and supper. No show or music Sunday or Monday night.

**Pierre**, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—The singing in the Cotillion Room these nights is the responsibility of Dorothy Sarnoff, a skillful representative of the operetta school. Her confrere is Russell Swann, one of the smoothest practitioners of black magic. Stanley Melba's orchestra and Chico-Relli's band take care of the guests' athletics. Sundays there's only a dinner show, and Mondays the room is closed. . . . ¶ A small orchestra, usually Stanley Worth's, plays for dancing from cocktails through supper in the sedate Café Pierre.

**Plaza**, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—Celeste Holm, a *soignée* beauty with a glint in her eye and dalliance in her voice, is making the Persian Room very warm for April. Ted Straeter, a rather more cherubic vocalist, coaxes elegant sounds from his piano and his dance band, and Mark Monte's quintet adds to the merriment. On Thursday, April 29, Peter Lind Hayes and Mary Healy, two of the most congenial of the younger marrieds, will start talking things over. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ After eight-thirty in the Rendez-Vous Room, which is restfully nineteenth-century, Maximillian Bergere's and Nicolas Matthey's dance orchestras sprint from one familiar tune to another. . . . ¶ Leo LeFleur's cocktail music is audible in the Palm Court every day but Monday. No dancing.

**Roosevelt**, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—Except Sundays, the Grill affords dancing to Guy Lombardo's orchestra, which ambles along at a God-fearing, Shetland-pony pace.

**St. Regis**, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The Maisonette is as away from it all as a cruise around the world, and as comfortable as breakfast in bed. There is almost continuous dance music by Milt Shaw's band and Ray Bari's ensemble, and at dinner and supper there's a song fest by Connie Towers, a long and attractive young lady. Closed Sundays.

**Savoy-Plaza**, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—Irving Conn's dance music fills the Café Lounge every afternoon and evening.

**Sherry-Netherland**, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800)—The last nightingale to inhabit the little gilded bird cage called the Carnaval Room, which shuts down for the season on Saturday, May 1, is Juliana Larson, principally noted for the splendor of her plumage. Dancing. Closed Sunday and Monday.

**Statler**, Seventh Ave. at 33rd St. (PE 6-5000)—Ted Weems' orchestra, which can be quickly converted into a floor show simply by putting the top down, is inhabiting the Café Rouge. Closed Sundays.

**Stork Club**, 3 E. 53rd St. (PL 3-1940)—Payson Ré's orchestra and a rumba band play for dancing, even though the customers would rather just stare at each other.

**Versailles**, 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310)—The local George White extravaganza, now in residence a year, is not the stuff Academy Awards are made of, but the activities of a tomgirl named Fay DeWitt and the jokes of Irwin Corey and Lou Nelson largely compensate for the flaws, and there are luxuriously upholstered girls, like Margie Duncan and Linda Lombard, to fill the eyes. Salvatore Gioë's band and Panchito's rumba men dream up dance music after nine.

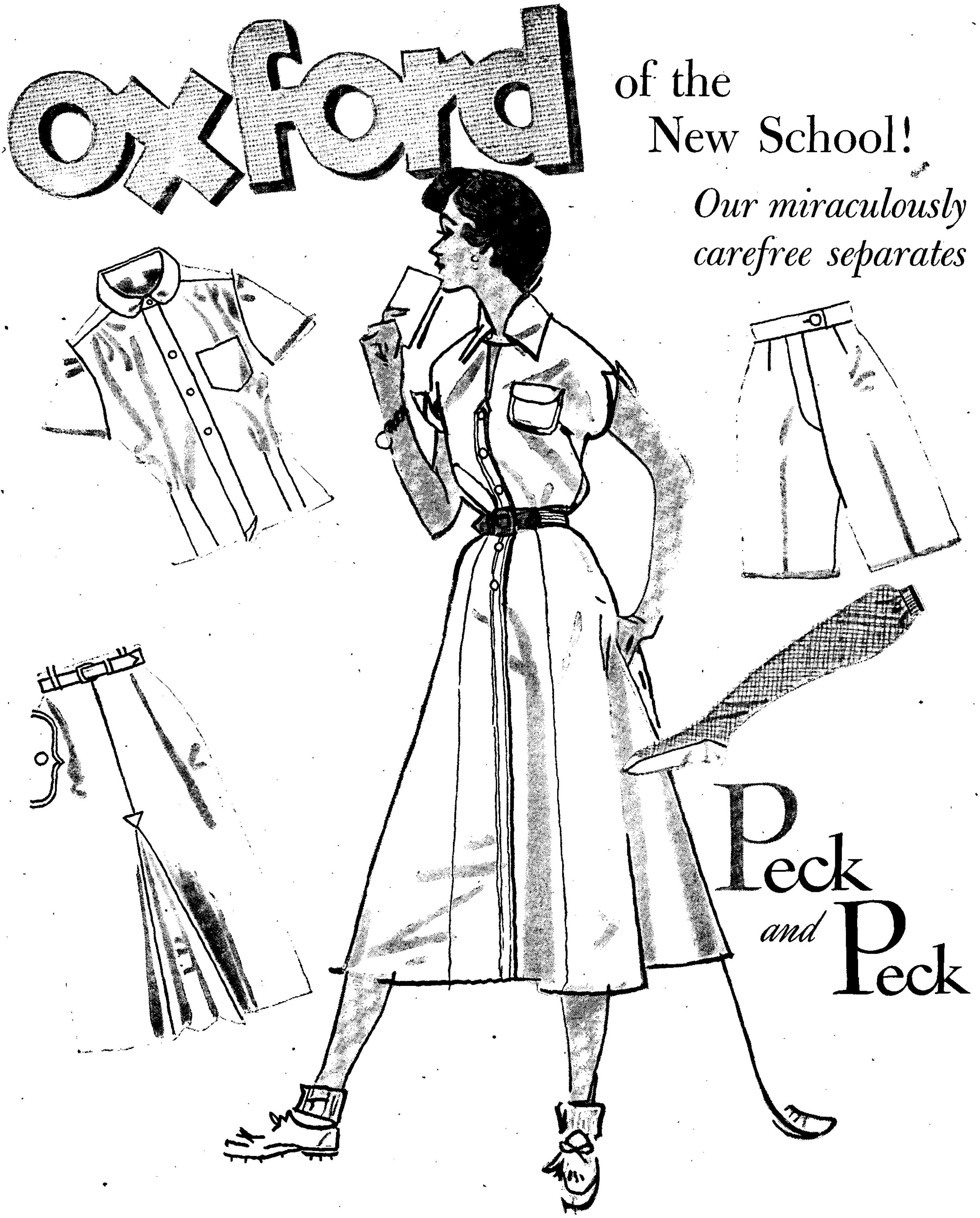
**Waldorf-Astoria**, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—The personable Eddie Albert and Margo, his loyal mate, are embedded in a series of skits, some of which ride off in two directions at once and some of which have no discernible direction at all. This happens in the Empire Room, where Nat Brandwynne's orchestra produces an excellent grade of dance music. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ In Peacock Alley, Alex Fogarty pours forth casual, relaxed piano off and on from six to twelve, and Michael Zarin's orchestra plays for dancing from eight-thirty to one. On Sundays, another group takes over all chores.

**Note**—The sky-high conning tower called the Rainbow Room serves (from four-thirty to nine except Sundays) as a lounge where, over cocktails and frequent swatches of music, one may study Hoboken, Union City, Long Island City, West New York, Welfare Island, and other escapists' paradises. The address, 30 Rockefeller Plaza; the phone, CI 6-5800.

### SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

**le coq rouge**, 65 E. 56th St. (PL 3-8887): The imperishable Eddie Davis still bows over his violin at all the old, imperishable faces. His tiny band is in action from eight-thirty on. Closed Sundays. . . . **little club**, 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-9425): A reminder of Broadway when it really was Broadway, played by a generally competent cast. The music, which is much less period piece, is provided by Ralph Strain's eloquent piano and, at sup-



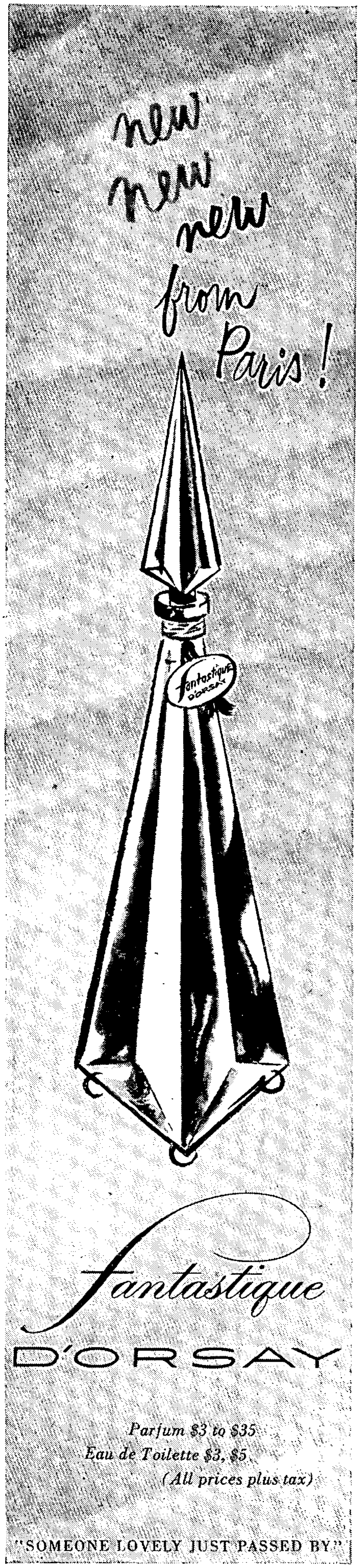
oxford of the New School!

*Our miraculously carefree separates*

Peck and Peck

The all-in-fun clothes that wash and dry in two shakes—barely need an iron! All thanks to a marvelous blending of *Dacron* and Pima cotton—in the ever-crisp oxford weave. Here, our easy-swinging Haberdasher golf dress, 29.95. The action skirt, 16.95. Shirt, 9.95. Bermuda shorts, 12.95. All in white, blue or yellow, sizes 12 to 20. Cotton mesh knee-socks, 1.15.

NEW YORK • CHICAGO • BOSTON • PHILADELPHIA • BALTIMORE • DETROIT • CLEVELAND • ST. LOUIS • MINNEAPOLIS • ST. PAUL
INDIANAPOLIS • WASHINGTON, D. C. • ATLANTA • CINCINNATI • KANSAS CITY • MILWAUKEE • HARTFORD • BUFFALO • PROVIDENCE



Fantastique
D'ORSAY

*Parfum $3 to $35*
*Eau de Toilette $3, $5*
*(All prices plus tax)*

"SOMEONE LOVELY JUST PASSED BY"

# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

per, by a strolling violinist. No music Sundays. . . . **WEYLIN ROOM,** 40 E. 54th St. (PL 3-9100): In a commodious sort of indoor breezeway, Cy Walter presides from six to eight and from ten to two, except Sundays, playing the sort of offhand piano that sounds easy until you try it yourself. . . . **DRAKE ROOM,** 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): An ornate assortment of armchairs in which to listen to the calm, collected piano of Addison Bailey during cocktails, dinner, and supper. Sunday is his day of rest. . . . **ARMANDO'S,** 54 E. 55th St. (PL 3-0760): Piano and violin after ten for East Side patrons unto the second and third generations. Closed Sundays. . . . **CELESTE,** 28 W. 56th St. (JU 6-9063): Around nine, Jim Mahoney starts his brisk but nostalgic piano recital in this quiet, well-run dining room. Closed Mondays. . . . **EL CHICO,** 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): Spanish jive, with dancing to match by both cast and clients. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . **CAFÉ NINO,** 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-9014): There's Herman Arminski's piano at cocktails and Rudy Timfield's at dinner and supper in the bar of this establishment, a heaping handful of clearly mobile décor. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHAMPAGNE GALLERY,** 135 Macdougal St. (GR *7-9221*): *An old favorite* of the small fry that is a mixture of restaurant and off-Broadway theatre workshop. Someone or other always seems to be at the piano, or singing, or both. . . . **CAFÉ MADISON,** Madison Ave. at 58th St. (EL 5-5000): Lou Wertz plays piano for cocktails, dinner, and supper, except Sundays, when José Poniera's quintet functions for dancing from one in the afternoon until nine at night. . . . **THE EMPRESS,** 340 E. 79th St. (RE 4-2626): Norbert Faconi, violin at the ready, stalks these premises most of the night, trailing schmalz behind him. Closed Sundays.

## SUPPER CLUBS

(No dancing, unless noted.)

**BLUE ANGEL,** 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): Elsa Lanchester, a *sui-generis* compote of elf, minx, and waif, is casting an interesting pair of sheep's eyes at her audience. The other contributors to an active evening are Martha Davis and Calvin Ponder, a devil-may-care pair of singers; Jonathan Winters, who is just about the most hilarious, yet most true-to-life, character actor now involved in night life; and Ginette Wander, a soprano far, far from her Folies-Bergère home. The backdrop is the subdued but fervid tone poems of Jimmy Lyons' trio and Bart Howard's piano. On Thursday, April 29, Robert Clary, the little French pepper pot, will take over from Mr. Winters. . . . ¶ In the lounge, from two to four every night but Saturday, Miss Davis and Mr. Ponder whip up a storm of hot music. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD,** 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Trude Adams, a sight to behold, sings in the sweet, unstudied manner of the young in heart; Marshall Izen and his puppets reduce opera as we know it to a cheerful shambles; and the Burgess calypso singers, fresh from the fastnesses of the West Indies, put on a fine little free-for-all. Clarence Williams' trio, with Carl Lynch on guitar, plays for kicks and for dancing. Closed Mondays. . . . **LE RUBAN BLEU,** 4 E. 56th St. (PL 3-6426): Kirkwood and Goodman and their Walrus and Carpenter conversations are back on the old lot. Dorothy Loudon, a decorative soprano who is witty as well as occasionally wistful, departs on Tuesday, April 27, to be succeeded next evening by Ellen Hanley, another limpid Circe. Julius Monk and the incomparable Norman Paris and his trio supply the music. The rest of the menu has a low caloric value. Closed Sundays. . . . **ONE FIFTH AVENUE,** Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (SP 7-7000): Marion Harris, Jr., sings every night but Sunday, and Don Adams, a stripling comedian, is around every night but Monday. Bob Downey and Harold Fonville play vigorous double piano, and Hazel Webster is, as always, the solo pianist. Bygone movies are added to the show on Sundays; amateur performers are added on Mondays. . . . **BYLINE ROOM,** 137 E. 52nd St. (EL 5-8319): The almost lost art of the salon is still practiced by Mabel Mercer, who has first call on the songs of the top young composers. Sam Hamilton's piano is the appropriate setting. Closed Sundays. The place is over the frequently raucous Show Spot Lounge. . . . **BON SOIR,** 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): Perpetual motion (and commotion) brought just about to its peak. The participants are Charlotte Rae, a deadpan parodist with an unerring aim; Thelma Carpenter and her breezy ballads; Jimmie Daniels and his Left Bank lyrics; Norene Tate, singer of sad songs and player of blithe piano; the Three Flames, makers of polyphonic music, who are paced by Tiger Haines; Oliver Wakefield, speaker of the house on any subject, or nine or ten at once; and Bruce Kirby, the local fall guy. On Tuesday, April 27, Jimmie Komack, one of the newer and brighter pranksters, will assume Mr. Wakefield's chores. Closed Mondays.

## MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(Open later than most places, and no dancing, unless noted.)

**EDDIE CONDON'S,** 47 W. 3rd St. (GR 5-8639): Under this spreading chestnut tree, Wild Bill Davison, a leading Village smithy, heads up a splendid anvil chorus. He gets noble backing from Cutty Cutshall, Edmond Hall, Don MacLean, Gene Schroeder, Walter Page, and Mr. Condon. Ralph Sutton plays his splendid *four-hand jazz piano during the intermissions.* On Tuesday nights, the racket is increased by a hard-riding passel of guest fusiliers. Closed Sundays. . . . **THE EMBERS,** 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): Weekdays, from nine to three, music for moderns is dished up in practically plush surroundings. George Shearing is a great man when he is just playing piano and not resurrecting jokes from well-earned retirement. His quintet and Buck Clayton's stalwart quartet alternate on the stand. On Monday, April 26, they'll give way to Jerry Wald's orchestra and Dorothy Donegan's trio. . . . **NICK'S,** Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): Phil Napoleon and his Memphis Five act as happy as if they owned the joint, on which by now they ought at least to have squatters' rights. Jam sessions on Sunday afternoons. Closed Mondays. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S,** 53 W. 52nd St. (EL 5-9600): A congeries of youngsters called The Six (Bob Wilber, Johnny Glasel, Eddie Hubble, Tommy Goodman, Bob Petersen, and Eddie Phyfe) is now holding the fort on vanishing 52nd Street. Don Frye is solo pianist. Jam sessions Monday nights. Closed Sundays. . . . **BIRDLAND,** 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-1368): Through Wednesday, April 28, Earl Hines' orchestra and Miles Davis and his All Stars should be blamping away; next evening, Count Basie's band and Lester Young's quintet are expected to take over. Mondays, when the regulars are off, are jam-session nights. . . . **BASIN STREET,** Broadway at 51st St (PL 7-*3728): Not the best acoustics in the world,* but at least one of the best pianists, Erroll Garner. His trio takes turns with Charlie Ventura's quartet and the low-pitched, another-world musings of Gerry Mulligan's advanced group, which departs on Sunday, April 25. The following Tuesday, Slim Gaillard's gang returns. All are off Mondays, when there are usually jam sessions; the one on April 26, the Frankie Newton Memorial Concert, will include almost every traditional jazzman in town. . . . **CHILDS PARAMOUNT,** Broadway at 44th St. (CH 4-9440): Conrad Janis, who wields a fairly puissant trombone, and his tailgaters fill this vasty deep with music Tuesdays through Saturdays until after midnight, and Sundays from nine-thirty to eleven-thirty. On Sunday, April 25, from five-thirty to eight-thirty, Jimmy McPartland's Dixiecrats will team up with the local boys in a jam session. Dancing. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE,** 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Except Mondays, after nine-thirty, the trio belonging to Marian McPartland, a latter-day piano player with a mind and a touch of her own, goes into a rewarding huddle in the center of the bar. Johnny Mehegan, a master of introvert, understated pianism, holds forth in between sets. . . . **BONFIRE,** Lexington Ave. at 58th St. (PL 5-2440): A late-night greenroom for the jauntier professional musicians, wherein, except Sundays, the jaunty and inspired Sylvia Syms sings jazz with a will and a way. . . . **STUYVESANT CASINO,** 140 Second Ave., at 9th St. (GR 3-9742): Friday, April 23, there'll be a wholesale uproar, probably by Bobby Hackett, Wild Bill Davison, Max Kaminsky, Miff Mole, Lou McGarity, Pee Wee Russell, Joe Sullivan, Cliff Jackson, Pop Foster, Cozy

THE PRACTICALITY OF WEARING "DACRON"

In springtime, every man needs at least one suit made with "Dacron". For this modern textile fiber helps a suit hold its well-tailored shape, trousers retain a neat crease through April showers or even downright rain.

"Dacron" is an eminently practical fiber for men's wear. Its special chemical properties make it conducive to good grooming, easy comfort. "Dacron" is a *hydrophobic* fiber . . . has an innate resistance to moisture as well as other causes of wrinkling. It's highly *resilient* . . . provides both wrinkle resistance and recovery from wrinkles. And "Dacron" is exceptionally *strong*. Which is why the suit shown above is so comfortably light, yet has the stamina to hold its shape, keep its neat, well-pressed look.

"Dacron" is an incentive to good tailoring. To see how skillfully mill and tailor use this fiber to combine fashion with function, visit your favorite clothier. You'll find suits made of Du Pont "Dacron"* polyester fiber alone, or blended with other fine fibers such as wool, rayon or acetate. Alone, or blended, "Dacron" makes a fine suit even finer!

BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING
. . . THROUGH CHEMISTRY

DU PONT
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

*REGISTERED TRADE-MARK FOR DU PONT'S POLYESTER FIBER

*A boy's best friend is his ego*

THERE ARE TIMES when the battered parent wishes his son were an obedient angel – self-effacing and undemanding. But a youngster's ego often is expressed in ways that disconcert his elders. Happily, parent and child see eye to eye on Junior's natural enthusiasm for DONMOOR knit shirts – their easygoing comfort and keen colors make sense to active boys and their parents.

**DONMOOR** **MAKES COTTON KNITS** for big boys and little boys from size 1 all the way to 20, from $1.29 to $2.98 – has been making boys' wear for more than 50 years. Most good stores carry them – for the one nearest you, write to DONMOOR KNITWEAR, 8 W. 30th Street, New York 1.

# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Cole, and Jimmy Rushing. Dancing.... **CENTRAL PLAZA,** 111 Second Ave., at 6th St. (AL 4-9800): Friday and Saturday, April 23-24, there'll be a welkin-ringing contest between (it is reported) Billy Butterfield, Red Allen, Buster Bailey, Herb Fleming, Sonny Greer, Freddie Moore, and Willie the Lion Smith. Dancing.

## ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 to between 5 and 6.)

### GALLERIES

**AMERICAN PANORAMA**—Upward of forty canvases, by Robert Feke, Charles Willson Peale, Winslow Homer, Jack Levine, and others, in a wide survey of art in this country during the last two and a quarter centuries. A loan show from and a benefit for the Brooklyn Museum. Through Friday, April 30. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St.)

**LOUIS BOUCHÉ**—Country scenes, mainly, done in a sunnily Impressionist manner; through May 8. (Kraushaar, 32 E. 57th St.)

**ROBERT DAVISON**—Semi-Surrealist paintings, blockily modelled and a bit too crowded in design, but generally effective; through Saturday, April 24. (Hewitt, 18 E. 69th St.)

**CHARLES DEMUTH AND ARTHUR DOVE**—Two American modernists who did most of their work in water colors; through Saturday, May 1. (Downtown, 32 E. 51st St.)

**LYONEL FEININGER**—New abstract paintings, many of them showing interesting stylistic variations, by an artist now in his eighty-fourth year; through Saturday, May 1. (Valentin, 32 E. 57th St.)

**FUTURISM**—A carefully selected, handsomely arranged loan exhibition of works by the five Italian artists who founded the movement—Balla, Boccioni, Carrà, Russolo, and Severini; through Saturday, May 1. (Janis, 15 E. 57th St.)

**ADOLPH GOTTLIEB**—New paintings, continuing his shift from his former "compartmented" style to a more fluid form of abstraction; through Saturday, April 24. (Kootz, 600 Madison Ave., at 57th St.)

**MORRIS GRAVES**—Ducks and drakes and occasionally a gander, done in oils and in ink and wash, and discreetly Japanese in influence; through Saturday, April 24. (Willard, 23 W. 56th St.)

**J. M. HANSON**—Recent oils, delicately abstract in style, by a transplanted English artist now teaching at Cornell; through Thursday, April 29. (Passedoit, 121 E. 57th St.)

**CAMILLE HILAIRE**—Dark, fluently patterned abstractions, many of them of Mediterranean scenes, by one of the younger French moderns; through May 8. (Galerie Moderne, 49 W. 53rd St. Weekdays, 12:30 to 6.)

**JOSEPH HIRSCH**—Thirty canvases painted during the last three years in Paris; through May 8. (Associated American Artists, 711 Fifth Ave., at 55th St.)

**GERRIT HONDIUS**—New paintings, chiefly of the circus, which show a lot of understanding of their subject; through Thursday, April 29. (Myers, 32 W. 58th St. Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 6; Saturdays, 11 to 5.)

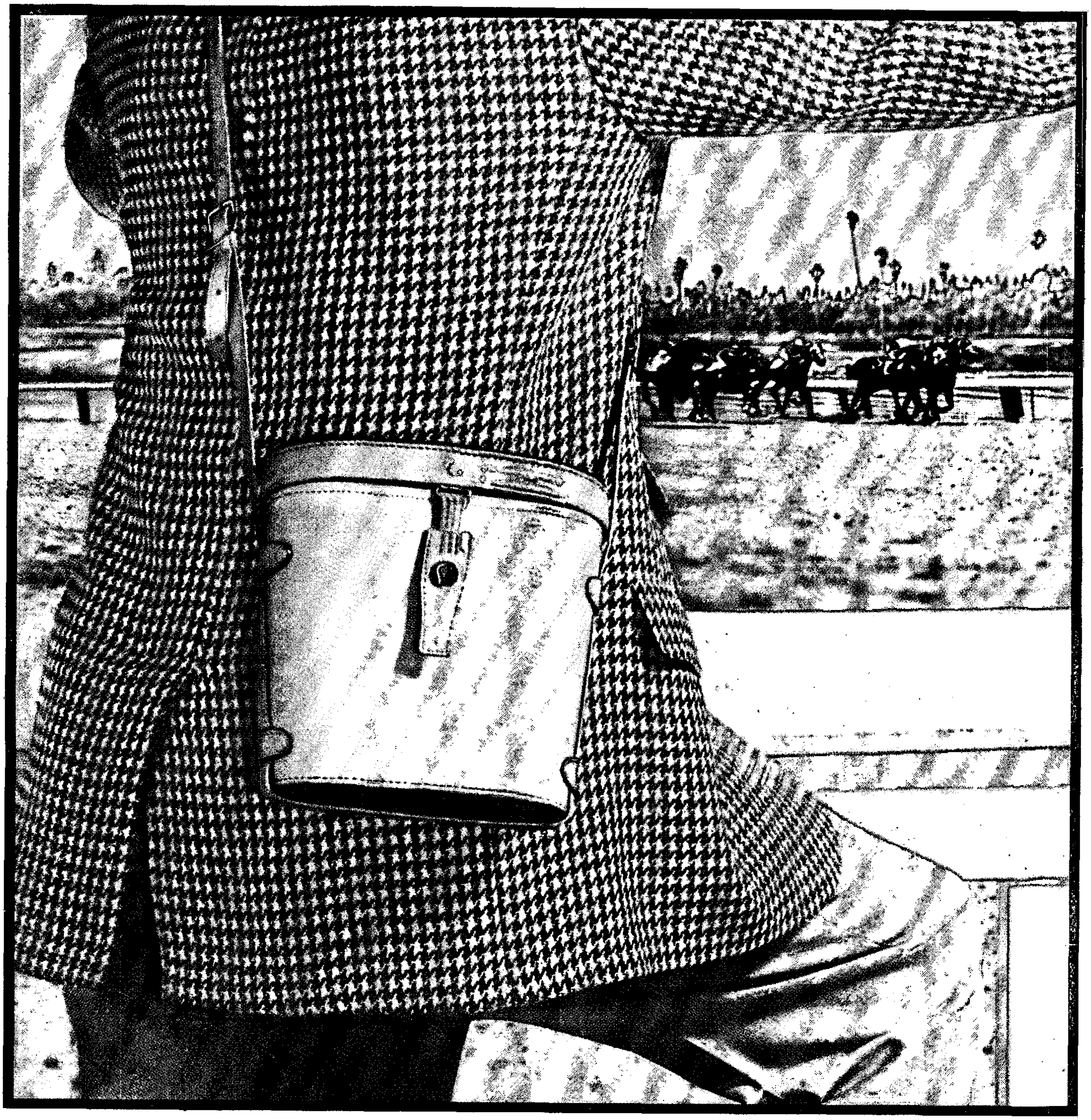
**PAUL KLEE**—A small retrospective of paintings and drawings that date from 1912 to his death in 1940; through May 8. (Saidenberg, 10 E. 77th St. Weekdays, 2 to 5:30.)

**FRANZ KLINE**—Big, powerful abstractions, all done in black-and-white, by a major representative of the American calligraphic school; through May 8. (Egan, 46 E. 57th St.)

**HENRY KOERNER**—Paintings and drawings keenly, if a bit dryly, observant of the more earnest side of life in a girl's school; through Saturday, May 1. (Midtown, 17 E. 57th St.)

**PER KROHG**—The first American showing of paintings, 1912 to the present, by one of the leaders of the Norwegian post-Impressionists; through Saturday, April 24. (St. Etienne, 46 W. 57th St.)

**MAGIC OF FLOWERS**—A rather ponderous but certainly comprehensive garland of flower studies, from the sixteenth century to the present. For the benefit of the Lenox Hill



# Win with Carter's daily double

The test of a man's sporting blood used to be his willingness to bet his undershirt. Goaded to utter recklessness, some men even bet their underpants.

This test went out when Carter's Trigs came *in*. What man, however daring, would risk such handsome garments?

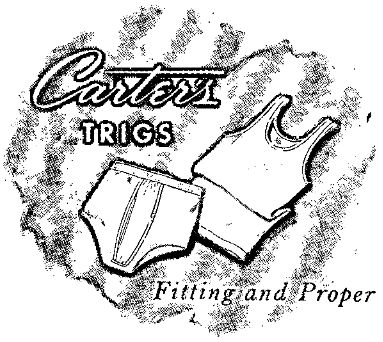
Carter's knitwear has a galaxy of advantages. Soft resilience. No wrinkles to annoy you. Porous and absorbent, too.

But comfort isn't the half of it. You get a choice of styles and fabrics that will make your head swim. New Nylon Chromspun blend. Orlon tricot. Soft combed cotton. Smart, discreet colors. Interesting stripes.

Carter's jaunty collection is sure to please your taste whether you prefer Trigs Briefs or Trigs Boxers.

Whichever Carter's shorts you choose — be sure to get Trigs Shirts and thus *double* your blissful satisfaction *daily*.

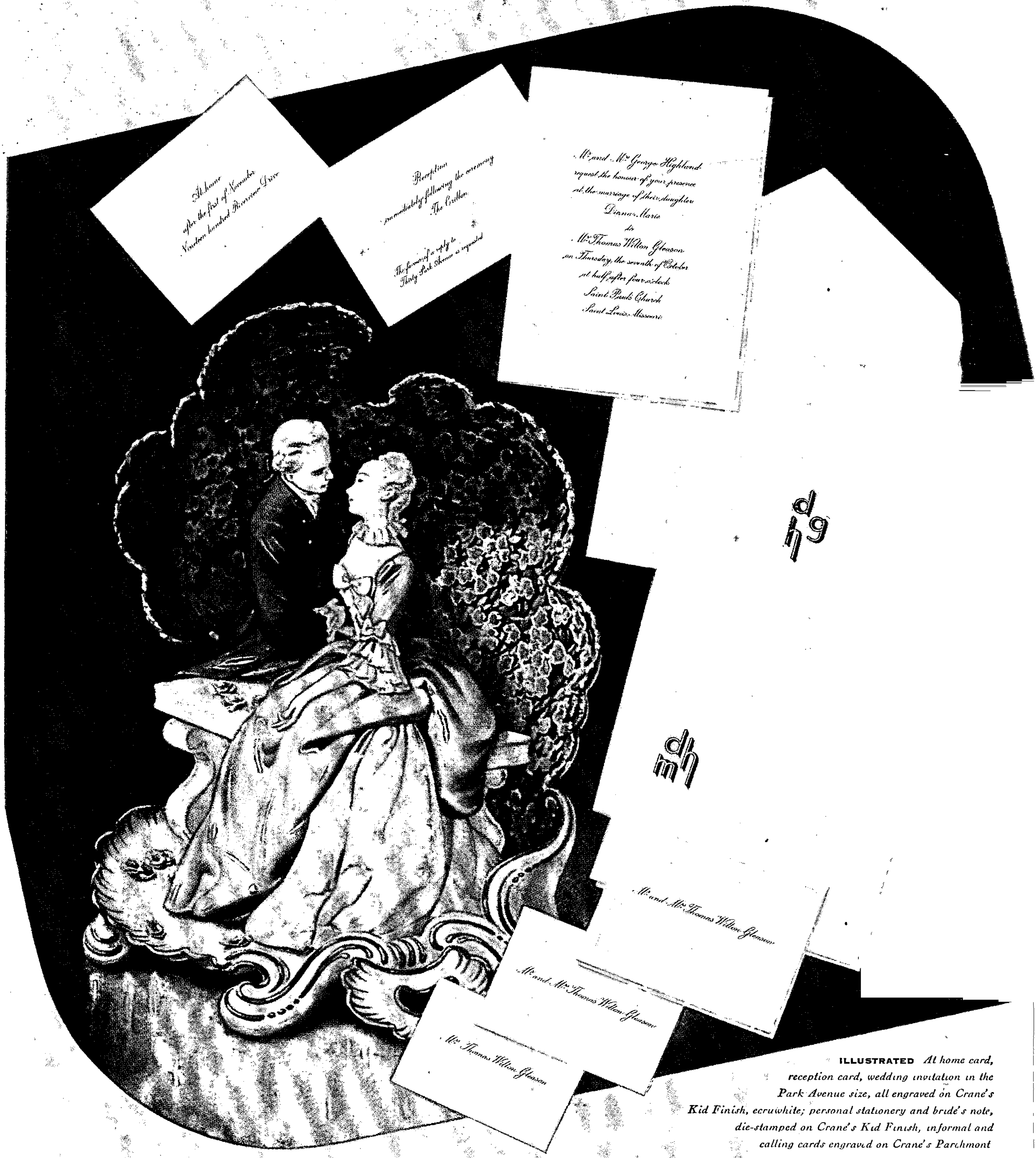
The William Carter Co., Needham Heights, Massachusetts.



**At these and other fine stores:** Boston, Jordan Marsh Co. • Chicago, The Fair Store • Dallas, James K. Wilson • Dayton, Walkers, Inc. • Denver, Daniels and Fisher
Detroit, J. L. Hudson Co. • Newark, Bamberger's • New York, Wallach's; B. Altman & Co.; Franklin Simon • Philadelphia, Jacob Reed's Sons • Rochester, Sibley, Lindsay & Curr Co.

# Crane's — FOR YOUR PAPER TROUSSEAU

assures correctness . . . confers distinction


At home
after the first of November
Nineteen hundred Riverview Drive
Reception
immediately following the ceremony
The Crillon
The favour of a reply to
Thirty Park Avenue is requested
Mr. and Mrs. George Highland
request the honour of your presence
at the marriage of their daughter
Dianna Marie
to
Mr. Thomas Wilton Gleason
on Thursday, the seventh of October
at half after four o'clock
Saint Paul's Church
Saint Louis, Missouri
Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Wilton Gleason
Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Wilton Gleason
Mrs. Thomas Wilton Gleason

**ILLUSTRATED** *At home card, reception card, wedding invitation in the Park Avenue size, all engraved on Crane's Kid Finish, ecruwhite; personal stationery and bride's note, die-stamped on Crane's Kid Finish, informal and calling cards engraved on Crane's Parchmont*

**CRANE'S FINE PAPERS • MADE IN DALTON, MASSACHUSETTS • SINCE 1801**

100% ALL-RAG PAPERS FOR SOCIAL AND BUSINESS CORRESPONDENCE • CURRENCY • SECURITIES • CARBON • TRACING

Neighborhood Association. Through May 15. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St.)

**Matisse**—A small but handsomely selected retrospective, 1907 to 1948; through Saturday, May 1. (Rosenberg, 20 E. 79th St.)

**Mexican Art**—A cross-section of current art in Mexico, with José Gutierrez, Diego Rivera, and Rufino Tamayo among the artists represented; through Saturday, April 24. (Carnegie Endowment International Center, 345 E. 46th St. Mondays through Fridays, 9 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 2.)

**George Picken**—A dozen recent semiabstract pictures on city and country themes; through Saturday, April 24. (Rehn, 683 Fifth Ave., at 54th St.)

**Hans Richter**—A slightly scattered but absorbing retrospective, 1908-54, of paintings and other works by one of the chief figures of the early Dada movement; through Saturday, April 24. (Fried, 6 E. 65th St. Weekdays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

**Vuillard and Roussel**—A small selection of their paintings; through May 29. (Cadby-Birch, 21 E. 63rd St.) The Vuillard exhibition at the Museum of Modern Art may be of interest in this connection, too.

**John Whorf**—Marine subjects, winter scenes, and other New England phenomena, in water colors; through Saturday, April 24. (Milch, 55 E. 57th St.)

**Yektai**—Recent still-lifes and figure studies by a Persian-born painter; through May 8. (Borgenicht, 61 E. 57th St.)

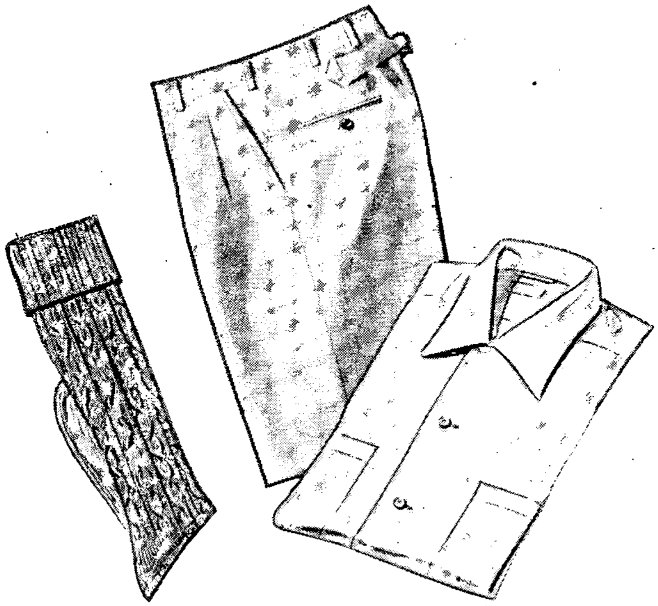
**Group Shows**—At **the contemporaries**, 959 Madison Ave., at 75th St.: Prints, for the most part by French artists, among them Picasso, Braque, and Villon; through May 15. (Mondays through Saturdays, 9:30 to 6; Sundays, 2 to 6.) . . . **ganso**, 125 E. 57th St.: The spring annual here, with a painting apiece (varying from realist to abstract examples) by sixteen of the gallery's artists; through May 19. . . . **matisse**, 41 E. 57th St.: An exhibit of various interpretations of form by Miró, Rouault, Chagall, and nine other French artists; through May 8. . . . **national academy of design**, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.: A big, intermittently interesting showing of oils, sculptures, and other works, in the Academy's hundred-and-twenty-ninth annual exhibition; through Sunday, April 25. (Daily, 1 to 6.) . . . **newton**, 11 E. 57th St.: Ten canvases by ten old masters, including Van Dyke, Murillo, and Caravaggio; through Friday, April 30. . . . **new york city center gallery**, 131 W. 55th St.: About fifty modern oils that were selected by Joseph Albers, Milton Avery, and James Brooks; through Friday, April 30. (Mondays through Fridays, 1 to 6.) . . . **sculpture center**, 167 E. 69th St.: Plastic, bronze, stone, and steel are only a few of the mediums used by the twenty artists represented here; through Friday, April 30. (Weekdays, 2 to 5 and, except Saturdays, 7 to 10.)

**Some of Next Week's Openings**—At the **argent**, 67 E. 59th St.: Elizabeth Elser; starting Tuesday, April 27. . . . **artists'**, 851 Lexington Ave., at 64th St.: Leon Golub; starting Saturday, May 1. (Weekdays, 11 to 5:30.) . . . **jackson**, 22 E. 66th St.: Frances Field; starting Tuesday, April 27. . . . **milch**, 55 E. 57th St.: Dan Lutz; starting Monday, April 26. . . . **myers**, 32 W. 58th St.: Herschel Levit; starting Saturday, May 1. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 6; Saturdays, 11 to 5.)

## MUSEUMS

**Metropolitan Museum**, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Over two hundred paintings by James McNeill Whistler, John Singer Sargent, and Mary Cassatt. Among them are the picture popularly called "Whistler's Mother," Sargent's portraits of Robert Louis Stevenson and Joseph Pulitzer, and Cassatt's familiar women and children. A loan show that has been supplemented by items from the Museum's collection; through May 23. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

**Museum of Modern Art**, 11 W. 53rd St.—The first large retrospective exhibit in this country of the works of Edouard Vuillard, with over a hundred oils and about thirty prints, starting with his early works around the turn



ESTABLISHED 1818

**Brooks Brothers are specialists in**
**WELL-TAILORED BERMUDA SHORTS**
**AND COLORFUL SPORT SHIRTS**

We have an unusually comprehensive selection of well-tailored Bermuda shorts, sport shirts and Bermuda hose, including:

*(left)* Hand-framed wool cable stitch Bermuda hose, plain or cuff top. Natural, light or dark grey, navy. 10½ to 13, $8.50; also in ribbed lightweight wool with cuff top—navy, natural, charcoal, yellow, $3

*(center)* Bermuda shorts of medium or oxford grey flannel, plain or pleated front. Even sizes 30 to 42, $18.50; in Brooksweave* Dacron† and cotton that launders easily, requires no pressing. Yarn-dyed pink, light blue, $14.50; in striped denim—black-with-silver, red or brown, $8.50

*(right)* Lightweight shirt of fine Irish linen in black, pink, beige, navy, light blue or white. Small, medium, large, extra large. Short sleeves, $12.50, long, $13.50.

**Brooks Brothers registered trade-mark* †*Du Pont's fiber*

ESTABLISHED 1818

Brooks Brothers,
CLOTHING
Men's Furnishings, Hats & Shoes

346 MADISON AVENUE, COR. 44TH ST., NEW YORK 17, N. Y.
111 BROADWAY, NEW YORK 6, N. Y.
BOSTON • CHICAGO • LOS ANGELES • SAN FRANCISCO

**The Right Approach**

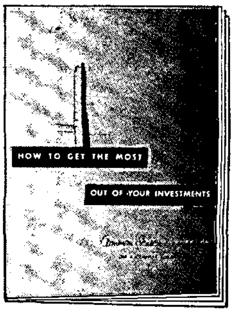
**Will Improve Your Investing Score Too!**

It's no secret why the pros score better than week-end golfers. That's their *business* . . . and they spend full-time at it.

So do we . . . planning investment programs, and managing money and securities. That's our sole job. If you have upwards of $75,000. available for investment, you'll do well to employ our advisory services.

Sound investment planning takes specialized training, broad experience and contacts, extensive research and statistical facilities, as well as the seasoned judgment of men who have made investments their career.

While these and other significant advantages are provided at City Bank Farmers, you retain final control. We act as your agent . . . attend to the smallest details. And you'll find the cost of an Investment Advisory Account surprisingly modest (and usually tax deductible).



Why not consult with us soon? No obligation.
. . . telephone BOwling Green 9-1200,
or, if you prefer, write for a complimentary
copy of our brand new booklet, *"How To Get
The Most Out of Your Investments."*

**City Bank Farmers**
**Trust Company**
CHARTERED 1822

22 William Street, New York 15
Midtown Office: 640 Fifth Ave. (at 51st Street)
*Affiliate of* The National City Bank of New York

# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

of the century and continuing until his death in 1940; through June 6. (A good complement to the exhibition is the Vuillard show at Cadby-Birch.) . . . ¶ Paintings, puppets, and papier-mâché sculptures by children from twenty countries who study at the United Nations International School; through May 2. (Weekdays, noon to 7; Sundays, 1 to 7.)

**Brooklyn Museum,** Eastern Parkway—The eighth annual exhibition of American graphics; starting Wednesday, April 28. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

**Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum,** 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—Calder mobiles, and a painting each by Cézanne, van Doesburg, and Larionov, which the Museum has recently acquired, plus a selection from the regular collection. Also a thoughtful, if rather spotty, survey of the younger European painters. Through May 5. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

**Jewish Museum,** Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—An exhibit of nineteenth-century American folk art, painted on pieces of velvet, a stove plate, a captain's chest, and the like, and based on Biblical themes; through June 15. (Mondays through Thursdays, 3 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

**Whitney Museum,** 10 W. 8th St.—Almost a hundred paintings by nineteenth-century Americans, ranging from primitives to Homer, Eakins, and Ryder, in an exhibition that has been shown in Germany and Italy under the auspices of the United States Information Agency; through May 23. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

## MUSIC

(The box-office number for Carnegie Hall is CI 7-7460 and for Town Hall JU 2-4536. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

### OPERA

**New York City Opera**—Final performances of the season—Thursday evening, April 22: "The Tender Land" and "Amahl and the Night Visitors." . . . ¶ Friday evening, April 23: "La Bohème." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, April 24: "La Cenerentola." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, April 24: "Madame Butterfly." . . . ¶ Sunday matinée, April 25: "Die Fledermaus" (in English). . . . ¶ Sunday evening, April 25, and Friday evening, April 30: "Falstaff" (in English). . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, May 1: "Die Fledermaus" (in English). . . . ¶ Saturday evening, May 1: "Carmen." . . . ¶ Sunday matinée, May 2: "Tosca." . . . ¶ Sunday evening, May 2: "Show Boat." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Evenings at 8:15. Matinées at 2:30.)

### ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

**Philharmonic-Symphony**—At Carnegie Hall, Dimitri Mitropoulos conducting the final performances of the season—Thursday, April 22, at 8:45, and Friday, April 23, at 2:30 (both with Lelia Gousseau, piano); Saturday, April 24, at 8:45, and Sunday, April 25, at 2:30 (both with Leonid Hambro, piano); and Thursday, April 29, at 8:45; Friday, April 30, at 2:30; Saturday, May 1, at 8:45; and Sunday, May 2, at 2:30 (all with Michael Rabin, violin).

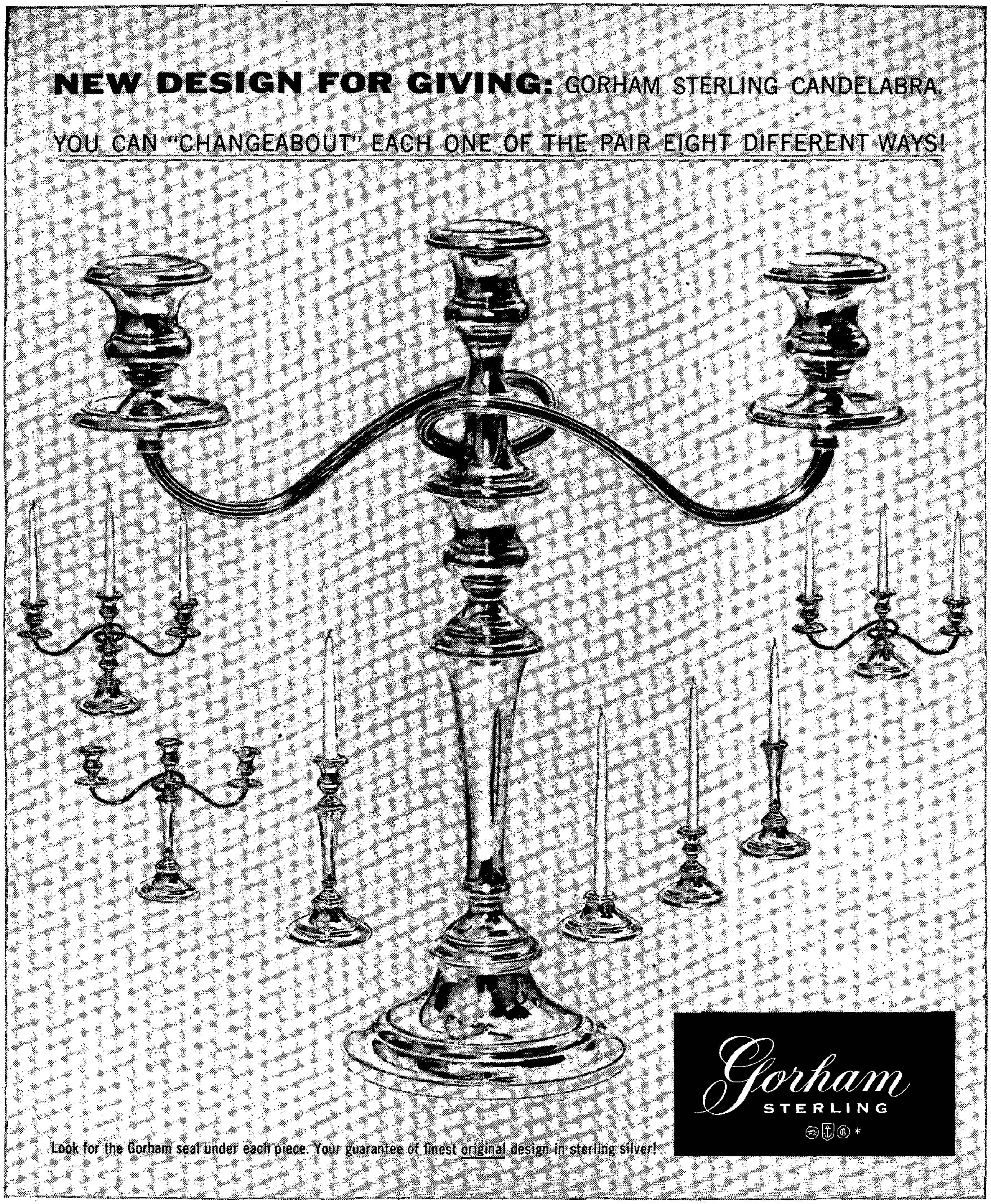
**Glee Club of the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick**—George Mead directing. (Town Hall. Friday, April 23, at 8:30.)

**Schola Cantorum of Hobart and William Smith Colleges**—Lindsay Lafford directing. (Town Hall. Saturday, April 24, at 2:30.)

**Toronto Mendelssohn Choir**—Ernest MacMillan directing Handel's "Messiah" (Tuesday, April 27) and Bach's "Saint Matthew Passion" (Wednesday, April 28), with vocal soloists and seventy members of the Toronto Symphony Orchestra. (Carnegie Hall. Both evenings at 8.)

**Concordia College a Cappella Choir**—Victor Hildner directing a joint concert with the Lutheran Children's Choir. (Town Hall. Wednesday, April 28, at 8:30.)

**Juilliard Concert**—The Juilliard Chorus and Orchestra, directed by Frederick Prausnitz, and Arthur Winograd conducting Schoenberg's "Pierrot Lunaire." (Juilliard Concert Hall, 130 Claremont Ave., at 122nd



**NEW DESIGN FOR GIVING:** GORHAM STERLING CANDELABRA.

YOU CAN "CHANGEABOUT" EACH ONE OF THE PAIR EIGHT DIFFERENT WAYS!

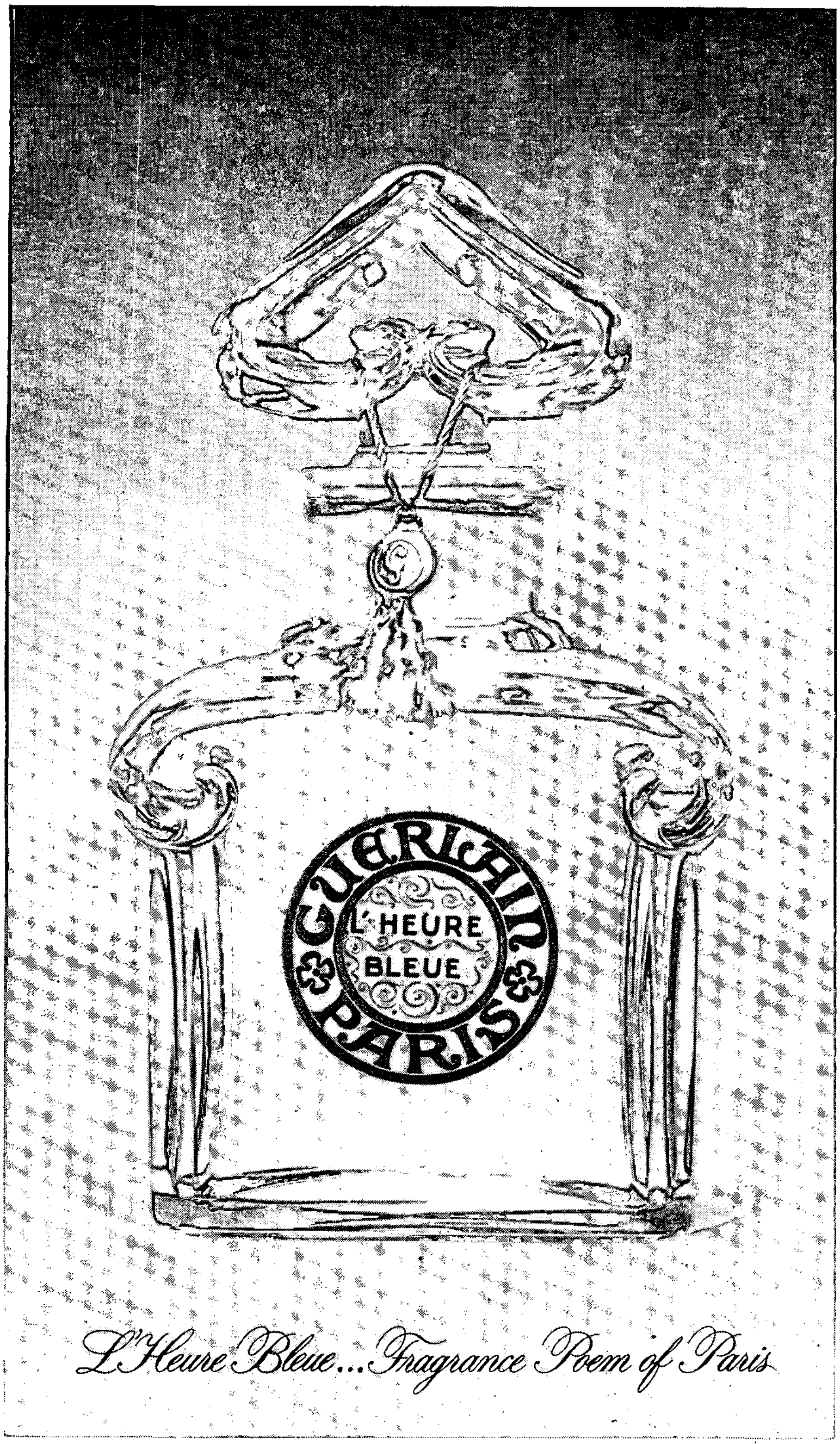
Look for the Gorham seal under each piece. Your guarantee of finest original design in sterling silver!

**EIGHT-WAY ADJUSTABLE CANDELABRA** that will suit all your tablesetting needs. With each one of the pair, you can make eight different combinations: from important three-light candelabra to charming single-light candlesticks. So useful and versatile for your own home, whether it's modern or traditional. So wonderfully right for wedding and anniversary gifts.

*The "Bristol" candelabra shown here* (14¾" height) $155.00 the pair. Other patterns include "Duchess Chantilly" (13" height) $110.00 the pair..."Strasbourg"* (13" height) $95.00 the pair...and a variety of three- and five-light styles, from $82.50 the pair.

Available from coast to coast at most leading jewelry and department stores. Prices include Federal Tax, and are subject to change without notice.

**AMERICA'S LEADING SILVERSMITHS SINCE 1831.** ALSO MAKERS OF GORHAM SILVERPLATE, GORHAM SILVER POLISH. *TRADE MARKS. ©1954 BY THE GORHAM COMPANY, PROVIDENCE, R.I.


GUERLAIN
L'HEURE
BLEUE
PARIS
L'Heure Bleue...Fragrance Poem of Paris

L'Heure Bleue, Mitsouko Perfumes:
$9, $15, $27, $40 (plus tax)

Guerlain
Parfumeur
MAISON FONDÉE
EN 1828

Shalimar, Vol de Nuit, L'Heure Bleue, Mitsouko, Liu, Fleur de Feu.

# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

St. Wednesday and Thursday, April 28-29, at 8:30. A limited number of free tickets are available on request.)

**Upsala College Choir**—Gladys Grindeland directing. (Town Hall. Saturday, May 1, at 5:30.)

## RECITALS

**Maggie Teyte**—Soprano. (Town Hall. Thursday, April 22, at 8:40.)

**Rudolf Firkusny**—Piano. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, April 24, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

**Ernest Ulmer**—Piano. (Town Hall. Monday, April 26, at 8:30.)

## SPORTS

**Baseball**—At the **polo grounds:** Giants vs. Philadelphia, Friday, April 23, at 8:15; Saturday, April 24, at 1:30; and Sunday, April 25, at 2. . . . **yankee stadium:** Yankees vs. Chicago, Tuesday through Thursday, April 27-29, at 2. . . . ¶ Yankees vs. Cleveland, Friday and Saturday, April 30-May 1, at 2.

**Crew**—Childs Cup Regatta: Columbia, Pennsylvania, and Princeton. (Princeton. Saturday, April 24.) . . . ¶ Blackwell Cup Regatta: Columbia, Pennsylvania, and Yale. (Derby, Conn. Saturday, May 1.) . . . ¶ Compton Cup Regatta: Harvard, M.I.T., Princeton, and Rutgers. (Princeton. Saturday, May 1.)

**Horse Shows**—Boulder Brook Club (Spring) Horse Show. (Scarsdale. Saturday and Sunday, April 24-25.) . . . ¶ Sugartown Horse Show. (Paoli, Pa. Saturday, May 1.)

**Hunt Racing**—Maryland Hunt Cup Association. (Glyndon, Md. Saturday, April 24.) . . . ¶ Virginia Gold Cup Association. (Warrenton, Va. Saturday, May 1.)

**Indoor Polo**—The last two matches of the season. (Squadron A Armory, Madison Ave. at 94th St. AT 9-6020. Saturday, April 24, at 8:30.)

**Racing**—At **jamaica:** Daily at 1:15; through Saturday, April 24. The Wood Memorial, Saturday, April 24. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays between 10:45 and 1, and Saturdays between 10:30 and 1:25.) . . . **belmont park:** Weekdays at 1:15, from Monday, April 26, through Saturday, June 12. The Toboggan Handicap, Monday, April 26, and the Swift, Saturday, May 1. (The train schedule will be the same as that for Jamaica.) . . . **garden state park,** Camden, N.J.: Weekdays, except Monday, May 3, at 2:30, from Saturday, May 1, through Monday, May 31. (A train will leave Penn Station at 11 and connect with a train for the track in North Philadelphia.) . . . **bowie,** Bowie, Md.: Weekdays at 1:45; through Thursday, May 6. . . . **churchill downs,** Louisville, Ky.: The Kentucky Derby, Saturday, May 1.

**Track**—Penn Relays. (Philadelphia. Friday and Saturday, April 23-24.)

## FOR CHILDREN

**Operetta**—The Blue Hill Troupe presenting a performance, primarily for children, of Gilbert and Sullivan's "The Yeomen of the Guard." For the benefit of the Legal Aid Society. (Hunter Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. Saturday, April 24, at 2:30. For tickets, call SA 2-8338.)

**Plays**—By the **y playhouse company:** "Freddie and His Fiddle." (Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. TR 6-2366. Thursday and Friday, April 22-23, at 11 and 2:40.) . . . **junior theatre:** "The Cobbler," a play with music. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday and Friday, April 22-23, at 2:15. For tickets, call CI 6-0224.) . . . **playmart children's theatre:** "Snow White." (Carl Fischer Concert Hall, 165 W. 57th St. Saturday, April 24, at 1 and 2:45 and Sunday, April 25, at 2:45. For tickets, call PL 3-0746.)

**Exhibition of Dolls**—Over a hundred of them, dating from the early nineteenth century to the present day, with a large doll house as the background. (Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

**Bronx Zoo, Bronx Park**—At the **children's zoo:**

Such causes for childish delight as kittens in a well, a village of mice, talking crows, and lambs to be petted. (Open, weather permitting, weekdays 10:30 to around 4:30, and Sundays 10:30 to 5:30. Adults are admitted only if accompanied by a child.) . . . **CASTING POOL:** To accommodate anglers of thirteen and under (who use barbless hooks and bent pins), there are sunfish, catfish, and other such quarry. (Daily, except Thursdays, 10 to 4:30.)

**MOVIES**—Cartoons and, sometimes, feature pictures. (Trans-Lux 85th Street Theatre, Madison Ave. at 85th St. BU 8-3180. Saturdays at 11.)

**NOTE**—The Wollman Memorial Skating Rink, in Central Park, will be open (free) exclusively to ice skaters of fourteen and under daily, from 10 to 12, through Saturday, April 24. Blades will give way to roller skates starting Saturday, May 1.

## OTHER EVENTS

**UNITED NATIONS**—Visitors may attend sessions of the Economic and Social Council, which is scheduled to adjourn on Friday, April 30, and of various commissions and committees, as well as periodic meetings of the Security Council. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings start at 10:30 and 2:30 Mondays through Fridays.) . . . ¶ Hour-long tours, conducted by the American Association for the United Nations, leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building about every ten minutes daily from 9:30 to around 4:30. . . . ¶ Questions about the United Nations will be answered, Mondays through Fridays, by the Information Center for the United Nations, 345 E. 46th St., MU 2-2658.

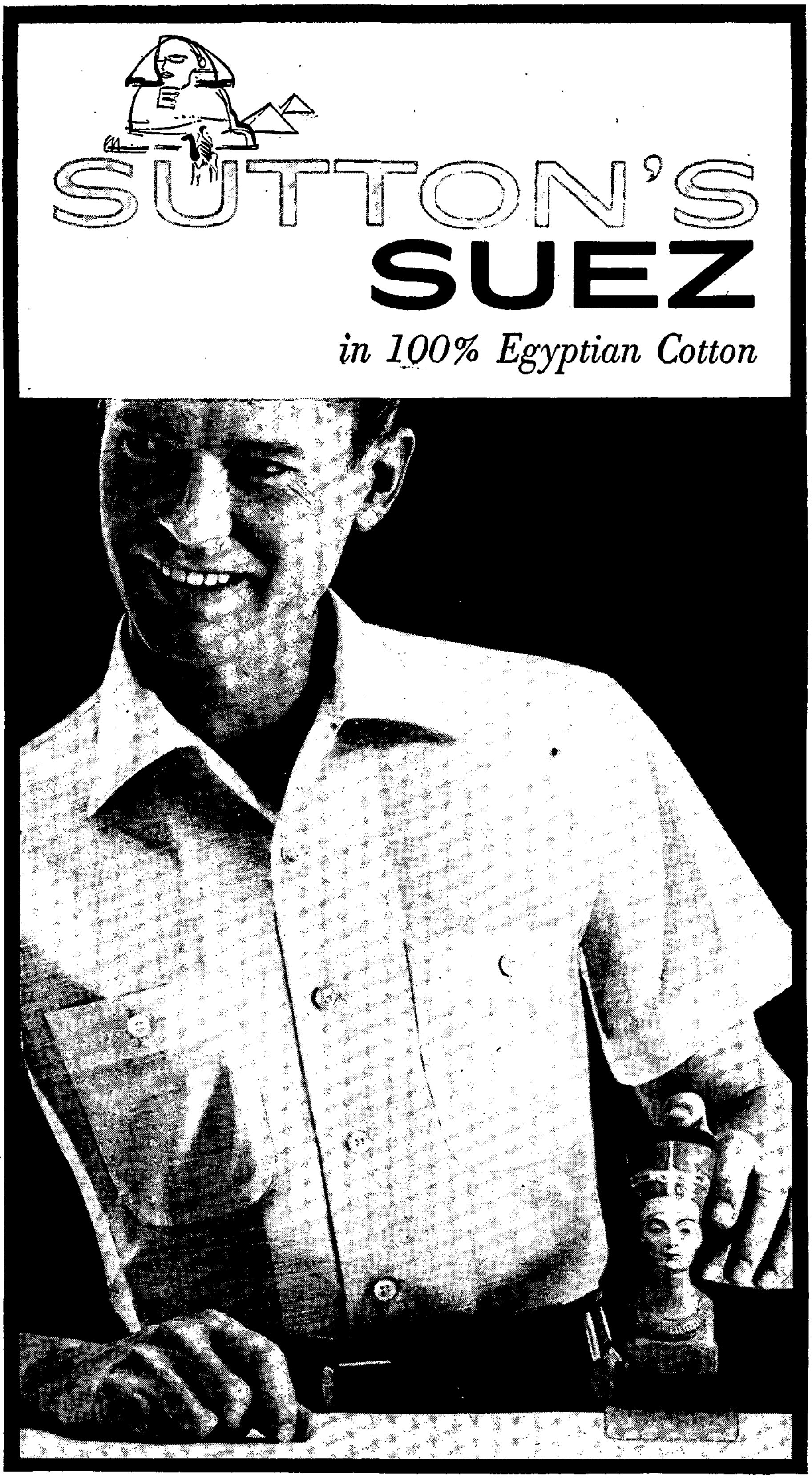
**DESIGN IN SCANDINAVIA**—Swedish glass, Danish furniture, Finnish rugs, Norwegian textiles, and just about everything else that ever appeared on a Scandinavian drawing board, all assembled in a travelling exhibition; through May 16. (Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway. Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

**FLOWER SHOWS**—A display comprising a small Dutch windmill, cottage, and church, all facing a field of tulips and approached by a path lined with thousands of other spring blooms; through Sunday, April 25. (New York Botanical Garden, Bronx Park. Daily, 10 to 4:30.) . . . ¶ An exhibit of narcissus, presented by the Horticultural Society of New York. (Essex House, 160 Central Park S. Wednesday, April 28, from 1 to 4:30.)

**HAYDEN PLANETARIUM**, Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-1300)—The current show is called "Easter in the Heavens." Starting Monday, April 26, there will be a new program, "Stories in the Stars" dealing with ancient mythological and modern scientific concepts of the stars. (Thursday and Friday, April 22-23, at 11, 1, 2, 3, 4, and 8:30; Saturday, April 24, at 11, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30; Sunday, April 25, at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30; Monday through Friday, April 26-30, at 2, 3:30, and 8:30; and Saturday, May 1, at 11, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30. . . . ¶ Half-hour conducted tours of the Planetarium start every night at 8.)

**AUCTIONS**—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8, and Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Thursday, April 22, at 1:45: Early books, manuscripts, and other documents on Western Americana, among them Brigham Young's account of his journey to Utah; from the library of W. J. Holliday. . . . ¶ Thursday, April 22, at 8: Paintings by Cézanne, van Gogh, Renoir, Corot, Manet, and others, plus drawings, prints, and sculptures; most of them owned by an anonymous Philadelphia collector. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, April 23-24, at 1:45: Chippendale, Sheraton, Hepplewhite, Louis XV, Louis XVI, and other furniture, plus Georgian and Empire silver, and paintings, porcelains, and bibelots; the property of J. B. Terbell and others. . . . ¶ Tuesday, April 27, at 1:45: Sets of autographs of Presidents of the United States, books from their libraries, and letters written by them; from the collection of the late Emil Edward Hurja.

**DAYLIGHT SAVING TIME**—Starts on Sunday, April 25, at 2 A.M. Clocks should be turned ahead an hour.



Everybody who tells you how luxurious you look in this Sutton sport shirt will take it for silk shantung. But, bet your fez on it--every stitch is 100% long-staple Egyptian cotton. You get silk's rich look and feel plus cotton's absorbency, easy washability and durability. Can you think of a nicer approach to warm weather? About $8.50. Also available with long sleeves.

SUTTON SHIRT CORP. • 1107 BROADWAY, NEW YORK 10, N. Y.

SUEZ FABRIC BY
Milton C. Blum, Inc.

*These and other fine stores will be pleased to show you Sutton's Suez:*

CHICAGO: BROADSTREET'S, FAGMAN, INC., VON LENGERKE & ANTOINE
GALVESTON: E. S. LEVY • INDIANAPOLIS: L. S. AYRES • KANSAS CITY: ROTHSCHILD & SON
MEMPHIS: JULIUS LEWIS • NEW YORK: BROADSTREET'S • NEW ORLEANS: RUBENSTEIN BROS.

# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

## MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION

**Beat the Devil**—Some jolly doings fomented by several diverting crooks who have taken up residence in an Italian town on the Mediterranean while they hatch plans to get control of a big uranium deposit in Africa. The script was written by Truman Capote and John Huston; the scoundrels are enacted by Humphrey Bogart, Robert Morley, Peter Lorre, Marco Tulli, and Ivor Barnard; and Jennifer Jones and Gina Lollobrigida add the feminine touch. (68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302; through April 28, tentative. . . . ¶ Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; April 25-27.)

**The Captain's Paradise**—Alec Guinness demonstrating that bigamy can be a rather blessed state. The ladies Mr. Guinness takes to wife are Celia Johnson and Yvonne De Carlo, who serve as admirable foils for him in this comical English picture. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-0134; through April 25.)

**Diary of a Country Priest**—A blurred but impressive French film that tells how a cleric finds his way to salvation in a flinty community where every man's (and child's) hand seems to be against him. Claude Laydu plays the priest and is supported by a knowledgeable cast. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339.)

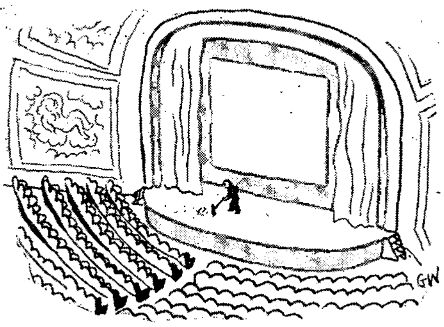
**From Here to Eternity**—Life in the Army, according to James Jones' novel on the subject. The scene is Schofield Barracks, in Honolulu, the time is just before Pearl Harbor, and the picture is excellent. With Montgomery Clift, Burt Lancaster, and Frank Sinatra. (Trans-Lux 72nd St., 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; starting April 23, tentative. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; April 25-27, tentative.)

**Genevieve**—A thoroughly likable English film in which a pair of ancient-car fanatics drive from London to Brighton and back with astonishing results. One of them takes his wife, the other takes a model, and all four are pleasant people. With John Gregson, Kenneth More, Dinah Sheridan, and Kay Kendall. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411.)

**Heidi**—A charming interpretation of the Johanna Spyri story concerning a Swiss orphan who comes down from an Alp to spread sweetness and light in Frankfurt. A Swiss film (with English dialogue superimposed), in which a fine little girl named Elsbeth Sigmund plays the title role. Showing in tandem with this film is a brief French picture called "White Mane." It's a handsome account of the adventures of a boy and a stallion who form a partnership in southern France. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; and Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; April 22.)

**It Should Happen to You**—Judy Holliday, as a girl mad to get her name on billboards, having a bewildering time among the television and advertising impresarios. The piece was written by Garson Kanin and directed by George Cukor. Jack Lemmon and Peter Lawford are in the cast. (Trans-Lux Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th, BU 8-9468; April 22. . . . ¶ Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622; through April 23. . . . ¶ York, 1st Ave. at 64th, RH 4-5779; April 23-24.)

**Julius Caesar**—A West Coast cultural endeavor that moves with a tread so stately it sometimes seems to be making no progress at all. However, the film does have the virtue of employing James Mason, as Brutus; John Gielgud, as Cassius; and Edmond O'Brien, as Casca, all of whom are apt in their Shakespearean readings. (Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320.)



**Knock on Wood**—Danny Kaye, who is the best clown we have around today, in a movie that in its early stages possibly beats the old horse of psychiatry a bit too much but winds up an absolute triumph for the modern master. (Capitol, B'way at 51st, JU 2-5060.)

**Martin Luther**—An eminently satisfactory review of the career of the great German reformer. Niall Mac Ginnis is highly persuasive as the monk from Wittenberg. (Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622; April 24-28.)

**New Faces**—A CinemaScope scamper that features some lively skits and songs. Ronny Graham, Eartha Kitt, Alice Ghostley, Paul Lynde, and Robert Clary are in charge of the melody and merriment. (Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th, GR 7-9653; R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th, EL 5-3577; R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th, AT 9-8900; R.K.O. 23rd St., 8th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-3440; Nemo, B'way at 110th, AC 2-9406; and Coliseum, B'way at 181st, WA 7-7200; starting April 28.)

**The Pickwick Papers**—Sam P., Sam Weller, and all the old crowd in a movie that should please the Dickens buffs, even though it is quite lengthy. An English film. (Trans-Lux 60th St., Madison at 60th, PL 5-2746.)

**Roman Holiday**—A lovely princess (Audrey Hepburn) breaks away from a royal tour in Rome, meets up with an American newspaperman (Gregory Peck) and a photographer (Eddie Albert), and has a wonderful time in the old town. You will, too. Produced and directed by William Wyler. (York, 1st Ave. at 64th, RH 4-5779; April 22. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux 72nd St., 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; April 22, tentative. . . . ¶ Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-9280; through April 24.)

### REVIVALS

**The Bicycle Thief** (1949)—An Italian film, made by Vittorio De Sica, about a search for a stolen bicycle by a workman and his son. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; starting April 27.)

**Colonel Blimp** (1945)—A British biography of a professional soldier, played by Roger Livesey. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; through April 26.)

**Forbidden Games** (1952)—A French film about the effect of war and death on two small children. With Brigitte Fossey and Georges Poujouly. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; starting April 28.)

**The Happiest Days of Your Life** (1950)—Margaret Rutherford and Alastair Sim in a British comedy about the merger of a boys' school and a girls' school. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; through April 26.)

**The Man in the White Suit** (1952)—Alec Guinness as the inventor of a fabulous fabric. An English film, with Cecil Parker and Joan Greenwood. (Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, EL 5-1663; through April 23, tentative.)

**Oliver Twist** (1951)—John Howard Davies as Oliver, and Alec Guinness as Fagin. An English picture. (Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, EL 5-1663; starting April 24, tentative.)

**Open City** (1946)—An account of the operations of the Roman underground. In Italian. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; starting April 27.)

**Quartet** (1949)—The first collection of Somerset Maugham short stories. An English film, with Mai Zetterling, Françoise Rosay, and Cecil Parker. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; through April 24.)

**Seven Sinners** (1940)—Marlene Dietrich and the Navy in the South Seas. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting April 27.)

**Shane** (1953)—How the wicked cattle raisers tried to keep the noble homesteaders from settling on their range. With Alan Ladd, Jean Arthur, and Brandon de Wilde. (York, 1st Ave. at 64th, RH 4-5779; April 22. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux 72nd St., 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; April 22, tentative. . . . ¶ Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-9280; through April 24.)

**The 39 Steps** (1935)—Madeleine Carroll and Robert Donat in some Hitchcock derring-do. A British film. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; April 23-28.)

**Museum of Modern Art Film Library**—April 22: "Nothing Sacred" (1937), with Carole Lombard, Fredric March, and Walter Connolly. . . . ¶ April 23: "Of Mice and Men" (1940), with Burgess Meredith, Betty Field, and Lon Chaney, Jr. . . . ¶ April 24: "Major Barbara" (1941), directed by Gabriel Pascal, with Wendy Hiller, Rex Harrison, and Robert Morley. . . . ¶ April 25: "High Noon" (1952), directed by Fred Zinnemann, with Gary Cooper. . . . ¶ Starting April 26: "Way Down East" (1920), directed by D. W. Griffith, with Lillian Gish and Richard Barthelmess. (Showings at 3 and 5:30. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after noon on the day of the showing.)

• • •

## THE BROADWAY AREA

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED IN THE SECTION ABOVE

**Astor**, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
"Elephant Walk," Elizabeth Taylor, Dana Andrews, Peter Finch.

**Capitol**, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
**KNOCK ON WOOD.**

**Criterion**, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
"Carnival Story," Anne Baxter, Steve Cochran, Lyle Bettger.

**Globe**, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-5555)
"Beachhead," Tony Curtis, Frank Lovejoy.

**Holiday**, B'way at 47th. (CI 5-5530)
"Witness to Murder," Barbara Stanwyck, George Sanders, Gary Merrill.

**Mayfair**, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CI 5-9800)
"The Naked Jungle," Eleanor Parker, Charlton Heston.

**Music Hall**, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
"Rose Marie" (in CinemaScope), Ann Blyth, Howard Keel, Fernando Lamas.

**Paramount**, B'way at 43rd. (LO 3-1100)
"Lucky Me" (in CinemaScope), Doris Day, Robert Cummings, Phil Silvers.

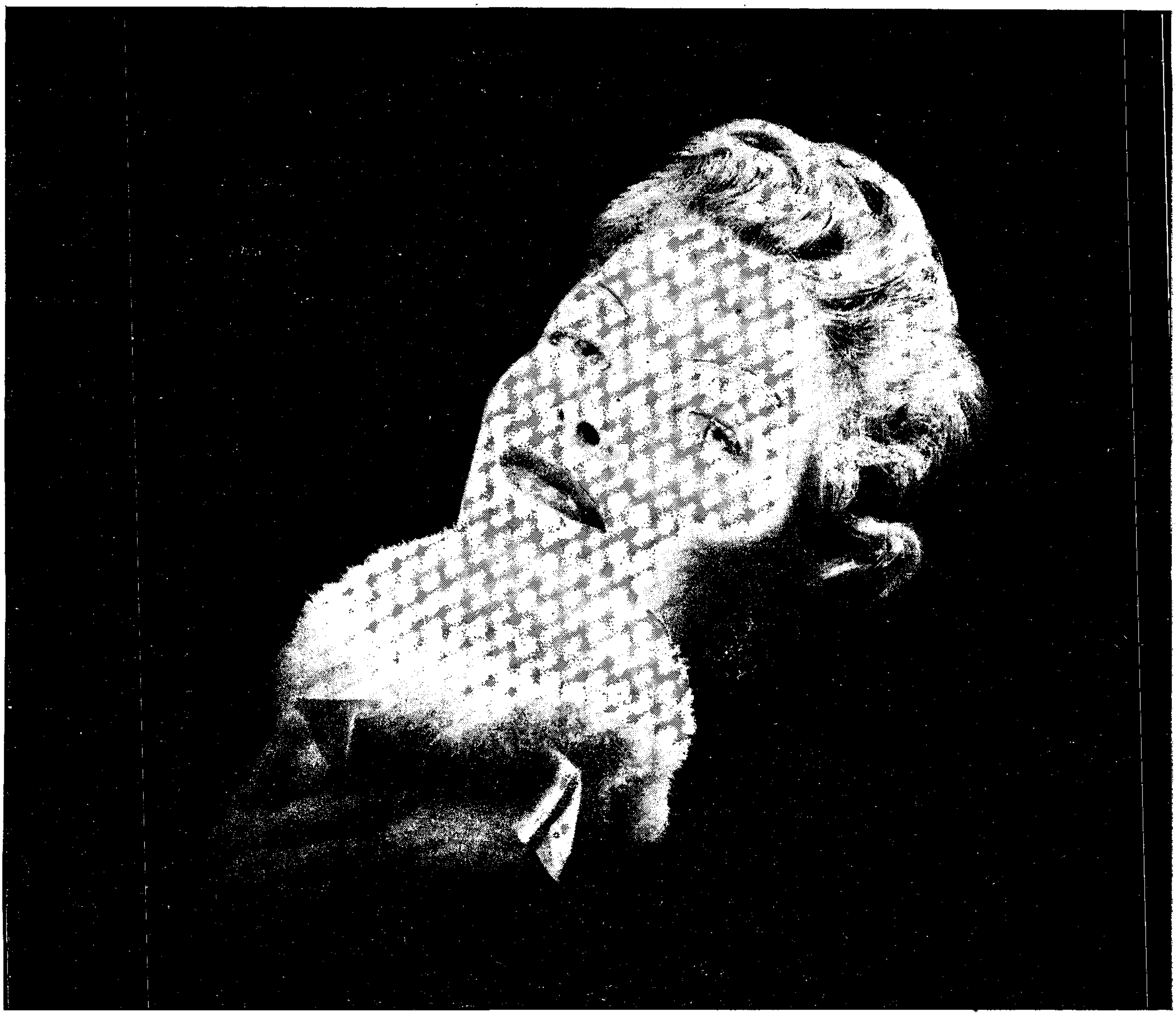
**Roxy**, 7th Ave. at 50th. (CI 7-6000)
"Prince Valiant" (in CinemaScope), James Mason, Janet Leigh.

**State**, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
"Yankee Pasha," Jeff Chandler, Rhonda Fleming.

**Victoria**, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
"Casanova's Big Night," Bob Hope, Joan Fontaine.

**Warner**, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
"Cinerama," a demonstration of a new movie-projection technique. (Mondays through Thursdays at 2:40 and 8:40; Fridays at 7:30 and 10:30; Saturdays at 2, 5, 8:40, and 11:40; and Sundays at 2, 5, and 8:40. Reserved seats only.)

**World**, 153 W. 49th. (CI 7-5747)
Through April 28: "La Lupa" (in Italian), Kerima.



# Superglow Face Powder

*an entirely new concept of face powder which gives a natural luminosity to the wearer by reflecting light rays instead of absorbing them.*

**"Lumium"** is the new chemical product of our research laboratories which enters into the mixing of this amazing face powder and which gives the complexion a new, more intense glow designed to make you look younger and more beautiful.

In eight exquisite shades to match all different skin tones.

Germaine Monteil

Only by

# Vanity Fair

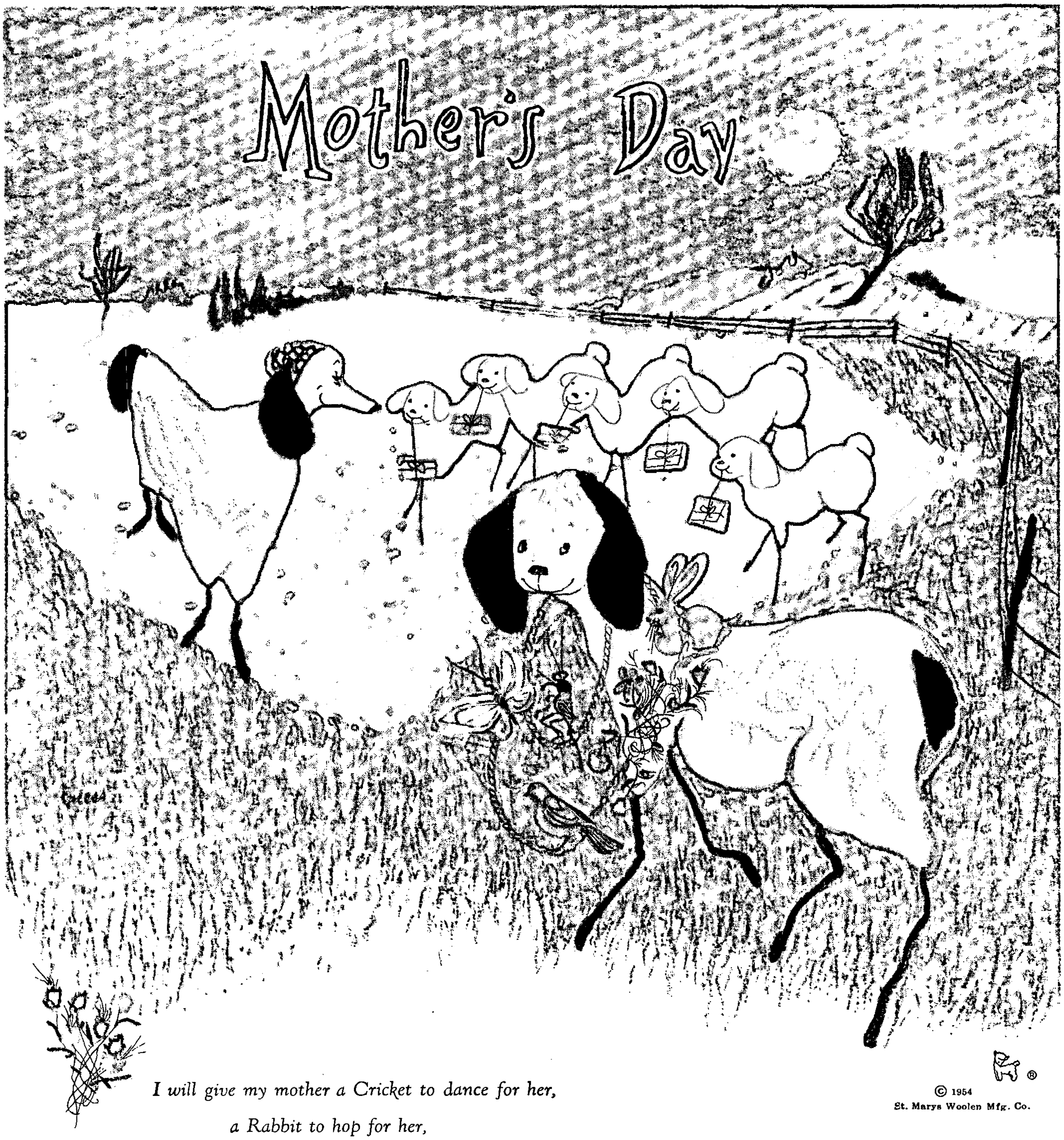
The new Zebra print
bold and beautiful
in black and white
on superb nylon tricot
dramatized by
crisp black Taffette.
Perfect at home,
incomparable for travel.

Dramatic Negligee #3-5-75
Small and Medium, at $29.95

Lounging Pajamas #3-21-74
Sizes 32-38, at $16.95

MARK SHAW

© 1954 VANITY FAIR MILLS, INC. • EXECUTIVE OFFICES, READING, PA.



*I will give my mother a Cricket to dance for her,*
*a Rabbit to hop for her,*
*a Robin to sing for her, some Flowers, and a Blue*
*Butterfly. But if I were a world child of any age*
*I would give her a St. Marys Blanket.*
*It's the best thing to carry love on Mother's Day...*
*all warm and soft, all strong and lasting and beautiful.*
*My mother wears the beginning of a St. Marys Blanket*
*on her sweet back all the time in her lovely fleece... the finest,*
*thickest, bounciest and most beautiful fleece in all the world...*

© 1954
St. Marys Woolen Mfg. Co.

**ST. MARYS BLANKETS**
**ST. MARYS, OHIO**

TWIN BED, DOUBLE BED AND KING SIZE BLANKETS • BABY BLANKETS • ST. MARYS FABRICS • THREE WEAVERS HANDWOVEN THROWS

**Texas Tuckers** *for city-country living.* Justin McCarty puts a touch of Texas in these coordinates of Avondale Sanforized* Dublin Cotton! It's the right touch, too, for gals who "aim to be" casual and chic. Choose a slim sheath dress in light blue with matching cardigan jacket. Or, green skirt with matching cardigan jacket and blue and green striped blouse. Sizes 8 to 18. Henri Bendel, New York City; Marshall Field & Co., Chicago; Jelleff's, Washington, D. C.

**Justin McCarty**
**dallas** ®

*for a wonderful match choose*

**Avondale**

*Companion Fabrics*

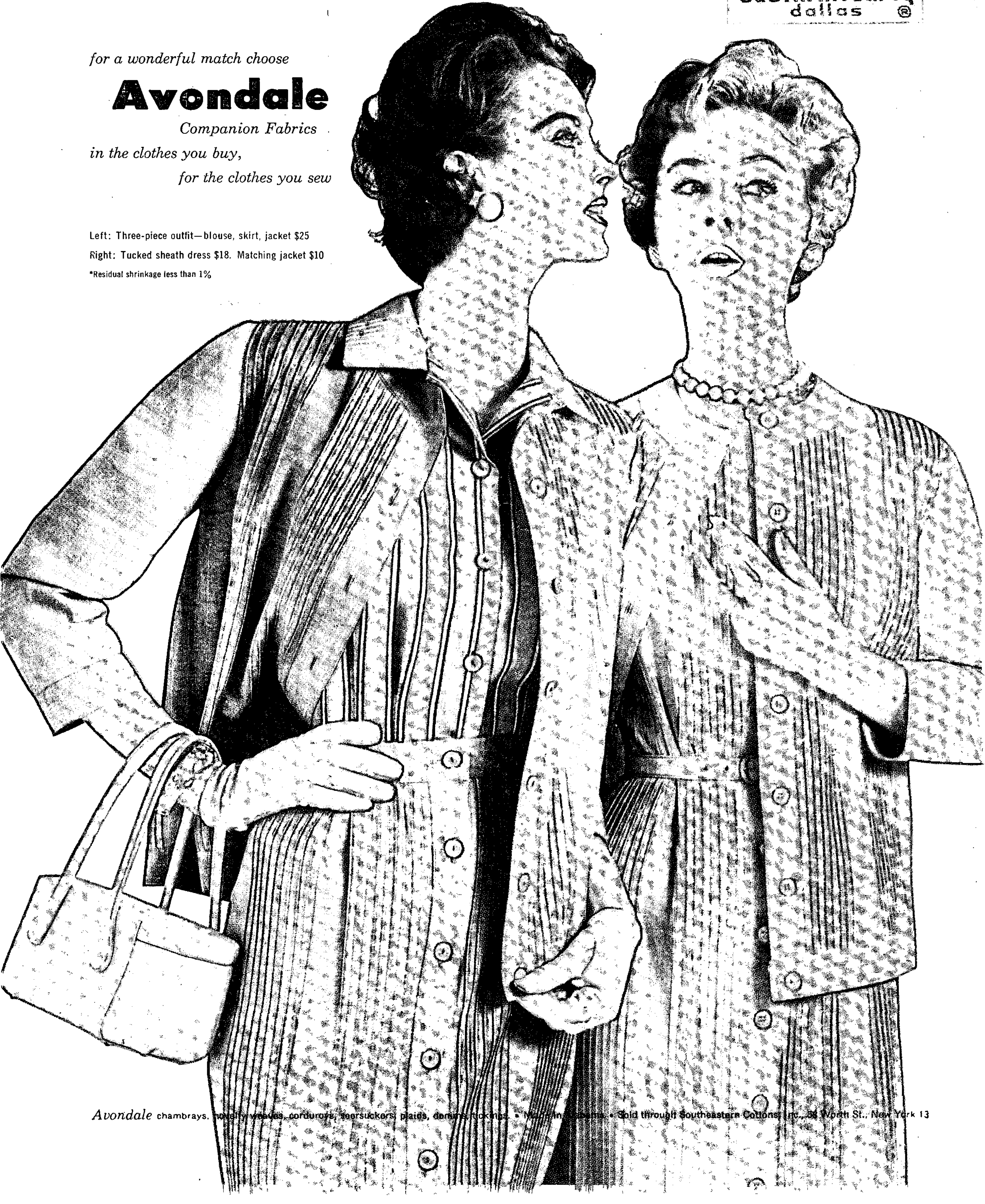
*in the clothes you buy,*

*for the clothes you sew*

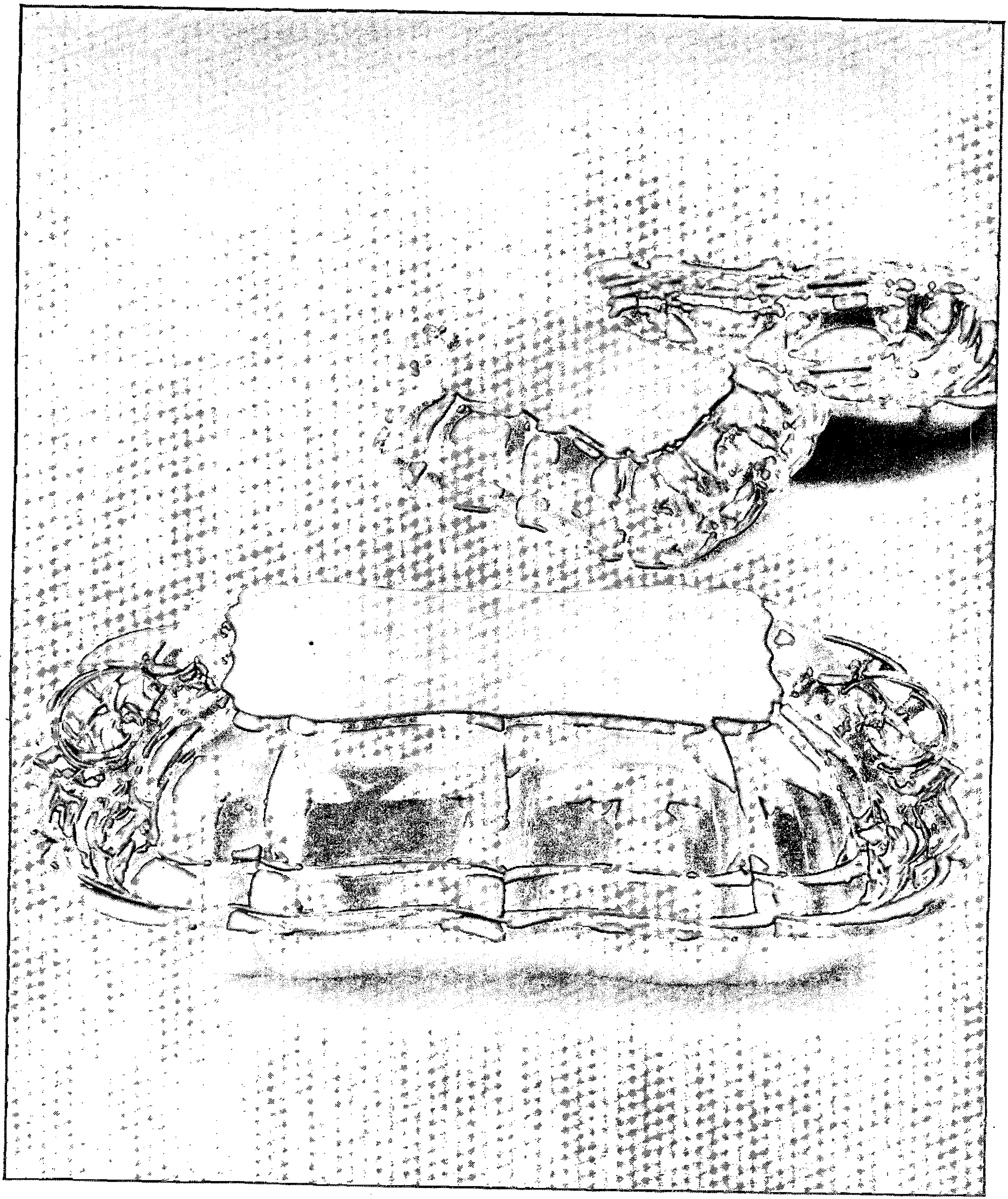
Left: Three-piece outfit—blouse, skirt, jacket $25

Right: Tucked sheath dress $18. Matching jacket $10

*Residual shrinkage less than 1%



*Avondale* chambrays, novelty weaves, corduroys, seersuckers, plaids, denims, tickings • Made in Alabama • Sold through Southeastern Cottons, Inc., 58 Worth St., New York 13



PRICES INCLUDE FEDERAL TAX.

"WINDSOR" COVERED VEGETABLE DISHES IN STERLING SILVER.
11½" LONG, $120. 7" LONG, $42.50.

REED & BARTON

SILVERMASTERS SINCE 1824
TAUNTON, MASSACHUSETTS

FIFTH AVENUE
B. ALTMAN & CO.
NEW YORK

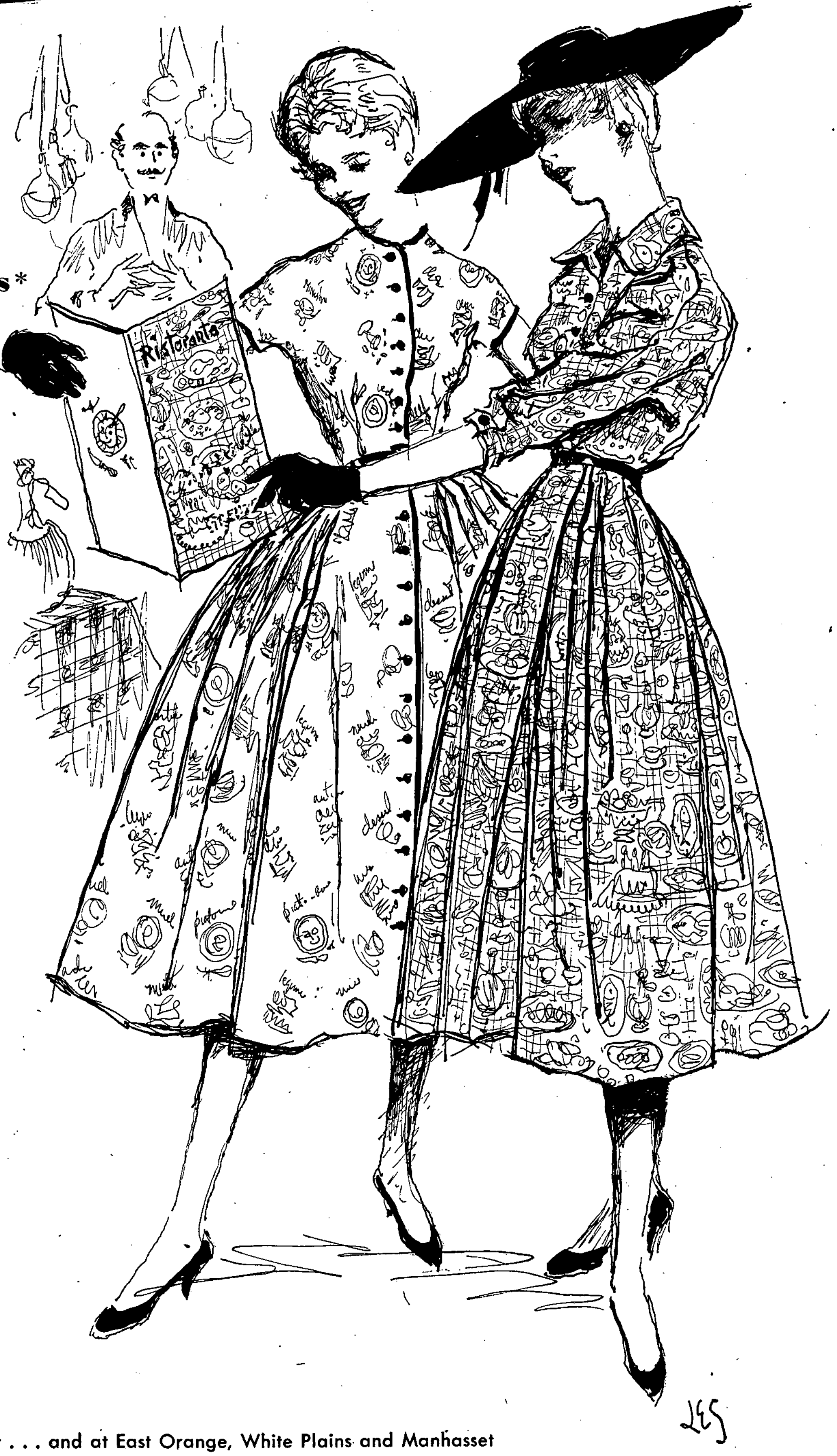
**Young Colony's***

**entertaining**

**Ristorante**

**prints!**

. . . our very own
fascinating cottons
inspired by a continental
menu . . . with gay
little designs that
will provide plenty of
topics for sparkling
dinner table chit chat!
In charcoal on
un-bleached white,
sizes 7 to 15
at 14.95



*Trademark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Young Colony Shop, third floor . . . and at East Orange, White Plains and Manhasset

# THE NEW YORKER

# THE TALK OF THE TOWN

## *Notes and Comment*

WE have travelled widely in recent weeks, by rail and by car, on routine errands of mercy and curiosity, tending the infirm, looking into two separate murder cases, thawing night-frozen water pails, and replenishing our fear of the sea. In the course of our travels, we saw a ball game from a seat in the section reserved for whites, watched an eaglet being fed fish (presumably radioactive) by one of the parent birds, lost all track of time and events, including the score of the ball game, and, at the hour when we should have been listening to Senator McCarthy's appraisal of Edward R. Murrow, were waiting in darkness at the edge of a woods for a female raccoon—a date of long standing. The coon had apparently lost track of time, too, and stood us up, although she arrived eventually (sometime before daylight) and carried off the peanut-butter sandwich we had left as a love token. On our return to town, we gathered up what money we had left and carried it to the Bowery Savings Bank on Forty-second Street, where we found an organist installed and the place swelling with devotional music. It seemed odd to be practicing thrift in a religious atmosphere, and we discovered that it is not easy to fill out a deposit slip to music, especially to "The Palms." We would have felt even queerer, though, if we had been taking money out instead of putting it in.

NEW YORK seldom lets a man down. It is, as one of its admirers often remarks, "a nice little town of eight million people." The first thing we read in the paper on our return to the city was that Rudolf Bing had been held up and robbed while walking his dachshund in Central Park. Half an hour after reading of this, we were sitting in the waiting room of a veterinary hospital, thinking about what a big help a dachshund is in a holdup, when the phone rang. The girl at the desk answered, and it was Mr. Rudolf Bing calling. (Out of eight million chances.) We couldn't make out why he called; probably the incident in the Park had proved upsetting to the dog, if not to the man. We know very well how our own bitch would act in similar circumstances: she would wait quietly while we surrendered watch and wallet to the thief, and would then suggest that we both go home and to bed.

THE most memorable moment of our odyssey was the moment we first heard the frogs, the sound breaking suddenly on our ears at the end of a day of driving. It occurred on the Newburyport Turnpike, near the site of Bossy Gillis's abandoned diner—a happy juxtaposition, reminding us that while strong men ascend to power and enjoy their little day and then fade from the scene, they do so to a chorus that is both critical and enduring. Every spring knows the croak of old dictators and the jingle of new frogs, and the frogs are the purveyors of the tonic that keeps alive the hopes of man in the midst of political swamps that threaten to extinguish him.

THE eaglet that we encountered had been banded, a few days before our arrival at the tree, by Mr. Broley, the eagle bander. It is fitting, we suppose, that America's official bird should receive a Social Security number before leaving the nest and should carry proper identification, like all other citizens, so that when he gets old and bald, he can begin drawing benefit payments. We started a poem on this theme, which was to end:

> So even eagles, when they mate,
> Perpetuate the welfare state;
> And every time they scream defiance,
> They do their bit for p'litical science.

But we grew impatient with it, for obvious reasons. Any poem where you have to substitute an apostrophe for a vowel is a mess before you even get it under way.

THE big question, of course, is whether the loyalty quest in the United States will at last reach the American eagle itself, and what happens if it does. The question is not a capricious one, it is a sober one. It embraces the question: Who checks the checker? Who examines the examiner? Who is the last man in the chain of loyalty? The answer is that, if security precautions are held to the sensitive areas where they properly belong, the eagle is secure. But if the thing spreads—as it seems in this country ready to spread, and as many believe it should spread—into a sort of total dragnet operation, frisking everybody and everything and destroying the fundamental confidence of people in people, then the eagle is in serious trouble. The trail of "security" narrows inevitably if followed to its bitter end. It narrows to that famous last man—the Uninvestigated One, the man-above-suspicion. We wouldn't know just who that fellow is, in this country, though there are other countries where the citizens could give you his name without hesitation, and tell you how he keeps his job.

Investigation reached the end of the line in one comical department last week, when Westbrook Pegler, having run out of bodies, turned on the press itself and on his late patron, William Randolph Hearst. (He said Hearst was responsible for getting Roosevelt nominated and Roosevelt was responsible for the decline of Western civilization.) The conclusion Pegler came to, after this extraordinary act of self-immolation, was that the press is in the wrong hands—it's in the hands of men of no moral fibre, who attend business lunches and accept scrolls. One such publishing giant, he said, has developed "a style of nasty abuse." This seems to leave Pegler with nobody to investigate except Pegler. And that is not a capricious idea, either. Before finishing his column about the new, improved press that is to be in better hands, he unwittingly drew a picture of it in two short sentences. "Don't tell me I am wrong," he wrote. "I know."

WE find a useful parable in one of the farm journals, whither we turned, hoping to escape for a few moments the ominous headlines of suspicion in the papers. It was a vain hope. The first headline we encountered was "Danger in the Flower Garden." There is enough poison in a single castor bean to kill a person. The seeds of pinks cause vomiting. Sweet-pea seeds contain a poison that can keep a person bedridden for months. The night-blooming jimson has enough power in its leaves to produce delirium. Daffodil bulbs when eaten cause stomach cramps. And in the lily of the valley is a subtle substance that makes the heart slow down. But the conclusion drawn by the writer of the article, chewing absently on a daffodil bulb, was a good one: *We must plant this garden anyway*. Even in the face of such terrors, we must plant this garden. Quite a few prophets and thinkers, these days, are recommending just the opposite. They advise doing away with a garden that produces such dangers. Let's change the seed, they say.

•

INCIDENTAL INTELLIGENCE: The Times Square Stores have stores only in Brooklyn, Queens, and Nassau County.

## *O.K. on the Paradidle*

GENE KRUPA and Cozy Cole, those grand old men of drums (Krupa is forty-five, Cole a year younger), have just opened a school of drumming in a second-floor walkup on West Fifty-fourth Street, and we dropped in there the other morning to see how they were making out. We were welcomed by a pretty receptionist, who turned out to be Mrs. Cole. The place smelled of fresh paint, and from behind the closed doors of one of the two classrooms came a steady, muffled tip-tap of drumsticks. "Mr. Cole is preparing a lesson and Mr. Krupa has a pupil," said Mrs. Cole, and invited us to take a seat beside a black-haired young man of around fifteen. "Nick, here, is waiting for a lesson with Mr. Krupa. Right, Nick?" Nick combed his long black hair with his fingers and swallowed hard. "You bet," he said. "We give complete courses, for both beginners and advanced students, in percussion instruments," Mrs. Cole went on. "Vibraphone and Latin-American rhythms, as well as all drums." Nick straightened his shoulders and looked as advanced as possible.

The tip-tapping behind the classroom doors grew faster and faster, then suddenly stopped. The doors were flung open and Krupa came out, shirt collar unbuttoned, hair falling over his forehead, a cigarette in one corner of his mouth. He was followed by an eager-faced man in a dark business suit. "O.K. now on the Drag Paradidle?" Krupa asked the man, who nodded and said goodbye, looking spent but happy. A cloud of blue cigarette smoke streamed out of the classroom. "Mr. Krupa, this is Nick, your next pupil," said Mrs. Cole. Nick leaped to his feet. Krupa asked him if he had had any instruction, and Nick replied that he had had a couple of lessons with Mr. Cole. Mrs. Cole waved her hands to disperse the smoke. "You and your cigarettes and Cozy and his pipe!" she exclaimed. "Better leave the doors open awhile, for Nick's sake." "I'm fine," Nick said.

"Let's see what Cozy showed you about holding the sticks," Krupa said. He returned to the classroom with Nick at his heels, and we followed. They sat facing each other across a couple of practice pads—squares of rubber mounted on wood. "Let's see the hands," Krupa said. Nick picked up two drumsticks, and Krupa ducked his head in approval. "Cozy show you how to do the Single-Stroke Roll?" he asked. Nick struck a slow, single tap alternately with each drumstick on his rubber pad. "Good!" said Krupa. "Now let's do the Dad-dy Mam-my. *Two* taps on each hand." Nick did the Dad-dy Mam-my. "Good!" Krupa said again. "When you're working those taps, do it with a fan motion." He drummed on his pad to illustrate the fan motion, and Nick imitated him. "Good!" Krupa cried, and then, "Faster! Faster!"

Cole stepped into the waiting room and announced to his wife, in a gentle, mellow voice, that he had finished preparing his lesson. Mrs. Cole introduced us to her husband, and Cole invited us into his classroom. It was exactly like Krupa's, even to the smoke. "Gene and I take turns with our pupils," Cole told us. "When Gene is on the road, I'm here, and when I'm on the road, he's here. We don't let the beginners use drums; the neighbors wouldn't like it. The pads are plenty. Gene follows his book—'The Gene Krupa Drum Method'—and I follow mine—'The Cozy Cole-William V. Kessler Sensational Drum Book'—but our teaching is basically the same. After the Dad-dy Mam-my, we go into the rudiments—the Flam, the Drag, the Four-Stroke Ruff, the Five-Stroke Roll, then the Six, the Seven, the Eight, and up to as high as the Fifteen-Stroke Roll. Later, we take up the Single Ratamacue, the Double Ratamacue, the Triple Ratamacue, the Single Paradidle, the Double Paradidle, the Triple Paradidle, the Flam Paradidle, the Drag Paradidle, the Side Flamadidle, and the Flamacue." Cole lit a pipe and puffed heartily. "We reach the Flamacue in about four weeks," he said. "After that, you can start putting your own feeling into it."

The youngest pupil is seven, and the oldest, who also was the first pupil, is a lady in her forties. One four-year-old turned up, but Krupa and Cole found that the little fellow had difficulty concentrating and he was urged to come back when he was five. "Gene and I, we love teaching," Cole said. "Drums is our life. I started playing twenty years ago with Blanche Calloway, the sister of Cab. I couldn't read, I couldn't do anything, but I was surrounded by musicians and they'd tell me what not to do and what to do, and that's how I learned." The sound of tapping stopped in the other classroom, and a moment later Krupa put his head in at Cole's door. "That kid Nick isn't bad," he said. "Got him up to the Five-Stroke Roll."

"He catches on fast," Cole said, deep in smoke.

"Yes, sir," Krupa said, lighting a cigarette, "that kid has good hands."

## *Free Ride*

IS customer attendance a yardstick to department-store prosperity? Not necessarily. Not in Stamford, anyway. Bloomingdale recently set up a branch there, and on opening day it was so packed there wasn't room to swing a cat. Receipts were hardly commensurate with the size of the throng, though. Why? The store has the only escalator in town, and every child, or every other child, for miles around had turned up to give it a non-income-producing whirl.

## *Antique Show*

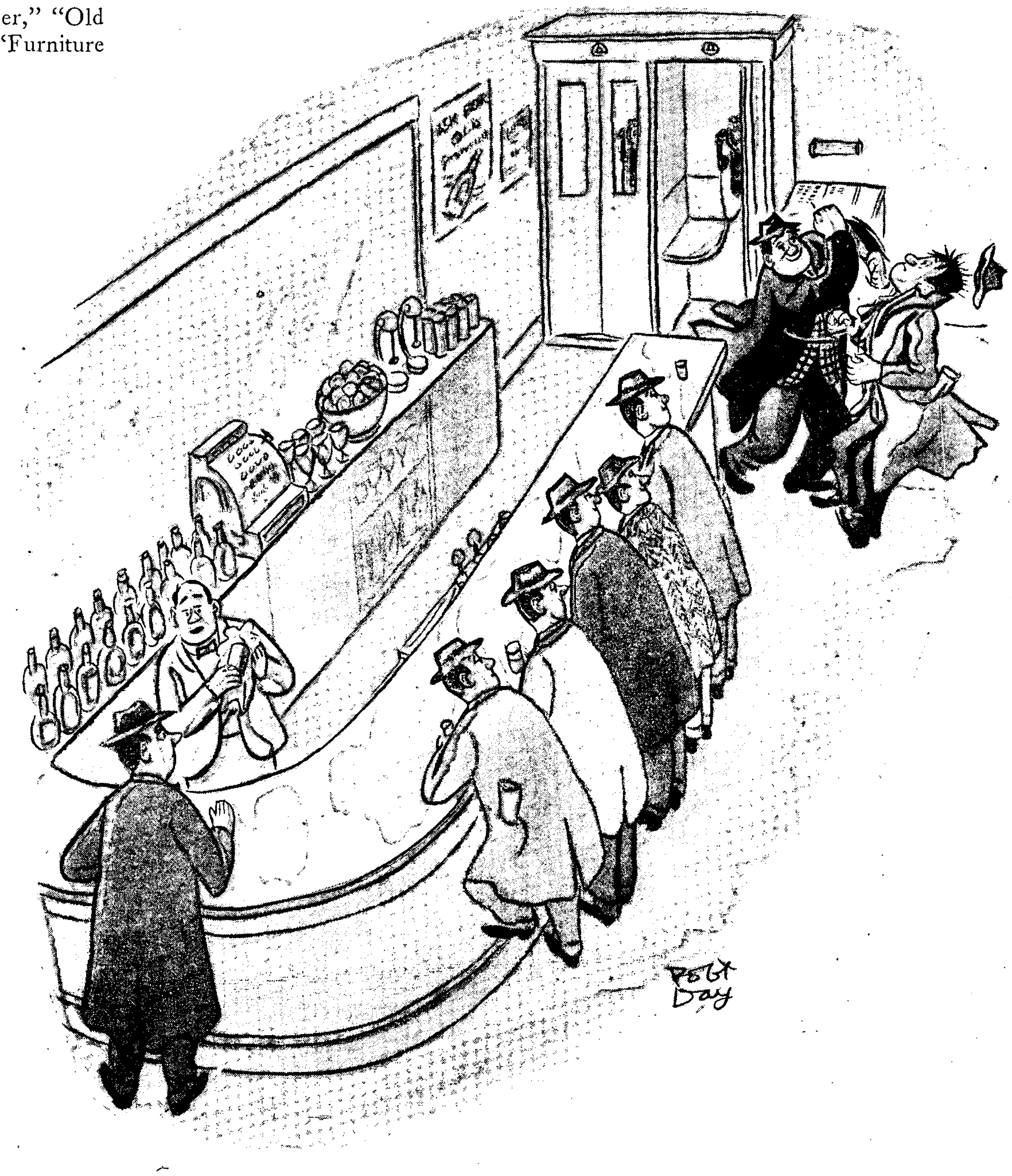
WE stopped in at the twenty-fifth edition of the Country Antiques Fair, which started at the rural old Commodore Hotel in 1929 and now carries on at the rural old 71st Regiment Armory, and beat our way past booths marked "Divine Antiques," "Equitable Antiques," "The Lavender Window," "Heirloom Corner," "Old Button Earrings," and "Furniture Doctor," on aisles placarded "Delaware Street," "Connecticut Avenue," and so forth, until we came to the forthrightly named Straus Antiques Shop, of Parsons Boulevard, Jamaica (on New Hampshire Street), where Mr. Joseph Straus waved a drawerful of souvenir spoons at us. "Sterling silver," he said. "Dollar apiece. Over a thousand on hand. Months of birthdays. Names of places. Wonderful conversation pieces. Make people say, 'Well, I was there, and such-and-such happened when I was there.'"

We turned in to Vermont Street and came to a booth marked "Robert C. Eldred of Cape Cod." No Mr. Eldred. No antiques. Just a sign saying "Sold Out." "Eldred sold out," a neighboring exhibitor said to us. "His scrimshaw was snapped up and he scrammed."

Past a pewter pot full of skunk cabbage in the booth of Florene Maine, of Ridgefield, Connecticut, we tramped, past a three-tiered iron-and-brass early-nineteenth-century French bread rack, eight feet high, the ware of John's Antiques, of Chicago, and paused, on New York Street, to chat with Mrs. Raymond Davies, of The 1807 House. "We used to live on the Island," she said, "but we moved to Squankum, New Jersey, near Spring Lake, five years ago. I took this up to keep from going crazy when we moved there. I'm trying to build up a retirement business against the time when my husband retires; he's regional manager for New York City of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company. American blown glass is my specialty. The whole thing is a lifesaver."

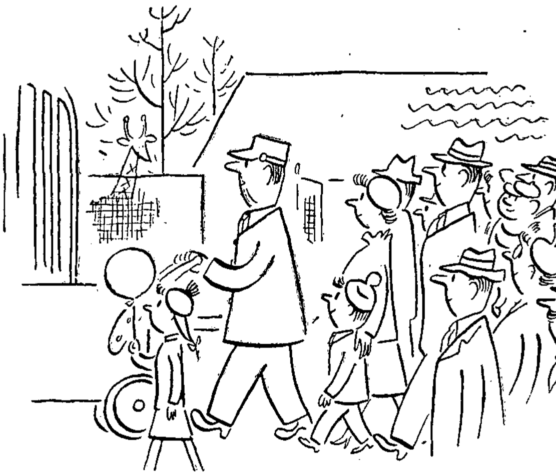
Our next pause was at My Sister & I—Stein Specialists, of Yonkers, where one of the sisters, Mrs. Polly Fabel, told us that she and her sister are the only women in the country who sell steins exclusively. "They're collected most intensively in Texas and the Middle West," she said. "Doctors are the biggest collectors." She showed us steins in the shapes of skulls, animals, and people, and we went on to Mrs. Linnea Farr, of Philadelphia, on New Jersey Avenue, who looked up from a crossword puzzle and said she exhibits at about twenty fairs a year. "There's a fabulous show at New Castle, Delaware," she said. "The Wilmington show is very hard to get into—more applicants than they have room for. The du Ponts' hunting ground, of course. And people have been trying to get into the White Plains show for years."

We learned that this White Plains fixture, known as the Eastern States



*"He claimed he could lick any man in the house, but he forgot to look in the phone booth."*

1



2

Antiques Fair, is run by Mr. C. J. Nuttall, president of the New York fair, and we sought him out in his office at the Armory. He introduced us to Mrs. Dorothy Hazen, his vice-president, and said, "I used to be an advertising salesman before I decided to get in on the money side of things. I've been doing the White Plains show since 1932, and Mrs. Hazen and I picked up the New York one in 1943. The department stores buy a lot—china, mostly. Marshall Field was here yesterday."

"White Plains is headquarters for Americana," Mrs. Hazen remarked.

"White Plains is favored in several ways," President Nuttall said. "People come in their own station wagons and trucks. They're not all tired out. There's a great deal of historical interest in Westchester, and there's a wealthy community that has attracted top executives from all over the country. They have to live up to the new money they've made, so they build up a background of antiques. But don't think New York isn't good, too. People come in to buy."

•

OVERHEARD, lady in front of the Princeton Post Office, studying a bill and talking, with animation, to herself: "Two cakes of soap for twenty-three cents! That's expensive. They're usually *four* for something."

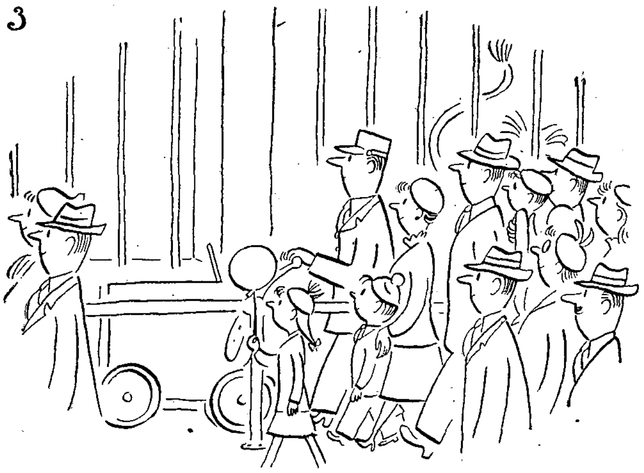
## *For Love*

STOCKHOLDERS' meetings are now in season, and what a season! Proxy fights, disputed mergers, opposing slates of nominees kicking up excitement on all sides! A good time, in short, for us to pay a call on our old friend Mrs. Wilma Soss, founder-president of the Federation of Women Shareholders in American Business and the liveliest and most combative lady capitalist we know. When we arrived at Mrs. Soss's apartment, in the East Seventies, we found her as blond, stylish, and spirited as ever. As for her apartment, the elegant mirror-and-leopard-skin motif of the living room was pretty well hidden beneath and behind a motif of black-and-white proxy statements, annual corporation reports, post-meeting reports, and S.E.C. reports, and varicolored stacks of books bearing such titles as "Business Law," "Romance of Steel," and "The Scientific Appraisal of Management." "Here I am, beating my way across the Sahara with a coffee spoon," said Mrs. Soss, deftly clearing an oasis for us on a sofa otherwise tightly packed with bundles of U.S. Rubber Company proxies. "Not that we aren't making progress! Nearly every day you read of 'first woman' named to this board of directors, 'first woman' named to that. Matter of fact, it's getting tiresome. *First* woman shouldn't be news any more. *Which* woman should be the news. Besides, one woman on these big boards isn't enough. What can one woman do against thirty men? Except, of course, to exercise a civilizing influence. That's what I think of as one of the chief objects of our Federation—to civilize American management." She made a face. "But management resists so! A few years ago, the general counsel of the New York Central asked me why I caused them so much trouble. 'Because I love the Central,' I said. He said, 'Will you please go away and love some other railroad?' "

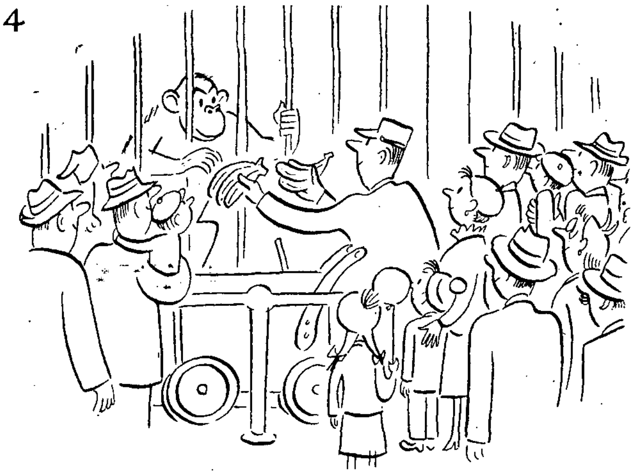
As it happens, Mrs. Soss is planning to attend this year's annual meeting of the Pennsylvania Railroad, but not for love. She intends to complain about the food on the New York-to-Washington run. "I'll be at the annual meeting of the Central next month," she said. "The Central's annual meeting is always on the same day as Standard Oil's, and for the past several years I've been going to the Standard meetings, because that's where I've felt I was most needed, but this year I feel I'm going to be most needed at Central." We asked how many New York Central shares she held. "Ten," said Mrs. Soss. "Besides which, I'll be holding a certain number of proxies for ladies in the Federation." Which side of the big fight was she on? She replied that she would be glad to vote for Mrs. DeWitt Wallace, one of Mr. Young's proposed board of directors, but she wasn't going to commit herself on anything else until she had heard from Mr. Young's own lips how he felt about her favorite new resolution, which calls for a secret ballot at all stockholders' meetings. She tried to get this resolution on the New York Central and American Tel. & Tel. proxy statements this year, but the S.E.C. turned her down, on the ground that she had failed to work out the technical details. At a public meeting of the S.E.C., she also pointed out what a shame it is that she and other minority stockholders at meetings of big companies like Sinclair Oil are helpless while the officers vote themselves pensions, stock options, and heaven knows what, and are never treated to so much as a sardine sandwich for lunch. The S.E.C. appeared unmoved by this sad tale, but shortly thereafter Sinclair Oil invited Mrs. Soss to lunch in its executives' dining room. "It was a very nice lunch," said Mrs. Soss. "I felt I had taken a big step forward in the civilizing of Sinclair."

One of the new proxy rules that the S.E.C. did approve provides that if a resolution doesn't carry a certain percentage of votes at a meeting, it cannot be reintroduced for a minimum of three years. "This rule was intended to be a body blow to independent stockhold-

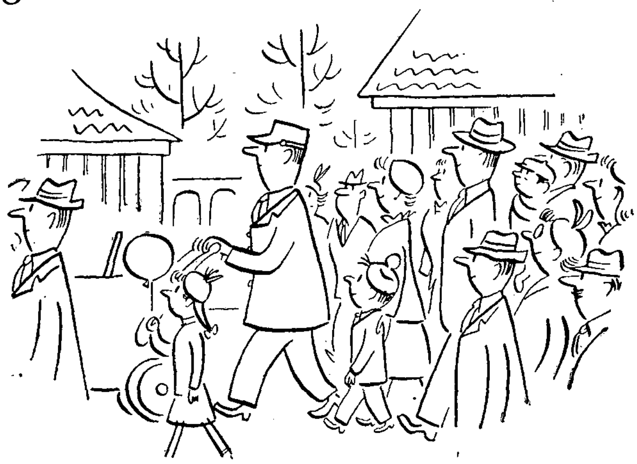
3



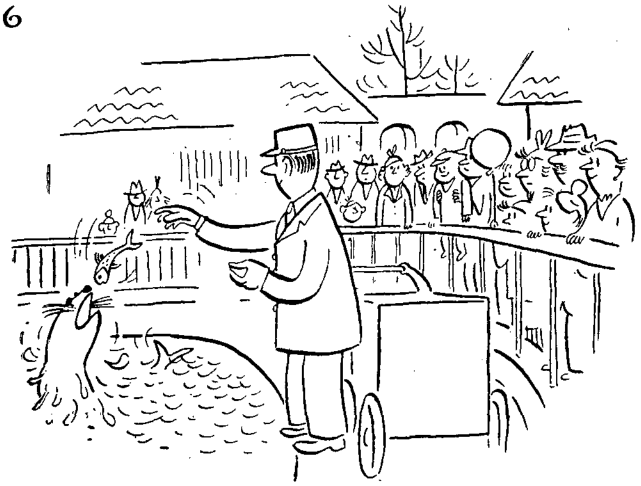
4



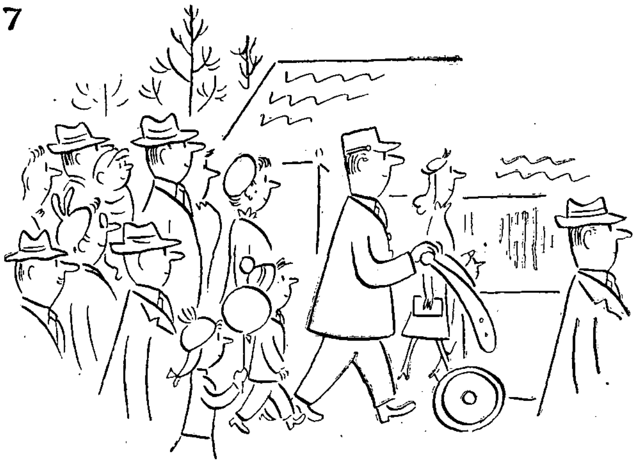
5



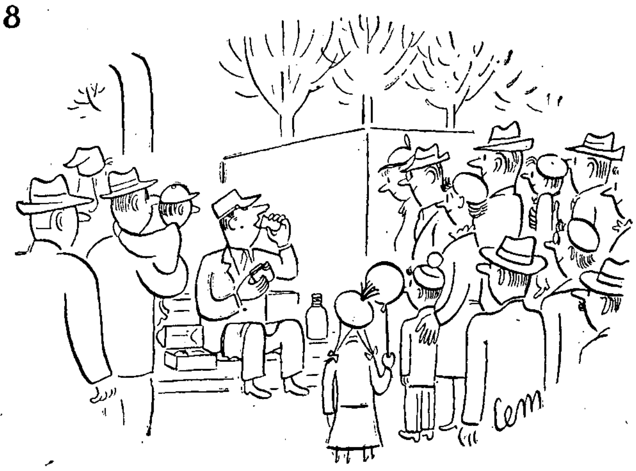
6



7



8



• •

ers, like me and the Federation," said Mrs. Soss. "Instead, it has rejuvenated us. I think people were getting a bit bored with our introducing the same resolutions year after year—like the one to have U.S. Steel move its meetings across the river from Hoboken to New York. Sometimes we get pretty bored ourselves. My *new* U.S. Steel resolution is to the effect that if the company persists in holding its meetings in godforsaken places, then the least it can do is let the voting continue until nine P.M., so working people will have a chance to exercise their franchise. Oh, to think of all those fun-loving bankers and steel men having to kill a whole evening in their beloved Hoboken!"

## *The Arts*

A FASCINATING young lady we know had a bad moment in a dim café the other evening when her young man smiled at her across the table and said, or seemed to say, "I know it's silly of me, but I love you so." She blushed winningly. Then came the bad moment. "Yes," went on the young man, "and of all Rousseau's work, I think 'The Sleeping Gypsy' is my favorite. What's yours?" Suppressing the blush, the girl took thought and replied hollowly that she couldn't decide but she would love another Martini.

# INSTRUMENT OF SALVATION

IT was a musical party. There was a white-haired conductor in one corner drinking tea, and as people came up to him, they hushed themselves decorously, as though they were entering a church. The women were large and ornamental in a substantial way, and the over-all effect was of flesh straining against Lastex and zippers under dresses that had come from the very best designers. The men looked nervous, intelligent, and accustomed to adoration, and the women looked as though they were certain to outlive them all. In some groups, the language of the conversation was English, in others French, in others German, and in each group there was someone who was speaking the language with the wrong accent.

The party had a permanent and ritual air, as though it would be exactly the same if it were taking place not in this Fifth Avenue drawing room but in London or Paris, or, before the war, in Vienna or Berlin.

The non-musical guests were for the most part in allied professions, such as the theatre or literature; there were several people who had written long novels in languages other than English, and a motion-picture director, now based in Hollywood, who had done his best work for UFA in 1928. There was one monocle.

The guests who were not musicians or writers or directors seemed to have been chosen for the richness of their clothing and the air of tasteful and discriminating generosity with which they might be expected to support opera societies and symphony orchestras.

Inge Clavered arrived quite late, because she had developed the habit, as a young actress, of entering all rooms after they were full, and the habit had stayed with her, surviving twenty-five years, wars, white hair, and a change in continents and occupations. She sniffed the perfumed and slightly smoky air and listened to the polite, multilingual hum with the same sense of recognition and belonging that an old fighter might have in going to a locker room under the ring before his two-hundredth bout.

She had never been a small woman, and now, in her fifties, she was bulky and solid, with her coarse white hair cut short, and her eyes were still bright blue, quick, and inquisitive in her bold, sentimental face. As she surveyed the room and her ears picked out phrases in three languages, she thought of all the parties like this one she had been to through the years, and of the different men she had been with, and of how she had been younger and happier at other times.

She had been out West for several years and new faces had appeared in her absence, and she followed her hostess around the large room for the introductions, smiling speculatively at the women and wishing she could afford a better dress, and presenting her hand to be bowed over by the Europeans among the men.

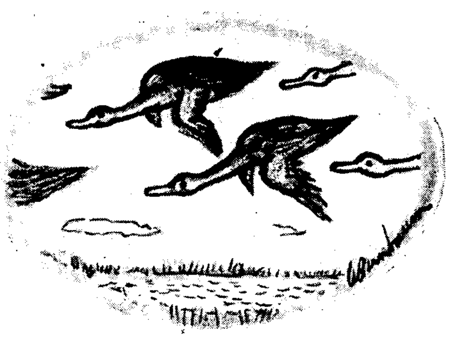
Then her hostess said, "May I present Herr Wyneck." A handsome, massive old man kissed her hand, and Inge thought, Of course—eventually he was bound to show up at one of these things, if he lived long enough. And the old man straightened up and said, "I have had the pleasure. In Germany, in the winter of 1931."

"Oh, my," the hostess said, making a small grimace at the thought of people's knowing each other that long. "I'll leave you two alone, then. You must have so much to talk about."

"So much to talk about," the old man said. His voice was heavy and slow, and there was a hint of decay in it. "Where does one begin?" He peered at her. She remembered that he had always been nearsighted and had been too vain to wear glasses. Now he must be sixty-five at least, she thought, and he's still too vain. "You haven't changed, my dear," Wyneck said.

Germans, she thought. They're always at their most idiotic when they decide to be gallant. She thought of what she had looked like in 1931, when Wyneck had last seen her, and what she knew she looked like now. The old fool, she thought. She smiled at him. "I'm afraid we've all changed," she said. "Not for the better."

Wyneck sighed. He had been a handsome man, in a ponderous, self-confident way, and actually he was still handsome, but with the weary, nostalgic good looks of an old man who was prosperously preparing to die. "Ah," he said, "so many years. So much has happened."



German novels sound that way because that's the way they actually *talk*, Inge thought. If I don't stop him, in a little while he will be using the words "life," "fate," "chance," and "the will of God."

"Have you been back to Germany at all?" Wyneck was saying.

"No," Inge said.

"You should go back," said Wyneck. "A rebirth. A true rebirth."

"Have you been there all this time?" Inge asked curiously. Somehow, he didn't seem to have the marks of war or defeat, or even discomfort, on him. The marks of age, yes, but comfortable, well-doctored, undisturbed age.

"Oh, no," Wyneck said, putting out his large, mottled hands as though to deny an accusation. "It was impossible. It wasn't Germany any more. I became a Swiss citizen in 1938."

Of course, Inge thought, he is one of those people who inevitably turn Swiss at the exact proper moment.

"I have interests in Germany again," Wyneck said. "I felt it my duty when the madness was finished. If you ever come on a visit, you must come and stay with us. We got back our little place near Garmisch. My wife would be delighted."

"Is she here with you?"

"Over there." Wyneck waved his hand slowly, indicating a woman sitting across the room near the white-haired conductor. "In the green dress."

Inge took her glasses out of her bag and put them on and looked at Mrs. Wyneck. The Swiss have conquered, Inge thought, and took her glasses off.

"And your husband," Wyneck was saying. "Is he here with you?"

"Bruno died five years ago," Inge said, putting her glasses back in the bag.

"Ah," said Wyneck, sighing, "I'm so sorry. So young. Such a gifted man. What a misfortune. I was so fond of him."

Inge almost said, He was not so young—nearly as old as you are now—and you kept your fondness for him well under control at the moment when it counted. But she said none of these things. All she said was "In his family none of the men live very long."

"And your children?" Wyneck went on politely. "As I remember, you had two charming daughters."

"Sons," Inge said.

"What's that?" Wyneck asked, a little flustered.

"Two charming sons," Inge said.

"Of course." Wyneck tapped his head, irritated with himself. "So many years. So many things to remember. Are they well?"

"Very well," Inge said. "One of them is in the oil business in Texas. And the other one is a captain in the Air Force. He's in Germany right now."

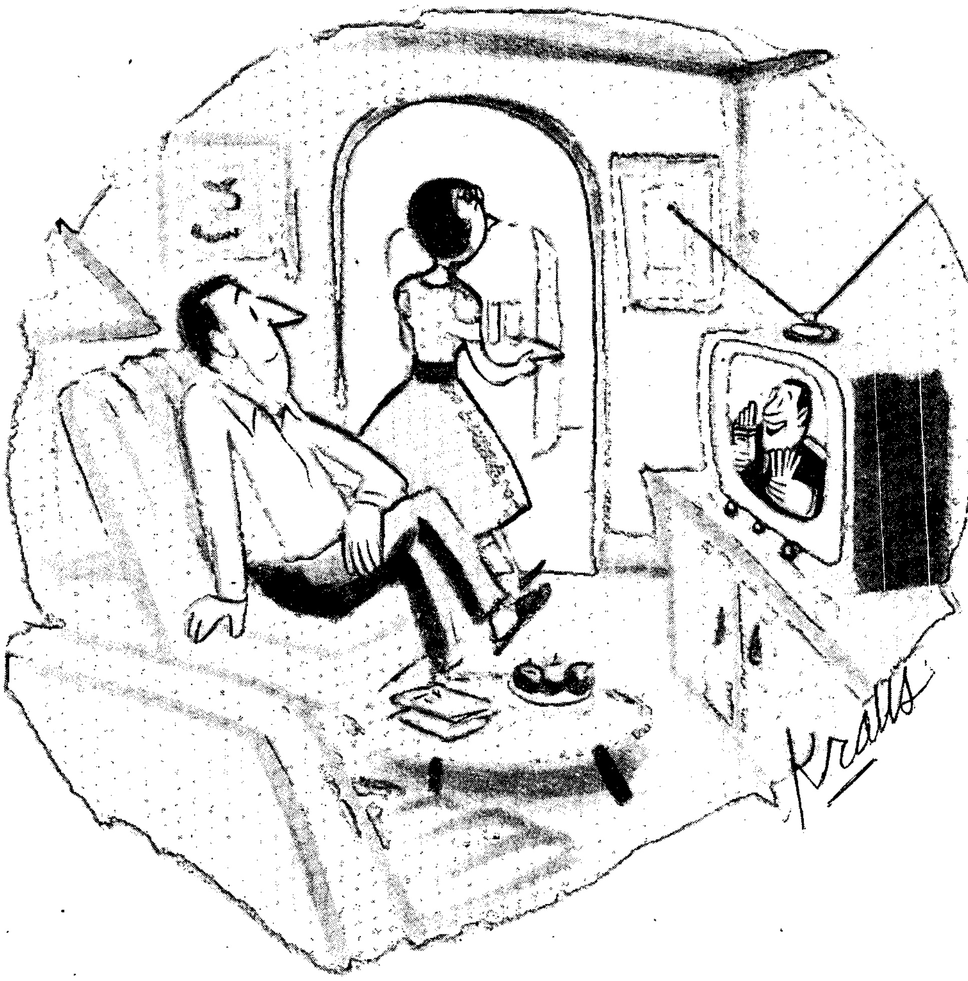
"A captain in the Air Force." Wyneck shook his head, marvelling. "And I remember you that night in Hamburg playing Nora in 'A Doll's House,' so slender, so young, so beautiful, as though it were yesterday, as though I had just come from the theatre, on fire—"

"I was never slender," Inge said flatly, enjoying herself. "And I just pretended I was beautiful."

Wyneck chuckled tolerantly, and took her hand and patted it. "I also remember that you had a sharp tongue," he said, "and that no one was safe from you."

Now, Inge thought, he is going to be foolish about the past for a quarter of an hour. Is it because he's German or merely because he's old?

But Wyneck contented himself with rocking slowly back and forth, massively, on his heels and describing her own performance to her—the entrance so gay, so light, the power at the end . . .



*"For something really new in cigarettes, try Diffos! Some are mild, some are strong. Some are king-size, some regular. Some have the nicotine filtered out, some don't. Each and every Diffo you smoke will give you a taste thrill that is different."*

• •

AS he talked, she barely listened to him. His voice, heavy and flowery, came through to her, but she was back in Hamburg on a winter's night, on a stage that a few years later was to be burned down in an air raid, and the curtain was descending and the applause was beginning.

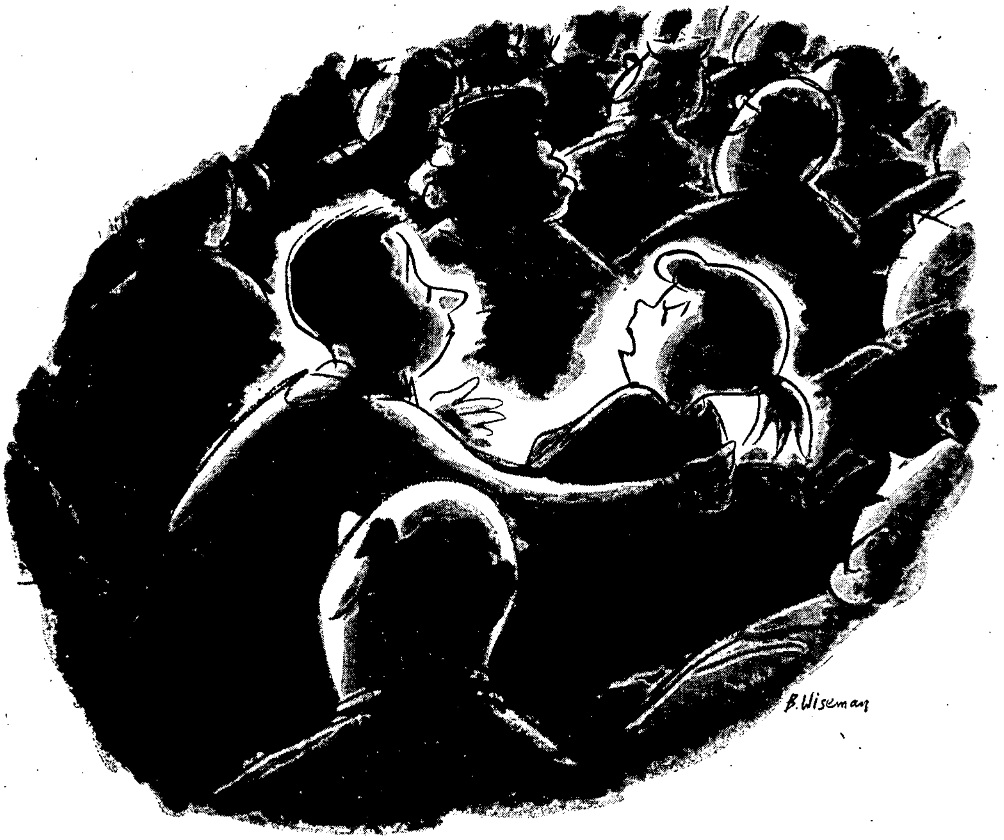
At that moment, they had thought it was the most important night of their lives, she and Bruno. That was at a time when it was still possible for the most important events of your life to take place in a theatre. It was the first performance of their own repertory company; she and Bruno had decided to take the gamble and throw everything in—her reputation as an actress and his as a director, all their savings, and their youth and energy—to try to build a company of their own. A good part of the necessary money had come from Johann Wyneck, and while he hadn't made any promises, it was almost certain that if they needed more, he would come through with it.

That night in her dressing room, with the sound of the applause still echoing in her ears, it seemed as though the gamble had succeeded. Bruno came in and kissed her, his eyes brilliant, and told her she had been magnificent, and a critic who was a friend of theirs and who had come down from Berlin for the opening told them both that it had been one of the most powerful performances of the play he had ever seen, and there was a sparkle of exhilaration and success hanging over the entire theatre.

Then Bruno and the critic left, and just as she had about finished getting into her street clothes, there was a knock on the door and Wyneck came in. He had sent her flowers, two dozen red roses, and they flared incongruously in the shabby, harshly lit little dressing room. She had met Wyneck only once before, at a stiff, rather formal tea in his home in Berlin, at which Mrs. Wyneck had presided with an icy and languid grace, as though she wished to show to some invisible ancestral spirit in the drawing room that these curious people from the theatre who were sitting on her chairs and drinking tea from her cups were there purely on her husband's responsibility.

Wyneck stood in the dressing room, impressive in his evening clothes, a handsome, large man with an aura of money about him, speaking in a soft, cultured voice, knowing exactly what to say to actresses on an opening night, what flowers to send, what compliments to pay, what criticisms to withhold. He stood there watching Inge put the finishing touches to her hair, smiling at her gently and confidently in the makeup mirror, talking of how proud he was to have been allowed to contribute even as little as he had to the support of such talent, of the effect of Inge's beauty and vitality on the audience and on him, of the suppleness and grace with which she had moved about the stage, and it took only five minutes for Inge to realize that he had not come to her dressing room merely to praise her acting.

"I would be most honored," he said, "if you would have supper with me to-



*"Remember, Herbert, this was Dutch treat."*

• •

night to celebrate your triumph. I've already ordered it at my apartment in the hotel, and I've talked to the cook and he's promised me something worthy of the occasion."

"Well," Inge said, pretending innocence, "I'll ask my husband and—"

"It was not my intention," Wyneck said, smiling easily and with no trace of embarrassment, "to ask your husband."

He's had too much practice, Inge thought, annoyed. It's too easy for him. She knew his reputation, and she had seen him, even before they had ever been introduced, with various beautiful women who were not his wife, and she resented, for the whole female sex, his confident assumption that he could go at whatever speed he desired. Besides, she was an egotistic woman, and she preferred men to be awkward and disturbed in her presence.

"Let me be frank for a moment, my dear," Wyneck was saying. "I'm not betraying any confidences, am I, when I say that it is generally assumed among your friends that you and your husband have, in these matters, a— a civilized arrangement?"

This was true, although Inge despised the word "civilized" as a description of her relations with her husband. They had loved each other very much for a while, and then it had stopped. They admired and respected each other, and each of them knew that the other was the best friend he was ever likely to have, and they worked together marvellously well, and they loved their children. They would not lie to each other, and they lived in the same house and slaved together in the theatre and were, by their own private standards, unswervingly loyal to each other. When it pleased them, they went out with other people. It was not the happiest arrangement in the world, but that was the way it had come out, and Inge felt that a great many married couples of their acquaintance were considerably worse off.

"In fact," Wyneck said, his voice still easy and friendly and unhurried, "I happen to know that your husband would find it impossible to join us tonight because he is having supper with a lady."

"That's true." Inge turned away from the mirror and faced Wyneck, smiling amiably. "After a while, in fact, I believe he intends to marry the lady."

"So—" Wyneck spread his hands in a logical gesture, like a successful debater. "So there is nothing to stand in the way of a pleasant little supper for you and me in my apartment, is there?"

"One thing," Inge said, still smiling and agreeable. "I don't like you, Mr. Wyneck."

"Ah," he said involuntarily, as though he had just bumped his head by accident. "Ah."

He was silent, too surprised for the moment to be angry, and Inge picked up her coat and said, "Good night. Thank you so much for the invitation," and left him standing there, next to his roses.

UNHAPPILY, the repertory did not do as well as they had all expected that first night, and after two months Inge and Bruno had to go to Berlin to ask for the extra money that Wyneck had almost promised them.

"I'm terribly sorry," Wyneck said, sitting behind his desk in the dark walnut-and-red-plush study of his home. "I would like to help, and, of course, you know how deserving I think your work is." He kept his eyes, friendly and regretful, on Bruno all the time, and never once looked across at Inge, sitting upright in her best dress on a walnut-and-leather chair. "But I am quite extended for the moment and the times are . . ." He waved his hands gently above his desk to indicate the unpropitiousness of the times. "I'm sure you understand," he said, standing up, "and I wish you all the good luck in the world."

They shook hands gravely and quietly, and Inge and Bruno went out into the street together.

"But he promised," Inge said finally, as they were walking down the cold, rich street.

Bruno shrugged. "So."

"You know why he said no," said Inge. She had told him of her scene with Wyneck the morning after it happened.

"Of course," Bruno said.

"I'm sorry," Inge said, almost crying, thinking of how hard Bruno had worked and what hopes they had had for the company.

Bruno stopped and took her by the arms and looked closely into her eyes. "Don't say that," he said. "Don't ever say that."

"It would have been so easy to put him off politely," Inge said. "But I had to be clever. I had to show him what I thought of him."

"Sh-h-h," Bruno said. "Sh-h-h." He shook her gently. "I am sorry only about one thing," he said. He grinned at her, sharp and merry. "I'm sorry I wasn't there to see his face when it happened to him."

Then they laughed together, like

children, forgetting the ruins of the company and the debts that Bruno would somehow have to pay off on his own now, and Bruno kissed her, and they went off gaily to a very expensive restaurant and had the last good dinner they were ever to have in Germany for the rest of their lives.

Bruno sailed to America soon after that, because it looked as though he could get a job in Hollywood as a movie director, and it would take that kind of money to pay off what they owed in Hamburg. It was a bleak parting, for Bruno was not a traveller by nature and he didn't know a word of English and he was no good at languages. Besides, he had no confidence in himself as a movie director and he preferred the stage, and at that time he was certain he preferred Germans to Americans.

Three months later, he sent the money for the passage of Inge and the children, and Inge told the boys that they were just going on a visit and would probably be back in Berlin for the next season. But in California, Bruno was doing just well enough to get by, and then Hitler came along and Bruno was a Jew and there they were.

OVER fifty, white-haired and bulky, standing in the large, ornate room on Fifth Avenue, with a glass in her hand, half listening to the old, decaying voice of Johann Wyneck beside her, the memory of all this—the struggle in America, the hard times and makeshift jobs, the death of her husband—passed swiftly through Inge's mind.

"Ah," Wyneck was saying, the old man's flesh loose and wrinkled at his throat, "how seeing you again brings it all back." He peered at her slyly. "Do you remember," he asked, his voice slipping down and taking on, even now, a timbre of invitation and sensuality, "do you remember that night in Hamburg when I asked you to come to my apartment for supper?"

Inge looked squarely into his eyes, the sly, treasuring, ancient ladies' man's eyes. By this little bit, she thought vindictively, I'm going to pay him back for what he did to us. She shook her head slowly. "No," she said. "What night?"

"You don't remember?" he asked incredulously.

"I'm afraid not," Inge said, smiling at him. "Is it important?"

"No," the old man mumbled. "Not at all." For a second, she was afraid he was going to cry. He had been so successful at so many things, and now, when he was an old man, they were taking everything away from him. This was carrying rejection to an unbearable point. "Still," he said plaintively, "I would have thought a woman would remember."

"Excuse me, Mr. Wyneck," Inge said. "I haven't said hello to our host yet. It's been so nice seeing you again."

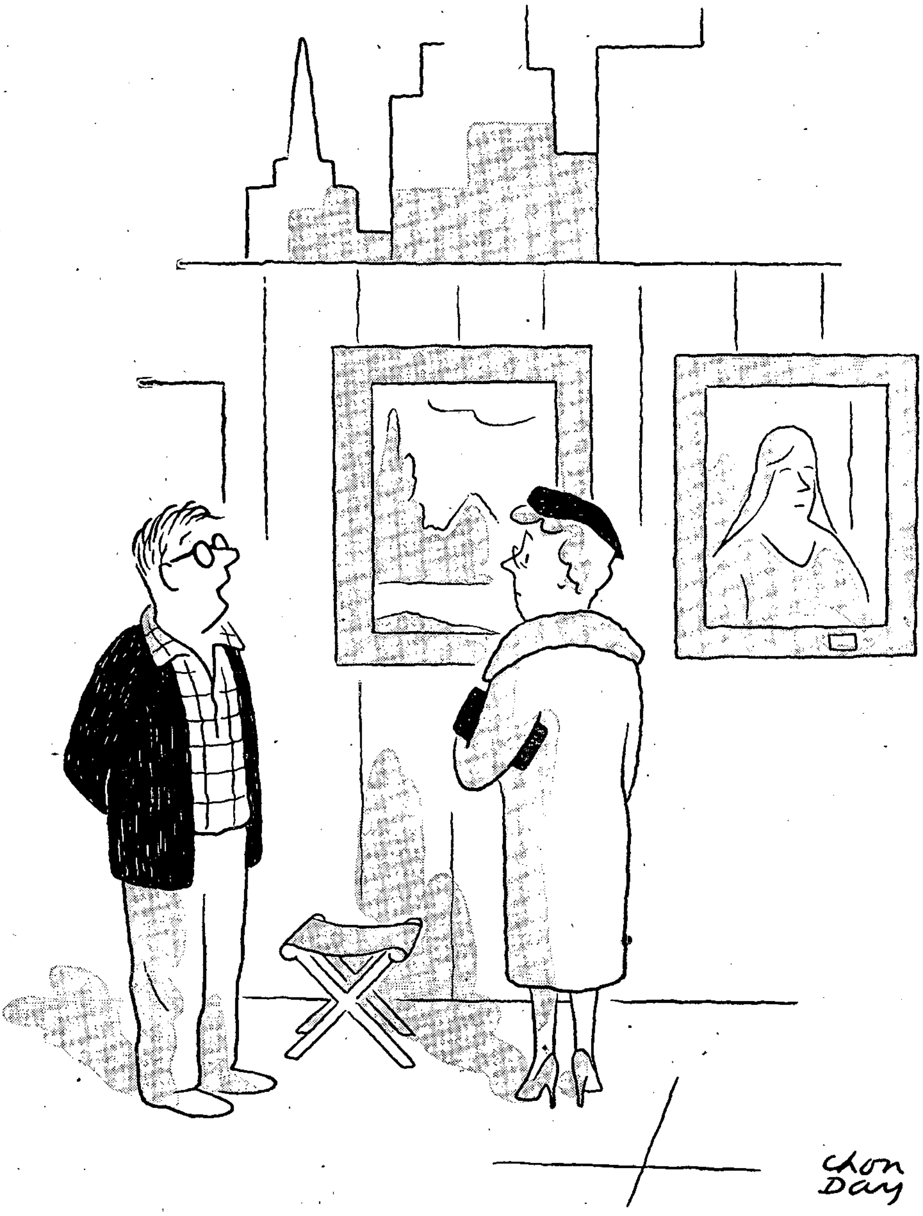
The old man bowed and straightened up stiffly, watching Inge go across the room, his face hurt and puzzled and bitter.

A HALF hour later, Inge was conscious that Mrs. Wyneck was maneuvering in her direction, and she braced herself. But when Mrs. Wyneck finally came up, big-bosomed, broad-spread, opulently dowdy, she smiled widely, kissed Inge warmly on the cheek, and said, "Oh, my dear, I am so happy to see you," as though the quarter century of wars and loss and terror that separated them from the frigid tea in the salon of the Berlin apartment had mysteriously brought them together in sisterly intimacy. "You look so young, so alive," she said, making it sound as though all the rest of her acquaintances were selected solely from among the dead and dying. "Johann told me he had such a nice little talk with you. It brought back such memories," she said.

I bet, Inge thought grimly. It brought back a few memories to me, too.

"Ah, those were the days," Mrs. Wyneck said, sighing. "The days when we were young."

The whole family, Inge thought, smiling at her in a friendly way, speaks like a German novel. Also, she thought,



"It's an original by Henri Jacques Lausanne—me."

## UNDERWOOD

From the thin slats of the Venetian blinds
The sun has plucked a sudden metaphor:
A harp of light, reflected on the floor,
Disorients the chair and desk and door.
Those much too delicate hands still tapping
The Underwood seem now Hindu dancers
Or five or ten young Balinese children
Hopping up and down in a clearing where
The striped light scrapes through bamboo seedlings
And moves from skinny shade to thin veneer
And changes as the harp of light is changing
Its twanging image on the office floor,
Being so remarkably the blinding heir
Of something that is not, and yet is, there.

Once I watched at the water cooler
A face bent over the jet-thin water:
The iris of the bent eye changed its color
As if the water jet had stained it green;
I saw the animal head's slight shudder,
Lifted from the surface of that running stream.
Tall branches then grew green in the hallway,
Arching above a green-ferned pathway;
A screen of green leaves hung in the doorway.
Was that a mirror where I saw the beaked birds,
The sluggish coffin of the alligator,
The monkeys climbing up the sunlit tree trunks?
Or did imagination, in that corridor,
Create, like the harp, its sudden metaphor?

Inside that drawer, among the blotters, folders,
Memos, carbons, pencils, papers,
Is the youngest animal of all awaking
In that coarse nest where he's been sleeping?
If I should reach into that dangerous drawer,
What singular teeth might pierce my skin?
Or if he should leap, should I then kill him,
And watch, where the harp had set its lightness,
The marvellous animal blood go thin?

—Howard Moss

● ●

you weren't so young. You were at least thirty-five.

"He looks old, doesn't he?" Mrs. Wyneck said, looking anxiously over at her husband, who was standing alone next to one of the big windows, staring blankly out at the wet evening.

"That's to be expected, isn't it?" Inge said.

"Maybe," said Mrs. Wyneck. "Only, he didn't expect it. There are some men like that, who do not have the technique of growing old. He was so proud of himself. He stands in front of the mirror for hours, looking at his face. And he finds it so hard now to attract young women." She shook her head and turned to Inge, sad, troubled, too fat and overpowdered, loving. "You never have any idea in the beginning what the problems are finally going to be, do you?" she said.

"No," said Inge, "you don't."

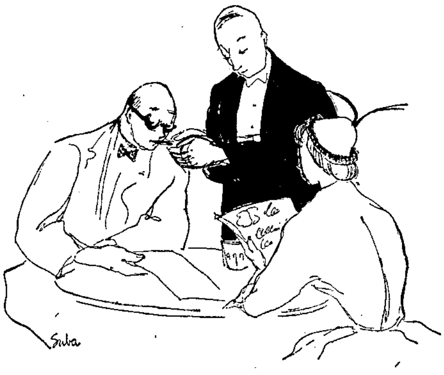
"Ah," said Mrs. Wyneck, sighing with admiration and without envy, "you've come out of it so well. Anyone can tell by one look at you. So healthy, so lively, living in this free, beautiful country all this time. And your son a captain in the Air Force."

She could live in Switzerland a hundred years, Mrs. Wyneck, and her Prussian respect for the army—any army—would last, pure and unchanged.

"I'm so happy for you, my dear," Mrs. Wyneck said, and Inge was surprised to see that she was telling the truth; she *was* happy for her. "I wish you would come and see us while we're here. It does Johann so much good to see old friends and talk about the old times again. It makes him feel young again for a few hours."

Confused, Inge watched the woman move heavily across the room, keeping her eyes, nurselike and tender, on her husband, standing alone and brooding next to the window. For more than twenty years, Inge had blamed Johann Wyneck for their exile, for the destruction of their hopes, for the skimpy little silly movies that Bruno had been forced to make, in a language that had baffled him and fallen strangely and incomprehensibly on his ears until the end. And now the woman had the courage to come up to her at this glossy party and say, in the presence of all the ghosts, "Ah, you've come out of it so well."

Inge felt that she should be angry, but she couldn't manage it, and this confused her. Bruno had died worn out and unfulfilled, it was true, but he had died in bed, surrounded by people who loved him, and not in a gas chamber or under the whip. And one son was at the moment contentedly digging oil out of Texas and preparing to marry a pretty girl whose father owned a ranch only slightly smaller than Luxembourg. And the other son, smiling, slangy, in the best uniform in the world, was moving freely among the ruins in the army of the conquerors. And if Johann Wyneck had been a larger and better man that season in Hamburg, and lived up to the promise he had made them, where would they all be now?



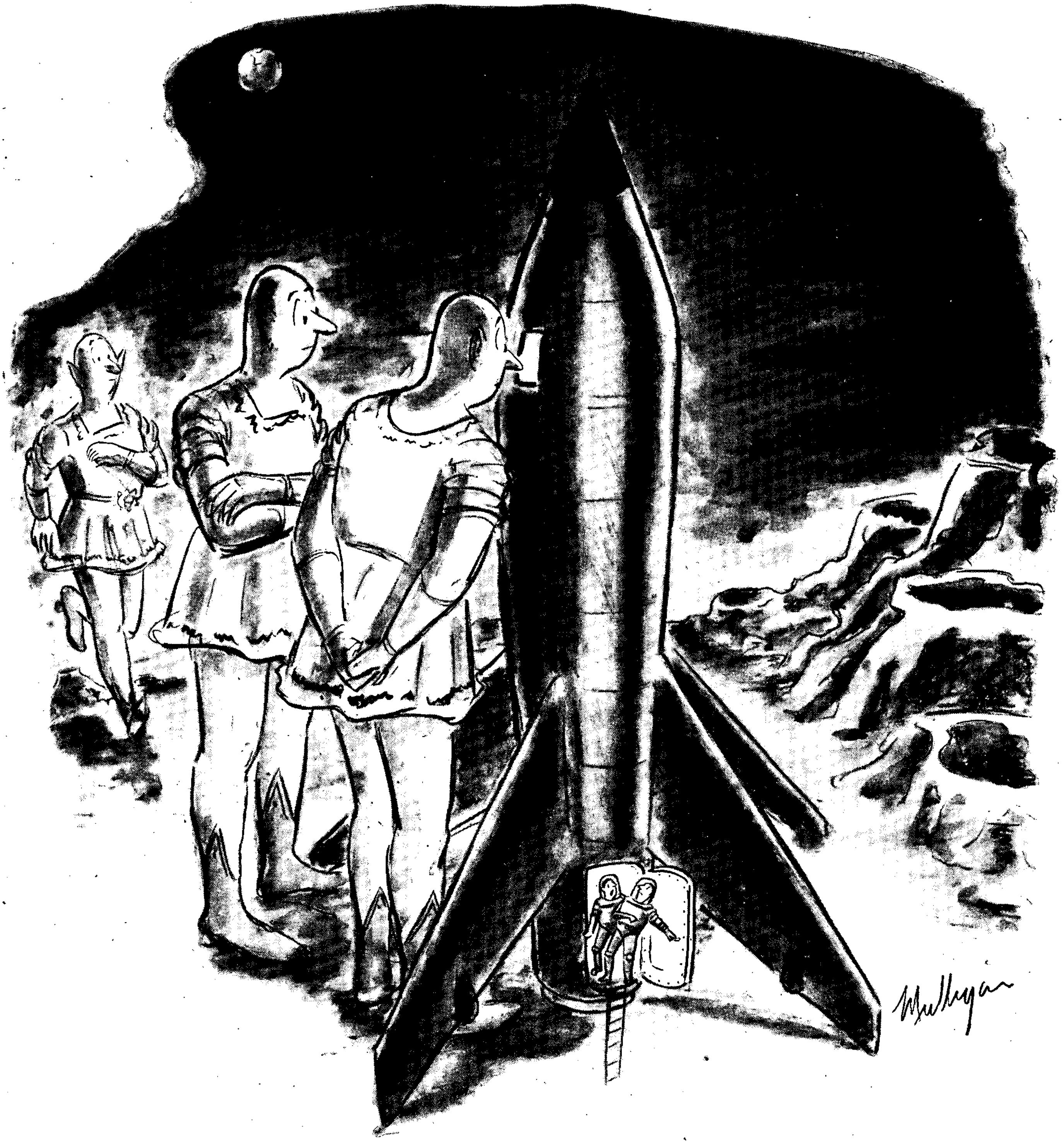
Inge looked thoughtfully across at Johann Wyneck, who had been so proud of himself and who did not have the technique of growing old, and who was standing alone now next to the window, slumped and diminished in his good clothes. Then she went over to him and stopped in front of him and said, "Johann," noticing the suspicious, damaged look in his eyes.

"Yes?" he said coldly.

"I have a confession to make," Inge said.

"Yes?" the old man said, prepared for further pain.

"I was lying to you," Inge said,



*"But suppose we're not mentally superior either."*

• •

touching his sleeve. "I remember the night in Hamburg very well."

"Oh, you do?" He straightened a little, and a slight, trembling, old man's smile twitched at his lips.

"I was embarrassed," Inge said. "I intended to go with you, but I was something of a coquette in those days, and I was sure you would ask again. But then you never asked again," she said, almost convincingly regretful.

"Ah," said Wyneck, standing erect, smiling tolerantly at her, his memories triumphantly corrected. "Of course I should have."

"I wanted you to know," said Inge, and, disliking him more than ever, she leaned over and kissed his cheek, feeling the skin dry and trembling under her lips. Then she went to the other room, where they were pouring drinks, thinking, I have paid a debt.

When she left, fifteen minutes later, she saw that the old man was talking, waving his hands animatedly, to a quite pretty woman who could not have been much more than forty. —IRWIN SHAW

•

Baby sitter, excellent references, evenings. Also selling silver fox jacket, fine condition.—*Town & Village.*

Where you been sitting lately?

# THE PROUD MAN

GAEGLERS and Tom Bulger were sitting at a table in a small country pub with two pints of beer in front of them when the man came in the door dragging his leg behind him. At least, it looked like that. It was just that the leg was a bit crooked, and he had a job bringing it up. He was tall and lean, with a fine column of a neck and powerful shoulders, and he wore a graying mustache and shabby but very clean clothes. He was about fifty, Gaeglers thought.

Gaeglers and Tom had been friends since the time Tom led him on a vain hunt for wild geese as a just atonement for a deceit Gaeglers had practiced on Tom's brother, who owned a shop in the small Irish seacoast town Gaeglers came from. Gaeglers' way of earning a living was precarious but profitable, and consisted mainly of making money without working for it. It involved a little homespun philosophy, a touch of psychology, a lack of conscience, a lot of confidence, the ability to class people as possibles and probables, squealers or non-squealers, and a very delicate sense of what was legal and illegal. Gaeglers always gave his profession as "factor." He liked Tom. He forgave him for the wetting he got on the wild-goose chase (he fell in a boghole), and now if things became a little hot in the town he would mount a bus, ride the few miles to the village in the mountains where Tom lived, and stay there until everything was cool again. Tom and his wife were always pleased to see him. He livened things up for them. Also, he could be quite useful, because he was strong and not unwilling to work hard when there was no possibility of his making any money out of it.

Tom addressed the man with the crooked leg with what Gaeglers thought was unusual friendliness. "And how are you, Bartley?" he asked.

The man looked at Tom, took his hand out of his pocket, where it was fumbling for coins, and came over. He shook hands. "Good evening, Tom," he said. "It was a great harvest, thanks be to God."

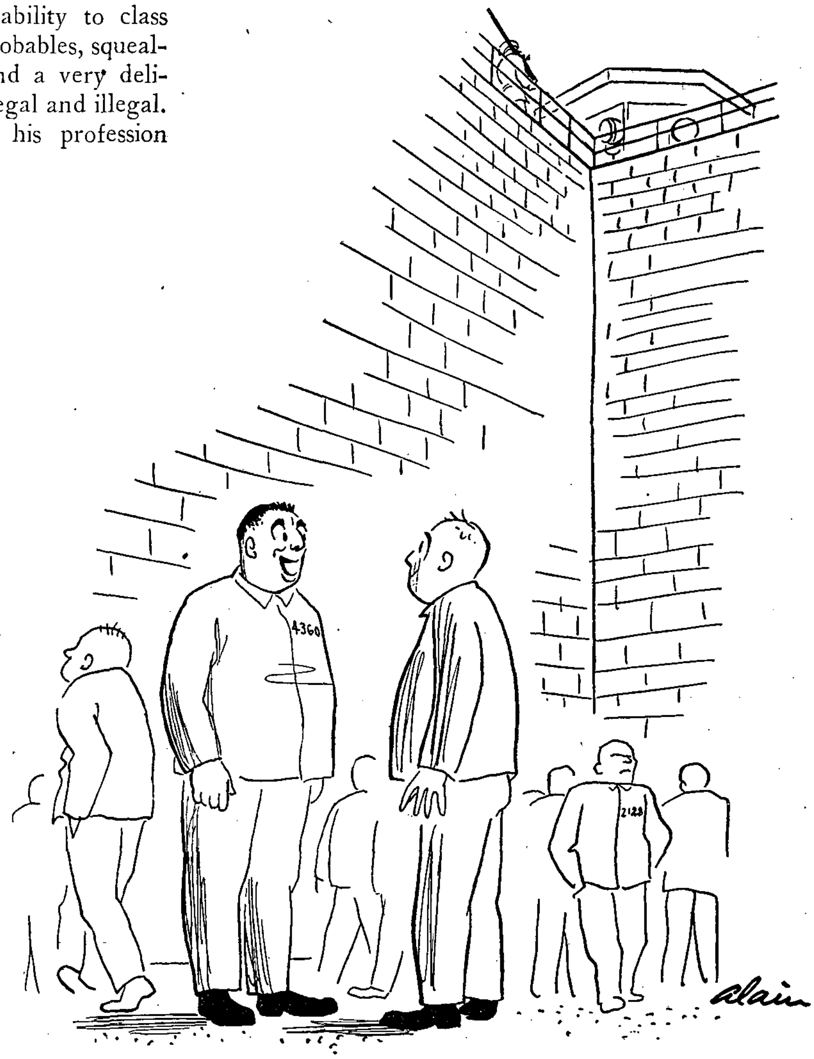
"It was, too," said Tom, and then he introduced the man to Gaeglers.

Gaeglers felt two pale-blue eyes looking him over. They were quiet and rather kindly eyes.

"How do you do, sir?" said Bartley, shaking his hand. His handclasp was very firm and dry.

Gaeglers still wasn't used to older people in the country calling him "sir." Later on, he realized that the "sir" was a reflex, used merely because he was dressed as a townsman. What they really thought about you emerged only after a time. If they took to laying extreme emphasis on the "sir," you could be sure that you had been judged and found wanting.

Tom and Bartley talked some about the weather, and then Bartley went back and ordered a pint and paid for it carefully and didn't look one way or the other but drank it and went out.



*"Oh, I know the neighborhood well. My folks lived in the Twelfth Precinct before we moved to the Ninth."*

This wasn't right, Gaeglers knew. There was something amiss here, when a man didn't say, "What are you drinking?" or wasn't deeply insulted if you refused to drink with him. "What's wrong?" he asked Tom. "Who is he?"

Tom sighed. "He's a proud man," he said.

Apparently being proud was a very serious thing, Gaeglers thought. It seemed to be the same as being dead. "Well, I'm a proud man," said Gaeglers. "There's nobody in the whole country has more pride than me, and I'm not downhearted about it."

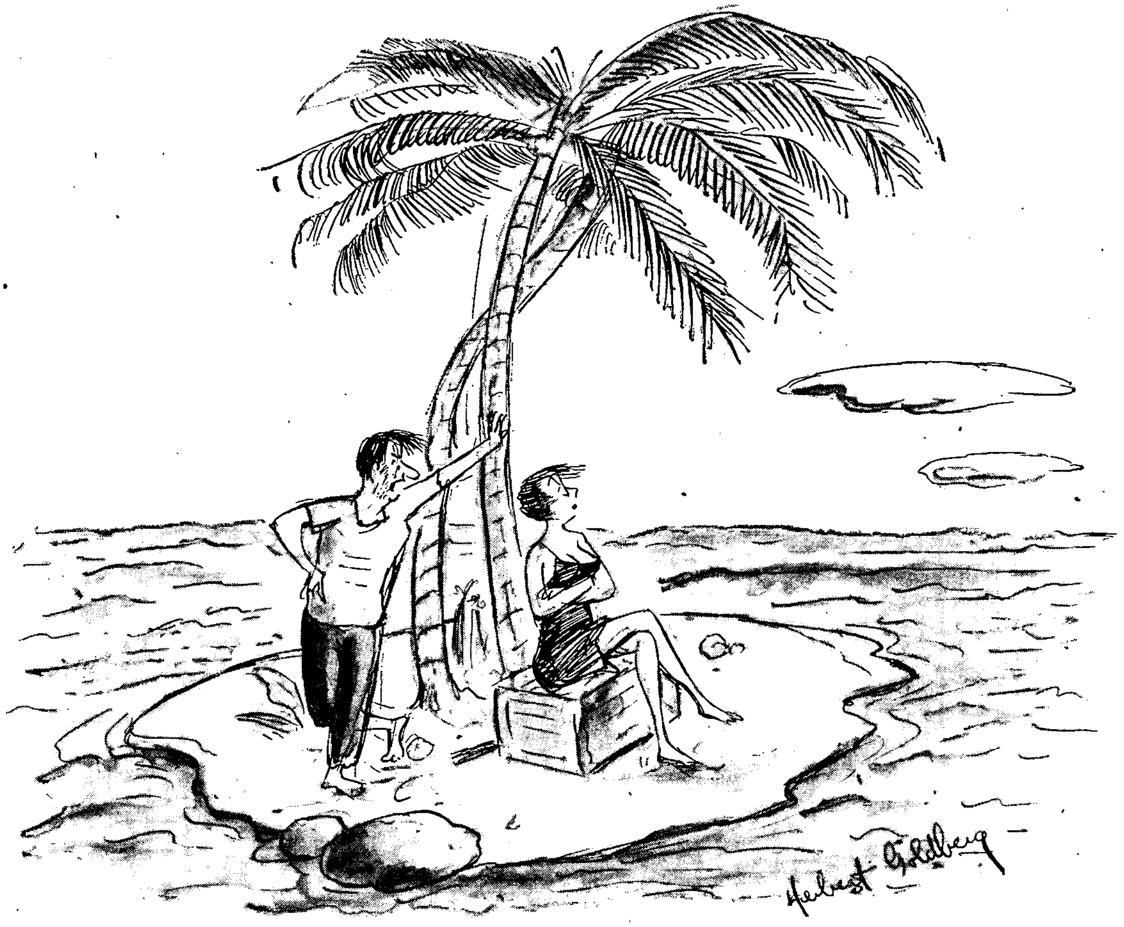
"It's not that," said Tom. "Long ago— why, even when I was a kid, I remember Bartley. There used to be great sports and galas and things around here years and years ago, when there was a lot of people and the young ones usen't to emigrate when they were hardly out of the shell. Bartley was a powerful man, I remember. It was a sight to see him stripped. Everything he'd win, I tell you—throwing the stone and vaulting the pole and running three mile and swimming in the lake. He was like a trout. Or riding the bicycle—you had to work hard at bicycles in them days to move them, I can tell you. He was a great man."

"What happened to his leg?" Gaeglers asked.

"A very simple thing," said Tom. "He was building a wall and a big rock fell on his leg. It was broke in several places. He wouldn't go to a doctor. There was an oul bonesetter up the road. He went to him. It never set proper. It always had a drag in it like you see."

"And is he down on his luck now, or what?"

"He's down," said Tom. "And he'll soon be out. He had a few childer. They went away. Not doing very well. Just keeping themselves going. He has one girl at home



*"Well, you might give this some thought—for all practical purposes, I am the last man on earth."*

with him. She's not young, either. Didn't marry. He can't work as hard as he used to, so the place is going to go one of these days. He's back on the taxes, and that's that."

"But why can't you all chip in?" Gaeglers asked. "Why can't we have a collection or do something like that?"

"Isn't that what I'm telling you, man!" Tom exclaimed. "He's a proud man. There's not a sinner in the place would dare go near him with money in their fist. He's a quiet sort of man, but if somebody did that he'd eat them. They'd never get away alive from him."

"Oh," said Gaeglers, thinking it over. "Then I'm not a proud man. I find it hard to believe that there are actually people like that."

"Well, there are, and he's the flower of them," said Tom. "And the trouble is that he is very well wished for here and nobody has a bad word in their mouth for him, which is a very unusual thing, I can tell you, and there's nobody that wouldn't do anything at all to save him, if he wasn't so goddam proud. When they are like that, there is no way out."

"I see," said Gaeglers. "I see." And Tom, who knew him fairly well by now, looked at him suspiciously.

IT was about a week later that Gaeglers and Tom called at Bartley's house one afternoon. Bartley was mending a harness, and his daughter was churning. They put their tasks aside to welcome the two callers, and wiped off a couple of chairs and set the kettle to boil. There was no use protesting about it. They talked about the weather and the price of pigs, which was remarkably high, and Bartley said it was a pity he hadn't a few of them but it cost so much to buy even a sucking bonham, and after a while the visitors came around to the object of their call.

"We need your help," said Gaeglers.

Bartley looked him straight between the eyes, but Gaeglers was ready for him. He looked bland and innocent, so Bartley believed him. "Well, now," he said, and he was pleased. "Anything at all I can do for ye and I will be only too pleased."

"It's this way," said Gaeglers. "Even in the town where I come from, we have heard some strange tale about the great men that is produced out here, leapers and swimmers and rock throwers, and we were all in there in the pub the other night and they were spinning the tales about how wonderful ye all were, and to tell you the truth, if I was to believe a half of it, Finn mac Cumhail was only trotting after the lot of you—all the boasting that went on—and I said, well, if ye are as good as ye are supposed to be, let's have a sports and see what ye are like."

"And then I said," said Tom, "that young and all as they were there wasn't a one of them could hold a candle to you, Bartley; that if one of your feet was stuffed in your mouth and your two hands were tied behind your back you could leave the whole of the young fellows standing—powerful and all as they thought themselves."

Gaeglers nodded. "So I said let's go over and ask Bartley to take on the whole bloody lot of you, fair and square, bicycle, stone, and swim, and they can hammer out the other events amongst themselves," he said. "And also," he added, licking his lips, "we will have a competition for all the young girls of the place to see who is the most beautiful."

There had been long meetings at the pub about how much money Bartley would need and how much he could win in the three events without his suspicions being aroused. In order to spread the prize money a bit, Gaeglers had thought of the beauty competition. "Bartley has a daughter," he had said. "Well, that's that. The four events will be sufficient, and Bartley will have a new start." "Have you ever seen Bartley's daughter?" one of the young fellows had asked. "I don't care if she has a cork leg and can see around corners," Gaeglers had replied. "As long as she can stand and wear a blouse, she can win a beauty competition."

Now he was conscious of Bartley's daughter behind him. Well, she has nice brown hair, anyhow, he was thinking. She was a big girl, and her teeth were all right, even if they were a bit large, and she had a kindly smile, like her father. The rest of her wasn't so good, but she was a nice girl; Gaeglers knew that. He was an expert at knowing what people were like from a first look, because his living depended on it.

"So," he went on hurriedly, "since you are the father of athletics in the area, we would be very honored if you would enter for the events, and if you would do us this honor of pitting yourself against these young boasters, they would have to pay a fee to try and best you, and the prizes for the winner would be good and substantial—cash prizes, because we have no time to be going buying medals and cups and china and things."

"No," said Bartley. Tom and Gaeglers held their breaths. "It's very kind of you, but I couldn't do it. I would wish to pay an entrance fee for the events like everyone else."

Gaeglers let his breath go slowly. "Well, all right," he said grudgingly. "I'm willing to take your shilling to cover the three events."

"Is that all?" Bartley asked.

"That's right," said Gaeglers. "There's so many entered that the fee can be reduced an awful lot." Now, he was thinking, we'll have to get every able- and disabled-bodied man in the place to enter to make up the difference between the fees and the prize money. "And if your daughter would like to enter the other competition, we will take sixpence from her, too."

He turned and looked at her directly. He didn't like the clear way she looked back at him. There was a slight smile on her lips. She is too shrewd, that one, he was thinking. I'll bet she won't.

"Of course she will, of course!" said Bartley, going over to her and putting a hand on her shoulder. "And I'd back her to the hilt. There isn't a better or more beautiful girl in the whole parish than Julia."

The other three were startled. He meant it. Julia looked at Gaeglers almost inquiringly. To hell with it, she knows, he thought. He nodded.

"All right," said Julia. "Thanks, Father, but maybe you are a bit blind."

"No, girl," said Bartley, "I'm not blind. You are a good girl. I wouldn't give a tip of your finger for all the women in the world."

"Gaeglers, here, will be the judge of everything," said Tom. "He's had experience of things like this, and since he is a stranger amongst us, he won't be backing any horse, so everything will be fair and even and aboveboard." And he added, under his breath, "God forgive me for the lies."

Bartley's eyes were shining. "Man, but it'll be a great day," he said. "It's made me feel young again, do ye know that? The oul leg'll be a bit of a handicap, but wait'll ye see, wait'll ye see!"

"That's the stuff," said Gaeglers. "We'll hold it on Sunday next, after last Mass. It'll be the biggest day in history."

Then he and Tom were outside and rubbing the sweat off their foreheads. "I never had to work so hard in all me life just to give money away," said Gaeglers. "God preserve us from proud men."

THE day of the sports the sun shone brightly. The field, which belonged to Bartley, was very gay with bunting, and bicycles glinting in the light, and there were a few stalls selling fruit and soft drinks and souvenirs. These were operated by Gaeglers' friends from the town, and they were naturally willing to pay him a little commission for arranging the event and informing them in time about it, so they could get onto the field first. Gaeglers explained to Tom that although he was doing all these things for love of humanity and Bartley, still he had to live, and his share of the stalls was legitimate business. Tom understood this and remarked cheerfully that Gaeglers would make money out of his mother's funeral.

All the young men were threatened in advance by Gaeglers. They could try to win in the other events, but the man who beat Bartley in the stone, the bike, or the lake would be in for a poor time, he said. They all swore their solemn oaths, but Gaeglers had doubt, because they were all healthy and excitable young men and might forget their oaths in the heat of the contests.

They did. They tried hard to win, feeling it would be shameful to be bested by an old man. But Bartley was in great condition, apart from his leg, and when he stripped off his shirt and held the heavy stone at shoulder height, you could see the muscles under his pale skin leaping and bunching, and when he had the last throw and did a half circle and the stone left his hand, Gaeglers was horrified to see the distance it went. There was a resounding cheer all over the place. Bartley said that it was just practice—that he had flung the stone so often it was second nature to him.

It's hard to ride a bike on grass. Gaeglers put Bartley about two hundred yards ahead of the field. Bartley politely wheeled his bike back again to the starting line. Everyone was grinning. Gaeglers set them off, cursing. It was a two-mile ride, ten times around the big uneven field. Bartley fell behind and then started catching up. There was no trick in it. Then he and a powerful young man were out ahead of the others, but the young man would have got ahead of him and finished first if somebody hadn't flung a small rock accurately at the front wheel of his bicycle and brought him down, bruised and cursing

---

## CORIANDER AND OREGANO: AN IDYLL

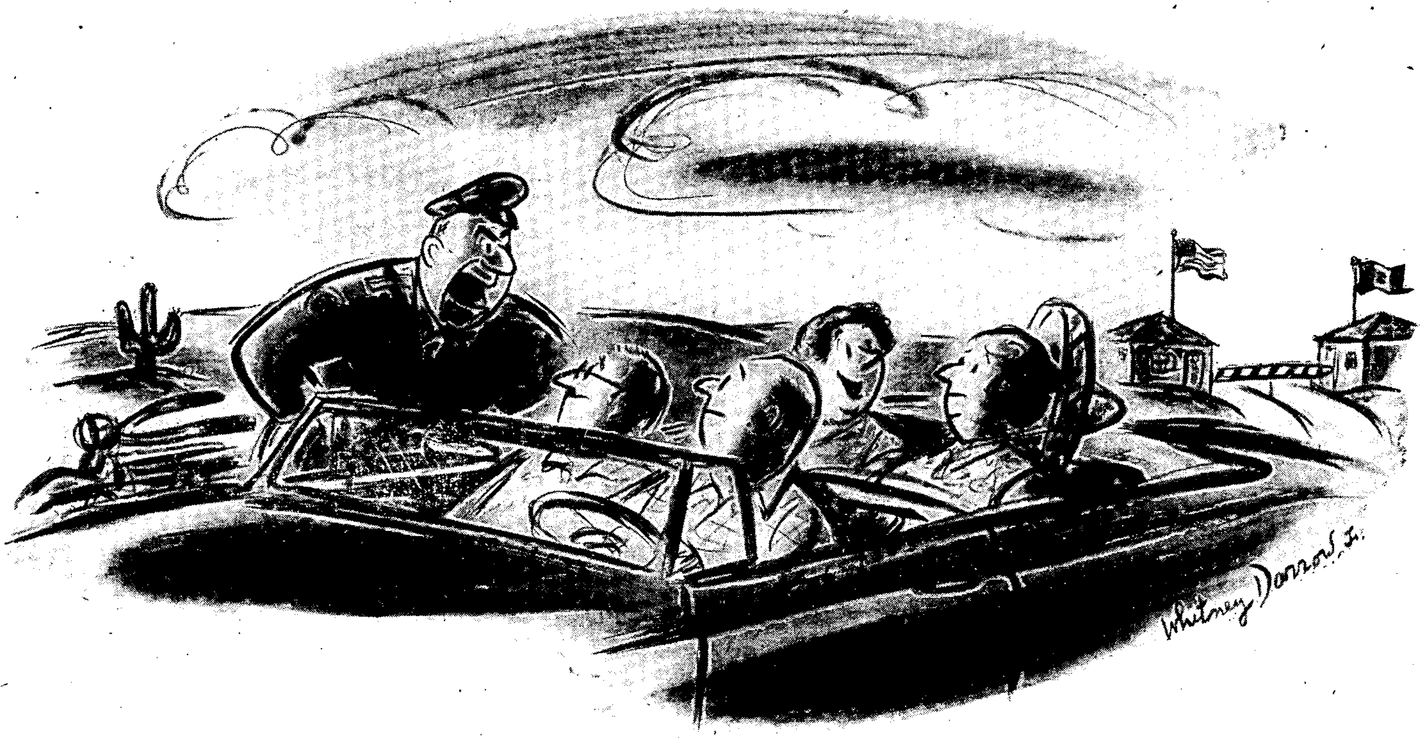
Rosemary, marjoram, cinnamon, basil—
  Oh, what delightful words to say!
Oh, what sensations, verbal and nasal!
  Savory, juniper, anise, bay!

Who was the poet, who was the paragon—
  He who discovered these names sublime?
Caraway, cardamom, chervil, tarragon,
  Lovage and borage, nutmeg, thyme!

Oh, how delicious the delicate savoring,
  Tongue-tip-tasted on outspread palm
Or merely read in the chapter on flavoring!
  Sesame, saffron, fennel, balm!

—MORRIS BISHOP

• •


Whitney Darrow, Jr.

*"It certainly sounds good to hear English spoken again."*

• •

and ready for murder. Gaeglers denied that *he* had flung the rock.

So, two up for Bartley. When it was time for the lake event, all the ladies had to be kept away, because there were the most peculiar kinds of bathing costumes among the contestants. Bartley went into the water in his long woollen winter drawers, and some of the young fellows went in with old trousers tied by a bit of twine, which fell off and left them swimming in their birthday suits, and at the end there was great laughing and chortling when they came ashore. Bartley won, but he won fair and square. He had a powerful way of lying over the water and using his two great arms to pull him along. Nobody could touch him.

Gaeglers was very pleased. There were three money prizes ready to be handed over to Bartley. Now all Gaeglers had to do was give Julia the prize for being the best beauty, and there you were.

THE girls were gathered on a mound in the middle of the field. Gaeglers became suddenly upset when he saw them closely. There were six of them besides Julia. The six girls were painfully pretty. That was the trouble—they were really pretty, and one of them was even beautiful. They had slim waists and fine hair, and they were very well dressed. Julia looked good in a summer dress, all right, anybody could see that, but anybody who would award her the prize over the six other girls would have to go and get his eyes examined. Gaeglers was upset for another reason, too. He had meant to talk to the six girls beforehand, as he had done with the young men, and explain to them why they wouldn't be winning any first prizes, but in the rush, and on account of having so much to attend to, he had completely forgotten to warn them, and wouldn't there be a riot among them now if he proceeded with the set plan? He cursed his forgetfulness. Then he hardened himself, and after making a little speech to the girls he was prepared to do his job, until he saw the eyes of Julia beseeching him. She knew, all right. She had come as far as this for the sake of her father, but to go on would be a terrible thing to inflict on her. Gaeglers saw that. And because he was soft over some things, what did he do but award the prize to the real beauty, and all he got for it was a kiss on the side of the neck from the winner and thanks from the eyes of Julia.

Also, the event cost him money. The prize money was short by the losing of the beauty competition, so Gaeglers had to go up to Bartley and say, "You're a great man, Bartley, there's no mistake, and if I wore a hat I'd take it off to you, and do you see those fellows in the stalls? Well, since this is your field they are paying a small rent for the use of it, and so you have this much more coming to you." And he had to hand over his percentage from the stalls.

Presently, Julia took him aside and said, "Goodbye, Gaeglers. I am very grateful for what you have done. I won't forget ever what you have done for us."

"Don't be so daft!" Gaeglers said. "All bloody women are daft! Why have women to be so goddam daft?" He was mad, and his neck was red, but Julia smiled after him as he went furiously away.

"I SET out to do a good deed," he exclaimed to Tom on the way back to Tom's house, "and what happens? I get jilted out of money. I'm never going to come out here again to you, that's sure. Every time I come out here to you, something sinister happens to me."

"Your trouble, Gaeglers, is that you're a good crook," Tom said, and he slapped his thigh and laughed like hell.

—WALTER MACKEN

•

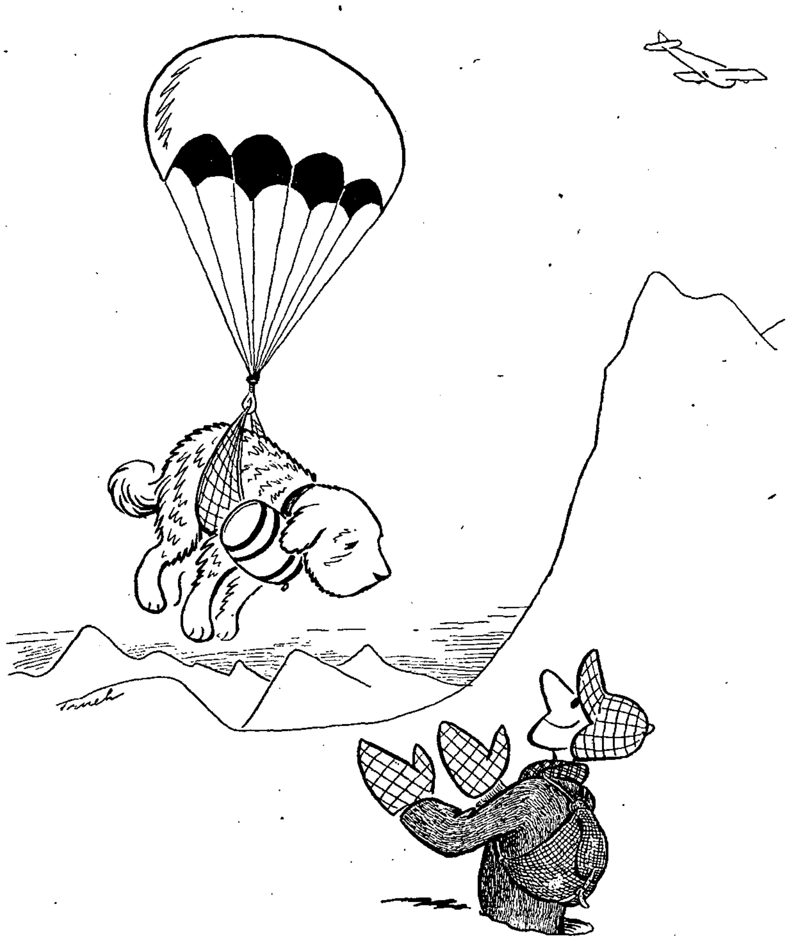
Just for a change of pace, serve diced cooked carrots and peas in a cheese sauce to which a little finely grated opinion has been added.—*Waterbury American.*

Rub the bowl with prejudice.

# A REPORTER AT LARGE

## TERRIFIC

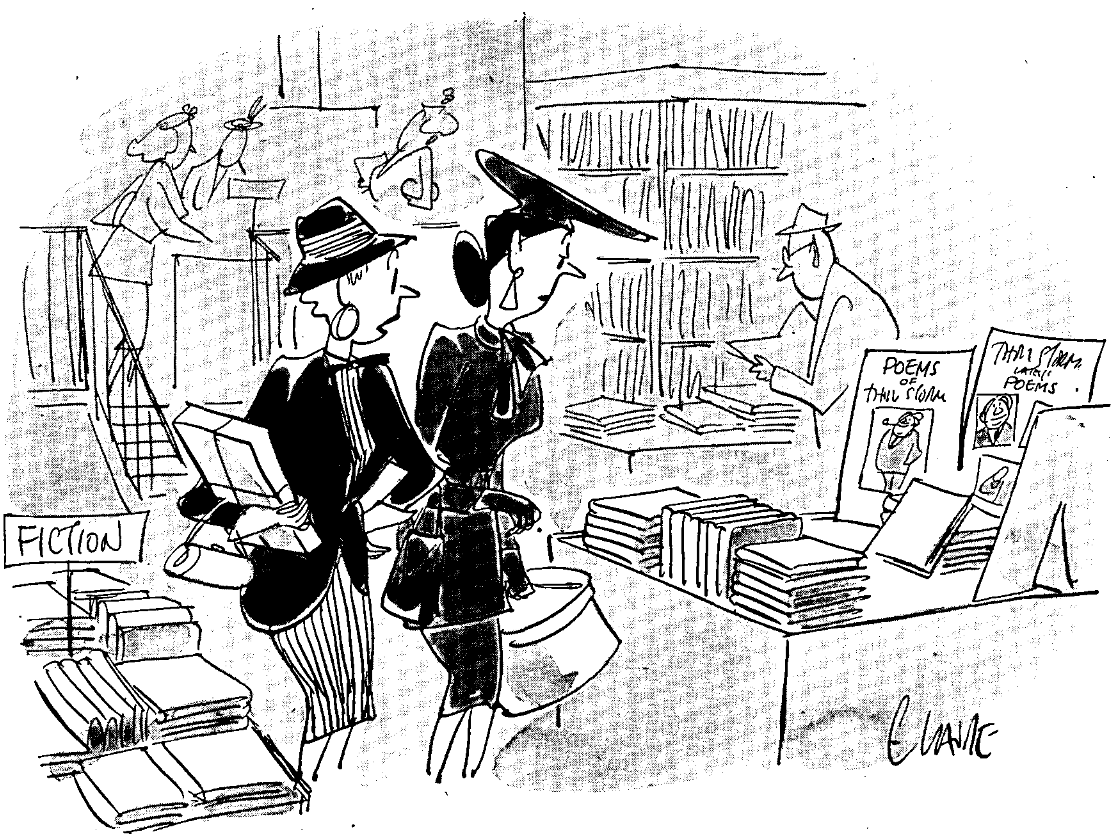
THE Junior League of the City of New York, Inc., a fifty-three-year-old club for women under forty, gave its third annual Mardi Gras Ball—"a brilliant assemblage of those prominent in society, stage, screen, and television," the *Herald Tribune* called it—on Tuesday evening, March 2, 1954, in the Grand Ballroom of the Hotel Astor. About eight hundred Junior League members and husbands, and friends of members and friends of husbands, attended, paying fifteen dollars a head for the privilege, and one and all agreed that it was quite a do. Emil Coleman's twenty-four-piece, two-piano orchestra played for dancing, and the highlights of the evening were the crowning of a Queen of the Mardi Gras by Mayor Robert F. Wagner, Jr., and a parade of fifteen Junior Leaguers and two professional models who wore costumes more or less expressing the spirit of seventeen commercial firms (including Pepsi-Cola and United States Steel) that had sponsored the ball by donating fifteen hundred dollars each to the New York Junior League's Welfare Trust Fund. The New York League has fifteen hundred members (it is one of a hundred and eighty-three chapters, with a total membership of sixty-three thousand), who dedicate themselves, upon joining, to serving the social, economic, educational, cultural, and civic interests of the community, and the League spends the money in its Welfare Trust Fund for the operation of volunteer services it carries on in hospitals, settlement houses, and similar worthy centers. A week after Mardi Gras night, the treasurer of the Junior League Mardi Gras committee reported to her forty-five glinting-eyed co-members that by the time the books were balanced the ball would net a profit for the Welfare Trust Fund of something over eighteen thousand dollars.



Preparations for the ball began more than a year before it was held. At eleven-fifteen on the morning of February 18, 1953, the day after the second annual Mardi Gras Ball, which was also held at the Astor and which, sponsored by only fourteen commercial firms (including Flamingo Orange Juice and Pepperidge Farm Bread), netted $11,517.02, the chairman of the second Mardi Gras committee, Mrs. Thomas D. Luckenbill, turned up at the League's headquarters and clubhouse—a five-story building, at 130 East Eightieth Street, that was formerly the town house of Vincent Astor. Mrs. Luckenbill immediately set to work writing thank-you notes to sponsors, celebrities, and others who had helped with the second Mardi Gras Ball. She was joined a few minutes later by Mrs. Stirling S. Adams, one of the four vice-chairmen of the committee. Mrs. Adams, looking cool and satisfied with everything around her, said she had got to bed at five that morning and had got up again at eight, to go down to the Astor and pick up the Queen's throne and some trumpets, and return them to a rental company. By noon, more than half the members of Mrs. Luckenbill's committee were on hand to help write the thank-you notes, many of them coming in after laboring all the morning at volunteer jobs in clinics or day nurseries. Everybody was already enthusiastically looking ahead to the 1954 ball. They rehashed the previous night's ball and determined to improve on it in certain ways the third time around. There was the problem of the Astor's public-address system, for example (it had conked out just as the Queen was being crowned), and the problem of guarding the dressing room of the models. (Newspaper photographers had wandered in while the girls were putting on their costumes.) Mrs. Adams said that Mrs. Henry I. Stimson, the committeewoman in charge of costumes, had done a terrific job, and that the costume she herself had admired the most was the one worn by Mrs. Wickliffe W. Crider, who had appeared as a chicken sandwich, to represent Pepperidge Farm Bread. Mrs. Crider had worn two giant slices of bread and had been carried in by four gentlemen dressed to look like toothpicks. "Next year, we might have someone dressed up as an olive if we have the sandwich again," Mrs. Adams said. "But then I suppose Pepperidge will want something different costumewise."

Mrs. Luckenbill told Mrs. Kevin McLoughlin, the liaison member between the Mardi Gras committee and the League's board of managers, that she was recommending Mrs. Stimson for the job of Mardi Gras chairman for the next year. Mrs. McLoughlin looked delighted. "Louise Stimson is a nifty gal," she said. "That pink-clown drawing she made for the program could be our permanent motif for all future Mardi Gras." Mrs. Luckenbill agreed, and suggested that someone should make a motion endorsing the clown drawing at the next meeting of the League's board of managers. "I'm sure everyone will be for it policywise," Mrs. McLoughlin said.

Mrs. Albert C. Santy, who had been in charge of reservations



*"I hardly think I'd care for a stout poet."*

for the ball, said that everyone was happy about the selection of Mrs. Oliver Rea as Queen the night before. There had been five candidates, known as Maids, for the crown, and the Queen had been chosen by three civic-minded men in public office, on the basis of her personality and the work she had done for the Junior League and for the community at large. Mrs. Rea had served as chairman of the League's Volunteer Social Work Aides, chairman of its placement committee, and chairman of a rehabilitation project it set up at Bellevue Hospital. As Queen of the Mardi Gras the night before, she had sat on her throne on a stage and ruled over the ball. Now, with no further regal duties, she was up at Riverside Hospital, an institution for adolescent narcotics users on North Brother Island, in the East River, doing her regular volunteer work with the patients there. "Betty Rea is a nifty gal," Mrs. McLoughlin said. "All five Maids were nifty, but *somebody* had to be Queen."

Mrs. John C. Carrington, who is vice-president of the New York Junior League, joined the group. "Wasn't Betty Rea a doll as Queen!" she said. "My only suggestion for improvement next year is to get escorts and Maids to match. Tall for tall. Short for short."

Mrs. W. Mahlon Dickerson, a tall, broad-shouldered woman, who had been one of the four Maids not chosen for the throne, remarked good-naturedly that her escort had been short but very charming. Her only complaint was that the room upstairs reserved for the Maids had been so well guarded that she herself had had a good deal of trouble getting admitted. "Next year, we ought to have smoother functioning of who gets in and who stays out," she said. "Next year, we ought to do a really bang-up job."

Mrs. Paul H. Raymer, another committee member, observed that the models had been left stranded on the stage after the show and that no one had seemed to know what to do with them. "My husband grabbed Flamingo Orange Juice and danced with her," she said, and everybody laughed. "Next year, we ought to have more of a proper conclusion to things."

Everybody agreed that for the third Mardi Gras Ball there would be smoother functioning of who got in and who stayed out, as well as more of a proper conclusion to things.

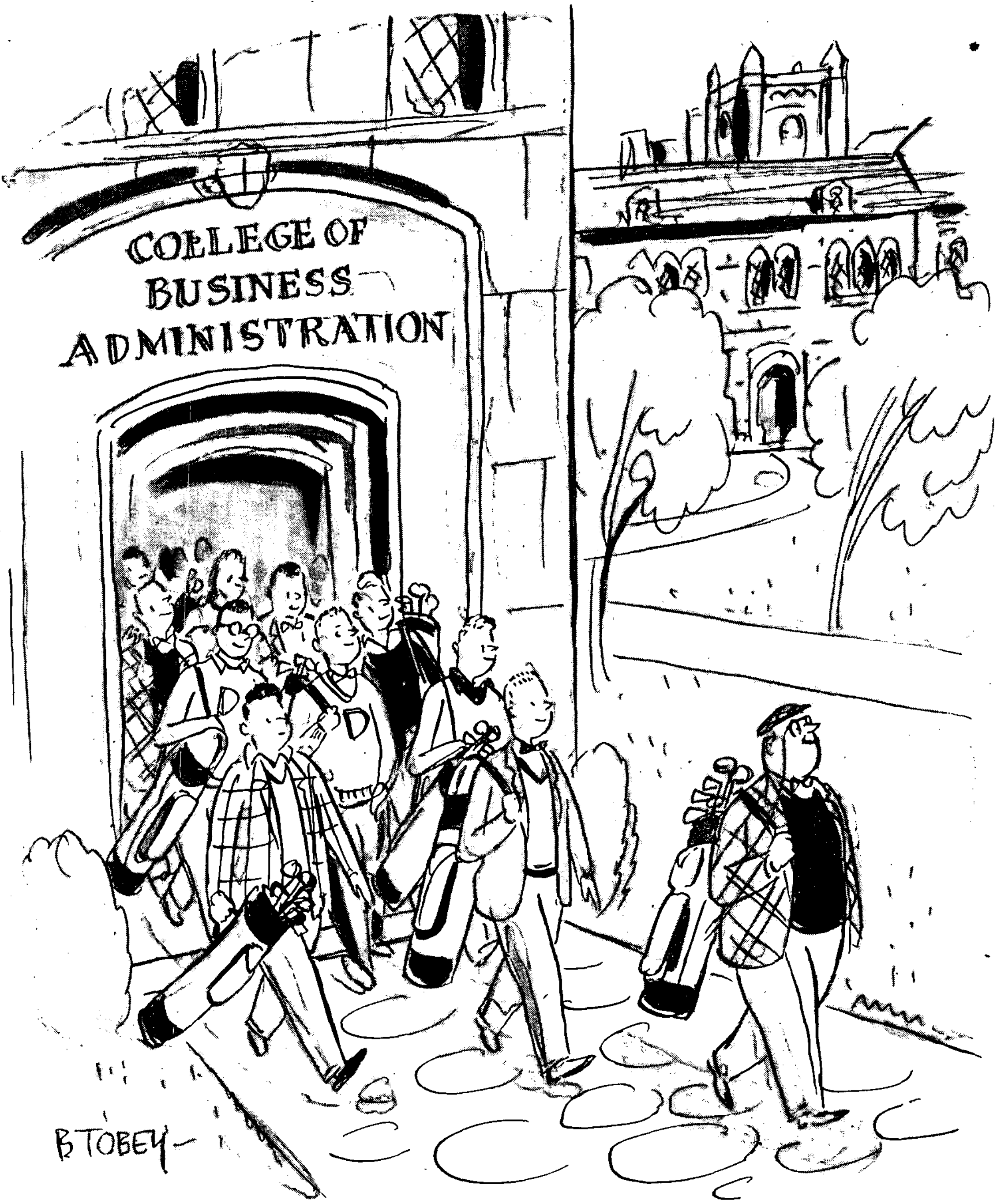
DURING the following month, in accordance with Mrs. Luckenbill's suggestion, the New York Junior League's board of managers, presided over by Mrs. Samuel Wilson Moore, the New York president, voted unanimously to appoint Mrs. Stimson chairman of the third Mardi Gras Ball. In addition, it also voted unanimously to make Mrs. Stimson's pink-clown drawing a permanent fixture on the program. In April, Mrs. Stimson, a serious and efficient woman who has belonged to the League for six years and is a past president, and present member, of the board of the Manhattanville Day Nursery, began organizing her committee to prepare for the ball. She named Mrs. Adams chairman of the subcommittee in charge of the pageant, Mrs. Crider chairman in charge of costumes, and Mrs. Santy chairman in charge of hotel arrangements and reservations, and put Mrs. Raymer and Mrs. McLoughlin in charge of special invitations and publicity, respectively. At 10:30 A.M., on May 6th, these members, along with two others—Mrs. Dickerson and Mrs. Robert Cooke, who were as yet unassigned—were called to order by their chairman at a preliminary meeting of the 1954 Mardi Gras committee.

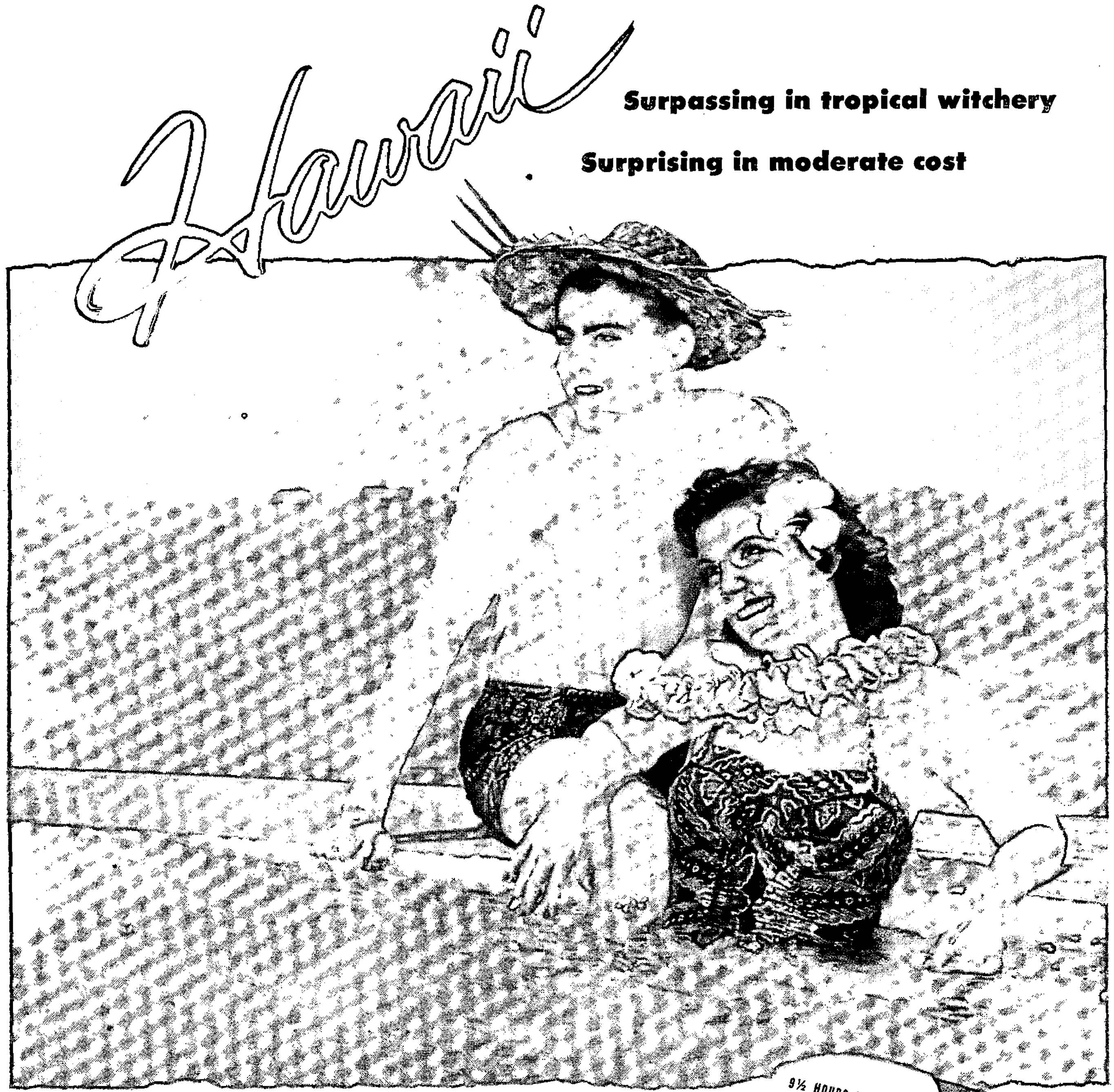
The women assembled in the board room, on the third floor of the League building, walking to it through a corridor whose walls are hung with photographs of the twenty-five past presidents of the New York League—a new one is elected every second year—beginning with Mrs. Charles C. Rumsey, the former Mary Harriman, who in 1901 conceived the idea of founding an organization to be called the Junior League for the Promotion of Settlement Work. (The name was shortened in 1912.) At the outset of the meeting, everybody agreed that the coming ball should be a dinner affair. The previous ball had been a supper dance, and the general feeling was that it had made Mardi Gras night too expensive for the individual members of the League, because so many of them had felt it mandatory to give dinner parties at home before going on to the Astor. Everybody also agreed that the charge for the next

Mardi Gras should again be fifteen dollars a head, eight of which, it was hoped, would cover the cost of the dinner and other expenses, so that the remaining seven could be turned over to the Welfare Trust Fund. There was some discussion about a date for the ball. The two previous ones had been held on the night of Shrove Tuesday, the actual Mardi Gras. Some of the committee members thought that a week-end might be better, but the majority insisted that the traditional night was the best, and that this was one time when people would simply have to stay up late in the middle of the week. Once that had been settled, Mrs. Stimson explained that she was going to delay awhile before naming someone to the critical post of chairman of sponsors, because she wanted to be sure of finding a woman with some understanding of the problems of the business world. “Let’s not be afraid to face facts, girls,” said Mrs. Dickerson. “We’re out to make money. We want sponsors who will fork over money.” Her fellow-members nodded in agreement that she had a sound point there. Mrs. Adams said that she thought the Astor had the best ballroom for the purposes of the Mardi Gras, and she proposed that, provided the hotel had fixed up the public-address system, the ball be held there again. Then she looked at her wristwatch, gave a little cry, and asked to be excused from the meeting because a quartet of Junior League members, in which she sang second soprano, was scheduled to sing in one of the wards at St. Luke’s Hospital in half an hour. She went on to explain breathlessly that the quartet wanted to have at least one run-through of “Tulip,” “Daisy,” and “Easter Parade” before singing for the patients. Mrs. Stimson adjourned the meeting.

THE first official meeting of Mrs. Stimson’s committee was held at ten-thirty on the morning of June 3rd, at the Junior League clubhouse. Mrs. Santy and Mrs. Raymer had visited the Astor’s banquet department a few days before, and Mrs. Santy reported that a roast-sirloin-of-beef dinner would cost the League seven dollars a person, plus a fifteen-per-cent service charge—a total of eight dollars and five cents. It was a good dinner, Mrs. Santy said, and it didn’t have what she called “that hotel-chicken-dinner personality.” Mrs. Raymer put in hastily that the dinner started with clear green-turtle soup, instead of what she called “that hotel-chicken watery stuff.” She looked around at her fellow-members and went on, “The soup is more important than you might think. If we’re going to have a dinner, we must keep in mind the discouragement everybody feels if the soup is cold and dishpanny. If they get that discouraged feeling at the outset, the party is sunk moralewise.” Mrs. Stimson said all that was true, but the price of the dinner was about two dollars more than the price of the supper at the last ball. In a rather weak voice, Mrs. Adams pointed out that the extra cost of the meal might mean a loss of as much as sixteen hundred dollars to the Welfare Trust Fund.

After a few moments’ silence, Mrs. Santy said loudly, “Let me read you the entire menu for the roast-sirloin-of-beef dinner.” She cleared her throat and read, “ ‘Clear green-turtle soup, celery, paillettes of corn, olives, roast sirloin

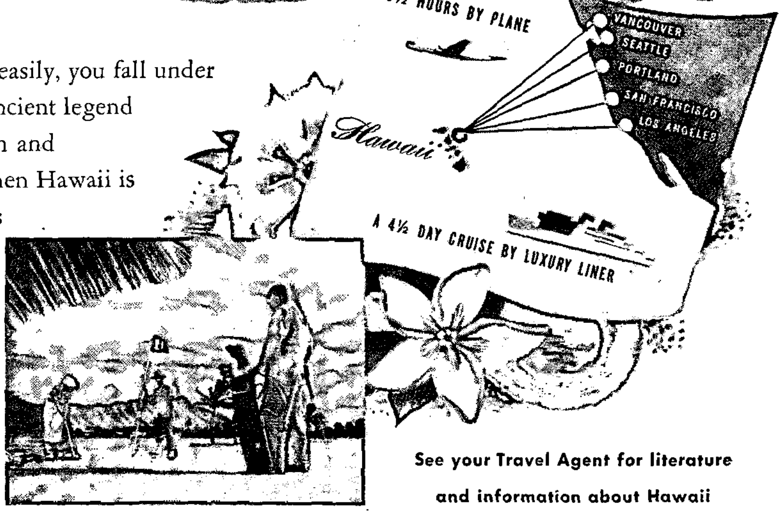




## Surpassing in tropical witchery

## Surprising in moderate cost

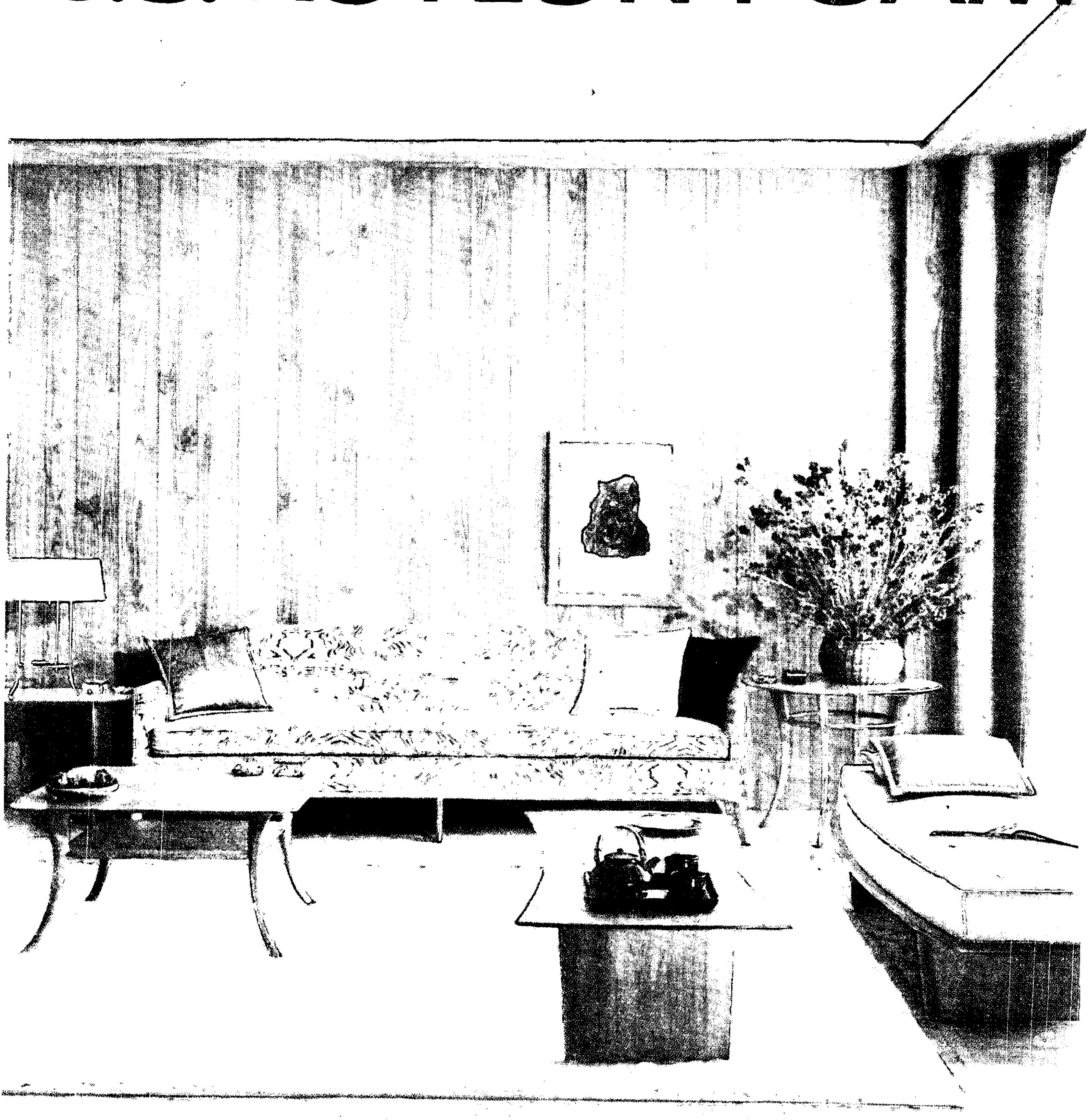
You reach Hawaii so easily... and just as easily, you fall under her spell. Enchanted tropic isles blended by ancient legend and alluring beauty into a land of gaiety, charm and loveliness. Plan to come in the spring when Hawaii is particularly delightful and hotel accommodations are readily available. Air and steamship lines from Vancouver, Seattle, Portland, San Francisco and Los Angeles bring the Islands close in time and cost. From Honolulu on **OAHU,** short flights take you to the other Hawaiian Islands... **MAUI, KAUAI, HAWAII.**


9½ HOURS BY PLANE
VANCOUVER
SEATTLE
PORTLAND
SAN FRANCISCO
LOS ANGELES
Hawaii
A 4½ DAY CRUISE BY LUXURY LINER

**See your Travel Agent for literature and information about Hawaii**

**HAWAII VISITORS BUREAU** A non-profit organization maintained for your service by **THE PEOPLE OF HAWAII**

# U.S. KOYLON FOAM



**FURNITURE BY WIDDICOMB • DESIGNED BY T. H. ROBSJOHN-GIBBINGS**

THE FINEST FURNITURE IS CUSHIONED WITH U. S. KOYLON® FOAM

UNITED STATES RUBBER COMPANY

ROCKEFELLER CENTER, NEW YORK

of beef Chevreuse, mushroom sauce, potatoes dauphine, new peas, salad chiffonade, peach Melba, *petits fours*, demitasse.' " Mrs. Santy stopped reading and sighed.

"It does sound *so* good," said Mrs. Stimson. She looked around encouragingly at her committee members.

"Well," Mrs. Adams said, "it would be nice to have roast beef, and all that, but I do think we ought to pause and consider the fundamental objective of Mardi Gras. I move that we postpone our decision until Mrs. Santy and Mrs. Raymer have an opportunity to obtain other menus at lower prices."

"Second the motion," said Mrs. Santy.

A low moan rose in the committee room, but everybody voted to postpone the decision on the menu.

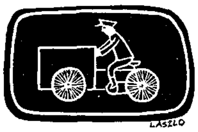
Mrs. Stimson said that this year there ought to be more emphasis in the *Observer*, the League's monthly magazine, and, if possible, in general publications, on how the five Maids who are candidates for Queen are chosen, and a lot more about how their service to the League and to the community qualifies them for that honor. Mrs. McLoughlin, in her capacity as publicity director, agreed. The point ought to be driven home once and for all to the whole membership, she said, that the Maids are picked from among twenty candidates who are selected by the League's placement committee on the basis of the time and energy they have devoted to worth-while services. "They're chosen by sensible, serious-minded gals," she went on. "Those gals do a terrific job studying the records of all the active members except the board of managers, and the membership ought to know that everybody's record gets examined seriously."

"And that only active members are eligible," said Mrs. Stimson.

Mrs. Santy wanted to know whether the provisional members—those newly elected to the League—wouldn't feel left out.

"You can't be provisional forever, dear girl," Mrs. Stimson said, with a little laugh. She added that she hoped Mrs. McLoughlin would make it clear that the placement committee submits the names of all its candidates to the board of managers. "We're counting on you to point up the fact that if the board feels some deserving member has been overlooked, it can say, 'Heavens, why isn't So-and-So a candidate?' " she continued, and Mrs. McLoughlin replied that she would and that she would also try to impress upon the membership the fact that five judges not connected with the League make the final selection of the Maids, on the basis of interviews with the twenty candidates and a study of their service records. This year, she said, the judges were to be James F. Macandrew, director of broadcasting at the Board of Education's radio station; Miss Helen M. Harris, the executive director of United Neighborhood Houses of New York; Mrs. Joseph P. Lash, the executive director of the Citizens' Committee on Children of New York City; Stanley P. Davies, the general director of the Community Service Society of New York; and Clyde E. Murray, executive director of Manhattanville Neighborhood Center.

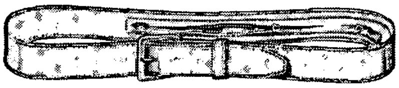
"Very good," Mrs. Stimson said. "Now—costumes?" She turned to Mrs. Crider, who, after consulting a sheaf of papers, announced that her preliminary investigation of the matter of the models' costumes had been very encouraging. She thought that instead of having each costume made in a different place, as in the past, it might be feasible to have them all made at Brooks Costume Company. She said she had spoken with James Stroock, the head of the company, and he had estimated that each costume would cost about seventy-five dollars, or nearly twenty dollars less than the average cost of the costumes for the previous ball. Furthermore, Mrs. Crider said, she thought it would be a fine idea to ask Gunther Jaeckel, which had placed an advertisement in the most recent issue of the *Observer*, to contribute gowns for the five Maids. The other members applauded Mrs. Crider, and the committee then turned to a general discussion of a number of questions: Could the Astor provide the master of ceremonies with two microphones, so that all the guests could hear the program? Could the Astor take the hum, whistles, and squeaks out of the public-address system? Could the Astor be enlisted as a sponsor of the ball, and perhaps be represented by a Miss Astor, who might hold a large numeral "50," to commemorate the fiftieth anniversary of the hotel, which was coming up the following year? Could Jo Mielziner, the theatrical designer, be persuaded to do the staging for the Mardi Gras show? Could Rodgers and Hammerstein be enlisted to contribute a score written specially for the Mardi Gras? Or, failing that, could Rodgers and Hammerstein do at least one special song for the Mardi Gras? Mrs. Stimson said the committee now had some meaty



Suited for Travel

It is the remarkable orlon-nylon suit, weighing only 14½ ounces, combining summer-long cool comfort with fine appearance. It packs perfectly; and can be washed without losing the press lines or causing a wrinkle. Seldom needs pressing—if ever.

**THE "TRAVELER" ORLON-NYLON SUIT**
An almost miraculous fabric. 75% orlon; 25% nylon. Blue and white, tan and white, and deep tones of blue or gray . . . . . $38.00
*Send for Swatches*



**TRAVELER'S MONEY BELT**
Recommended protection for traveling. It carries bills safely in 2 large, inside zipper pockets. Brown or black calfskin. Sizes 30 to 46 . . . . $4.00

**ABERCROMBIE & FITCH CO.**
MADISON AVE. AT 45TH ST., NEW YORK 17, N. Y.
CHICAGO STORE:
VON LENGERKE & ANTOINE
9 NO. WABASH

"AN UPROARIOUS SHOW; DRENCHED WITH LAUGHTER!"
—Atkinson, Times
"...YOU'LL BE DELIGHTED WITH IT."
—Gibbs, The New Yorker
Burgess Meredith . Martha Scott
"The Remarkable Mr. Pennypacker"
Thomas Chalmers • Una Merkel • Glenn Anders
MAIL ORDERS NOW
Prices (Tax Incl.): Evgs. Orch. $4.40; Balc. $3.85, 3.30, 2.75, 2.20, 1.65. Mats. Wed. & Sat., Orch. $3.30; Balc. $2.75, 2.20, 1.65, 1.10. ORCHESTRA DIVANS: (1st 6 rows) Evenings $7.15. Matinées $4.40
Please enclose self-addressed stamped envelope.
CORONET THEATRE 49th St. W. of B'way

"IT IS A VERY FUNNY SHOW."
—Gibbs, The New Yorker
"A HOWLING HIT."
—Hawkins, Wor. Tele. & Sun
MAX GORDON presents
JOSEPHINE HULL
The SOLID GOLD CADILLAC
by HOWARD TEICHMANN and GEORGE S. KAUFMAN
with
LORING SMITH
staged by GEORGE S. KAUFMAN
MAIL ORDERS FILLED THRU JULY 3rd
Mon. thru Thurs. Eves.: $4.40 to 1.65. Fri. and Sat. Eves.: $5.50 to 1.65. Wed. Mat.: $3.30 to 1.10. Sat. Mats.: $3.85 to 1.10. Tax Incl.
BELASCO Thea. 44 St. E. of Bway. JU 6-7950
Evenings 8:40. Matinees Wed. & Sat. 2:40
Moves to Music Box, May 10. Seats Now on Sale There for All Perfs. After That Date.

"WONDERFUL." CRITICS UNANIMOUS
CAROL CHANNING
IN THE PRIZE-WINNING MUSICAL
"WONDERFUL TOWN"
WINTER GARDEN, Broadway & 50th St.
Evgs. $6.60 to 2.20. Mats. Wed. & Sat. $3.85 to 1.65

questions to work on before its first meeting in the fall.

THE first fall meeting of the committee was held on November 4th at 10:30 A.M. The members looked authoritative and eager. To start things off, Mrs. Stimson asked Mrs. Santy to give her report on the question of the menu. Mrs. Santy asked if the committee wanted to hear the eight-dollar-and-five-cent roast-sirloin-of-beef menu again, and said that if so, she would read it first and then read the menus of two less expensive dinners. Everybody wanted to hear the roast-sirloin-of-beef menu again, so Mrs. Santy started with the clear green-turtle soup and went right on through to the *petits fours* and demitasse. Everybody sighed, and then Mrs. Santy read the menu of a six-dollar roast-turkey dinner. This one was greeted with cold silence. Mrs. Santy went on to read a third menu: Fruit cocktail, celery, olives, broiled breast of chicken Virginie, Virginia ham, broiled mushrooms, candied yams, asparagus tips, hearts of lettuce with Roquefort dressing, baked Alaska, Bing cherries *flambées*, demitasse. This dinner would cost six fifty, plus the fifteen-per-cent service charge, which would bring the cost to seven forty-eight. Mrs. Adams said that the menu sounded pretty good, even if it did include chicken, and the other members agreed without enthusiasm that when you came right down to it a chicken-and-ham dinner was better than a turkey one. Mrs. Dickerson wanted to know if the fruit cup would be made of canned fruit or fresh fruit. Fresh, Mrs. Santy said, and pointed out that the chicken was *breast* of chicken and that this automatically raised it above the level of many hotel dinners.

Mrs. Dickerson's expression was that of a person who has reached a decision. "If it's *breast* of chicken, I'd say it's a darn nice dinner and we needn't worry about the word chicken," she said cheerfully. "We might aim for sea-food cocktail, though—or anything but fruit cup. Fresh or canned, fruit cup is rather down-beat, partywise."

"I move we axe the fruit cup and take the third menu," Mrs. McLoughlin said. The motion was seconded and carried. Everybody applauded.

"All right, then," Mrs. Stimson said sternly. "Now we must buckle down and get those sponsors. Mrs. Correa will be chairman of sponsors. Mrs. Correa?"

Mrs. Henry A. Correa stood up and asked all the committee members to get after everybody they knew in big business who might be influential in produc-

"GAYER THAN A DAYDREAM."
—Walter Winchell
"ORIGINAL and FUNNY."
—Atkinson, N.Y. Times
COURTNEY BURR and ELLIOTT NUGENT present
TOM EWELL in
GEORGE AXELROD'S Comedy
"the seven year itch" with
VANESSA BROWN
Robert Emhardt • Neva Patterson • George Keane
Directed by JOHN GERSTAD
Mon. thru Thurs. Evgs.: $4.40 to 1.65. Fri. & Sat. Evgs.: $5.50 to 1.65. Mats. Wed. & Sat.: $3.30 to 1.65. (Tax Incl.)
Please enclose stamped, self-addressed envelope
FULTON THEATRE, 210 West 46th Street
NATIONAL COMPANY
NOW 7th MONTH—ERLANGER THEA., CHICAGO
"A GENUINELY FUNNY SHOW".
—Cassidy, Chicago Tribune
starring EDDIE BRACKEN
with LOUISE KING
Howard Freeman • Lydia Clarke • Edward Hunt
Mon. thru Thurs. Evgs. $1.85 to 4.40. Fri., Sat. & Sun. Evgs. $1.85 to $5. Mat. Sat. Mail Orders Filled

"TOAST OF THE TOWN!"—Herald Tribune
JEANMAIRE and CHARLES GOLDNER
in a New Musical Extravaganza
THE GIRL in PINK TIGHTS
with BRENDA LEWIS
Music by SIGMUND ROMBERG
Choreography by AGNES DE MILLE
MARK HELLINGER
51st St. W. of B'way
Evenings at 8:30
Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:30

GEORGE KONDOLF presents
MENASHA SKULNIK RICHARD WHORF
IN "THE 5th SEASON"
by SYLVIA REGAN
Staged by GREGORY RATOFF
"Irresistible fun! A hit filled with laughs!"
—Coleman, Mirror
Tues. thru Sun. Evgs. (No Mons.) $4.40, 3.85, 3.30, 2.75, 2.20, 1.65. Mats. Sat. & Sun. $3.30, 2.75, 2.20, 1.65, 1.10. (Incl. tax).
CORT THEATRE
48 St. E. of B'way

"A HIT!"—Times "A HIT!"—Telegram
"A SOLID HIT!"—Life Magazine
The Girl on the Via Flaminia
Mail Orders Filled—Pop. Prices. Sun. thru Fri. Eves. (No Perf. Mon.): $3.30 to 1.65. Sat. Eve.: $4.40 to 1.65. Sat. & Sun. Mats.: $2.75 to 1.65. Tax Incl.
48th STREET THEATRE, East of B'way

OPENS THUR. MAY 13 • MAIL ORDERS NOW
FREDERICK BRISSON ROBERT E. GRIFFITH & HAROLD S. PRINCE present
JOHN RAITT • JANIS PAIGE • EDDIE FOY JR.
in A NEW MUSICAL COMEDY
THE PAJAMA GAME
(Based on the novel "7½ Cents" by RICHARD BISSELL)
Book by GEORGE ABBOTT and RICHARD BISSELL
Music and Lyrics by RICHARD ADLER and JERRY ROSS
with CAROL HANEY • RETA SHAW • RALPH DUNN
STANLEY PRAGER • JACK WALDRON • MARION COLBY
Production Directed by GEORGE ABBOTT and JEROME ROBBINS
Scenery and Costumes by LEMUEL AYERS
Choreography by BOB FOSSE • Musical Direction by HAL HASTINGS • Orchestrations by DON WALKER
PRICES: Op'g Night, Orch. and Mezz. sold out. 1st Balc. $5.50, 4.40; 2nd Balc. $3.30, 2.20. Evgs. thereafter: Orch. $6.60; Mezz. $5.50; 1st Balc. $4.40, 3.30, 2.75; 2nd Balc. $2.20, 1.65. Mats. Wed. & Sat.: Orch. $3.85; Mezz. $3.85; 1st Balc. $3.30, 2.75; 2nd Balc. 2.20, 1.65. (Tax Included).
Please enclose self-addressed, stamped envelope with mail order and suggest one alternate date.
ST. JAMES THEATRE
246 West 44th Street, New York 36, N. Y.

"VERY FUNNY SHOW...chockful of guffaws, giggles and grins. Happy Anniversaries!" —WALTER WINCHELL
"ECSTATICALLY and OUTRAGEOUSLY FUNNY!" —WILLIAM HAWKINS, World-Tele. & Sun
JOSEPH M. HYMAN and BERNARD HART present
MACDONALD CAREY and KITTY CARLISLE
Anniversary Waltz
Directed by MOSS HART
The Hilarious Comedy Hit
by JEROME CHODOROV & JOSEPH FIELDS
SEATS NOW FOR NEXT 16 WEEKS
PRICES: Eves. (Mon. thru Sat.)—$4.40 to 1.65. Wed. Mats. $3.30 to 1.10; Sat. Mats. $3.85 to 1.65. Tax Included. Mail orders promptly filled.
ENTIRE ORCH. EVERY EVE. incl. FRI. & SAT. $4.40
BROADHURST Theatre, 235 West 44th St., N. Y. 36

"EXTREMELY FUNNY—A DANDY SHOW!" —WALTER KERR, HERALD-TRIBUNE
CHERYL CRAWFORD in association with Anderson Lawler presents
FRANCHOT TONE in
Oh, men! Oh, women!
a COMEDY by EDWARD CHODOROV
GIG YOUNG • BETSY VON FURSTENBERG
HENRY MILLER'S Thea., 124 W. 43 St. BR 9-3970
Evenings at 8:40. Matinees Thurs. & Sat. at 2:40

ing a sponsor. There were three sponsors so far, she said—WNBC, WNBT, and Liggett & Myers. "Caroline Burke spoke to Pepsi-Cola, and she thinks they will be a sponsor," she went on. "But so far only the other three are absolutely definite."

Mrs. Luckenbill suggested that it wasn't a bit too early to put the heat on everybody to get sponsors.

"Sponsors are basic," Mrs. Adams said.

Mrs. Crider said that she was having a bit of a problem with Liggett & Myers over its model's costume.

"Liggett and Myers apparently wasn't too happy at the last Mardi Gras," she said. The Liggett & Myers costume at the 1953 ball had been a tube of white felt, mounted on a wire frame, that glowed at the tip.

"Liggett and Myers was unhappy about the way the girl was hidden inside the tube, instead of looking glamorous or something," said Mrs. Stimson. "We did the best we could with a limited budget."

"Liggett and Myers wants a Parade of Quality," Mrs. Crider said. "They want their four cigarettes—Chesterfield, king-size Chesterfield, Fatima, and L and M—represented by *four* models, with perhaps a man lighting their cigarettes."

Mrs. Adams, looking alarmed, said that to go along with this request might raise problems in dealing with other sponsors who made more than one product. After a half-hour discussion, it was decided that if any sponsor wanted to pay the cost of additional costumes, and if it didn't require more parade time than any other sponsor got, it could have additional models.

Mrs. Stimson then said that she had met a number of gentlemen from the National Broadcasting Company, and they had all agreed that Faye Emerson and Skitch Henderson would be ideal for mistress and master of ceremonies. A motion to try to get Faye and Skitch to lend their services was made, seconded, and carried, and everybody applauded again.

Mrs. Stimson blushed slightly at this tribute to her enterprise and frowned at her agenda. "Since the last Mardi Gras, a new Mayor has been elected," she said. "Would someone make a motion to the effect that Betsy Carrington, who knows Mayor Wagner, contact him and invite him to crown the Queen at the next Mardi Gras?" A motion to that effect was then made, seconded, and carried.

Mrs. Adams rose and said that everybody ought to set to work getting fa-

MAIL ORDERS NOW
for SPRING & SUMMER
FOR THESE GREAT PLAYWRIGHTS' COMPANY
15th ANNIVERSARY PRODUCTIONS

"The best American comedy of manners in more than a decade" —HEWES, Sat. Review

MARGARET SULLAVAN JOSEPH COTTEN
Sabrina Fair
by SAMUEL TAYLOR
CATHLEEN NESBITT • JOHN CROMWELL • LUELLA GEAR
RUSSELL COLLINS • SCOTT McKAY • ROBERT DUKE
Directed by H. C. POTTER
Eves. (Mon. thru Thurs.): Orch. $4.40; Mezz. $3.85; Balc. $3.30, 2.75, 2.20, 1.65. Fri. & Sat. Eves.: Orch. $5.50; Mezz. $4.40; Balc. $3.30, 2.75, 2.20, 1.65. Wed. Mats.: Orch. $3.30; Mezz. $2.75; Balc. $2.20, 1.65, 1.10. Sat. Mats.: Orch. $3.85; Mezz. $3.30, 2.75; Balc. $2.20, 1.65, 1.10. Prices include tax.
NATIONAL Theatre, 208 W. 41st ST., New York 36

"Restores our theatre to an art again" —ATKINSON, N. Y. Times

DEBORAH KERR
Tea and Sympathy
by ROBERT ANDERSON
with JOHN KERR • LEIF ERICKSON
Directed by ELIA KAZAN
(Produced with Mary K. Frank)
Eves. (Mon. thru Thurs.) Orch. $4.40; Mezz. $3.30; Balc. $2.75, 2.20, 1.65. Fri. & Sat. Eves.: Orch. $5.50; Mezz. $4.40; Balc. $2.75, 2.20, 1.65. Wed. Mats.: Orch. $3.30; Mezz. $2.75; Balc. $2.20, 1.65. Sat. Mats.: Orch. $3.85; Mezz. $3.30, 2.75; Balc. $2.20, 1.65. Prices include tax.
BARRYMORE Theatre • 243 W. 47 St., N.Y. 36

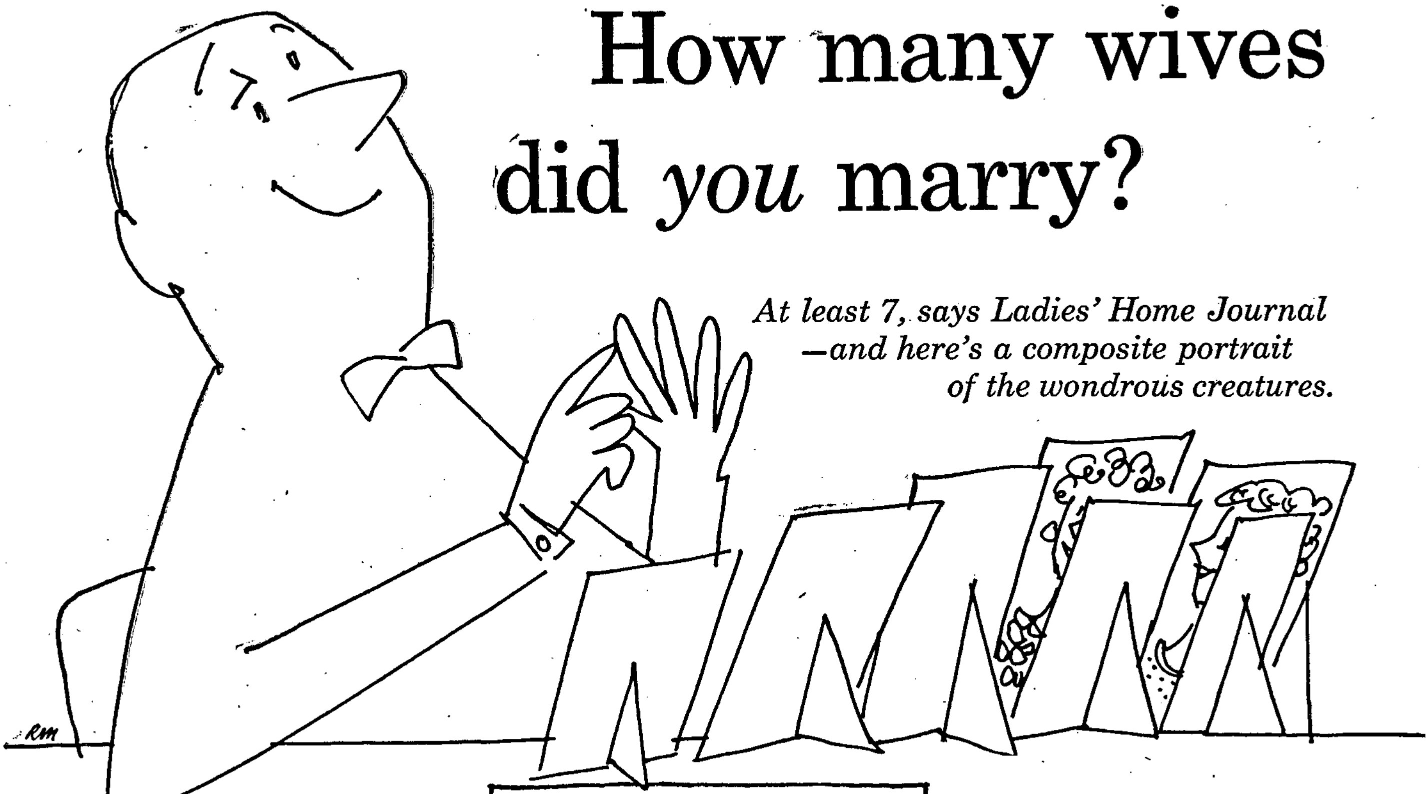
"Perfect theatre" —ATKINSON, N. Y. Times

AUDREY HEPBURN MEL FERRER
ONDINE
A Romance by Jean Giraudoux • Adapted by Maurice Valency
with JOHN ALEXANDER • ALAN HEWITT • MARIAN SELDES
EDITH KING • ROBERT MIDDLETON
Directed by ALFRED LUNT
Music by VIRGIL THOMSON
Eves. (Mon. thru Thurs.): Orch. $4.40; Mezz. $3.85; Balc. $3.30, 2.75, 2.20, 1.65. Eves. (Fri. & Sat.): Orch. $5.50; Mezz. $4.40; Balc. $3.85; 3.30, 2.75, 2.20. Wed. Mats.: Orch. $3.30; Mezz. $2.75; Balc. $2.20, 1.65, 1.10. Sat. Mats.: Orch. $3.85; Mezz. $3.30, 2.75; Balc. $2.20, 1.65, 1.10. Prices include tax.
Orch. Divans (1st 8 rows)—Eves. $7.15; Mats. $4.40
46th ST. Theatre • 226 West 46th St., N. Y. 36

RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL
Rockefeller Center
"ROSE MARIE" starring
ANN BLYTH • HOWARD KEEL • FERNANDO LAMAS
in CINEMASCOPE • Photographed in EASTMAN COLOR • An M-G-M Picture
and The Music Hall's Great Easter Stage Show

# How many wives did *you* marry?

*At least 7, says Ladies' Home Journal*
*—and here's a composite portrait*
*of the wondrous creatures.*

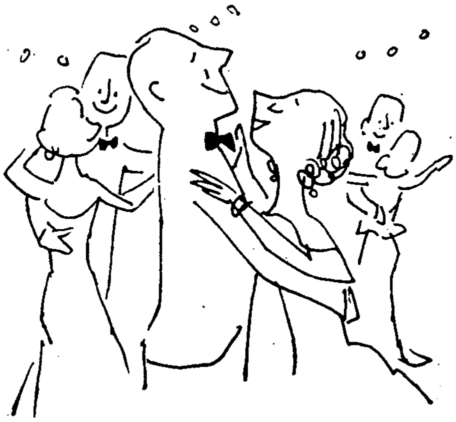


**4.** Shoulderer of civic and cultural responsibility.

*(No wife enjoys a straight diet of domesticity. Which is why the Journal deals in ideas, important fiction, too. And so wins the largest women's circulation in the world!)*

**5.** Plain and fancy cook.

*(And she probably keeps an eye on your waistline—with the help of articles like the Journal's recent "No Fatties in the Family".)*



**6.** Director of social activities.

*(How often would you get out from behind your evening paper without her prodding? Besides, who else can follow your unexpected U-turns on a polished floor?)*

*Never underestimate the power of the magazine*

1. The siren who snared you in the first place.

*(You're likely to rediscover this wife suddenly—across the room at a party.)*

2. Creative genius with a paint brush.

*(Assisted very likely by the Journal—whose dozens of provocative ideas arouse the decorator in every woman.)*

3. Modern mother—blending science and affection.

*(You may be the Supreme Court—but she tries roughly 1,247 Small Claims cases a year.)*

7. Family purchasing agent.

*(For everything from automobiles to zippers. No wonder it's wise to—never underestimate the power of a woman... or the number one magazine edited for women.)*

## How does one magazine reach them all?

**The Journal is edited** with a profound understanding of the fact that every woman is *many* women—that her interests are as varied as her moods.

That's why women are devoted to the Journal as to no other magazine—and spark so electrically, so enthusiastically, so confidently to the ideas they find in its pages.

And that's why no other magazine has come within hailing distance of these Journal success figures:

**Largest circulation** of any magazine edited for women. This is net-paid ABC—the truest measure of a magazine's reader acceptance.

**Biggest seller on newsstands** of any magazine that carries advertising. This voluntary circulation—at 35¢ per copy—is the best yardstick for measuring a magazine's editorial vitality.

*women believe in...* *Ladies' Home* Journal

A CURTIS PUBLICATION

Henri Fayette
CHRISTMAS CARDS

NEW 1954
COLLECTION
Personal representatives in most important social centers.
WRITE
HENRI FAYETTE Inc.
2735 Armitage Avenue
Chicago 47

Oriental Art Objects

TIGER NETSUKE
represents power and strength and as such is very manly animal. Carved of Boxwood with inlaid gold eyes and signed by the famous Japanese artist Minko. A collector's gem. $65.

joseph u. seo
756 madison ave., n. y. tr 9-0110

UNION NATIONAL INC
JAMESTOWN, NEW YORK

CONSULATE dining room
At leading furniture and department stores.
Send 3-cent stamp to Dept. N for booklet.

mous people to submit sketches for costumes. Mrs. Dickerson added that everybody also ought to be thinking of somebody famous to serve as King.

"Let's have some famous names suggested now," said Mrs. Stimson.

The members decided to ask Fannie Hurst, Irving Berlin, Hedda Hopper, Red Barber, and Dale Carnegie to submit sketches for costumes. Then, as possible Kings, they nominated Adolphe Menjou, Robert Montgomery, Conrad Thibault, Charles Boyer, John Cameron Swayze, James Stewart, Fredric March, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and Lawrence Tibbett. Mrs. Stimson looked satisfied. "Kingwise we don't have anything to worry about," she said.

At the beginning of December, Mrs. Stimson stood before her committee with a budget—drawn up by Mrs. John R. Stevenson, the treasurer of the committee, and approved by the New York Junior League board of managers—that, based on a thousand paying guests and fifteen paying sponsors and an expenditure of $16,500, showed a profit of $17,535 for the Welfare Trust Fund. Mrs. Stimson was prepared to place an order for sixty-five hundred invitations, to be printed at a cost of $438. She had already worked out one design for these and had brought it along for the members to look at. On the outside of the invitation, a folded affair, were two gay faces—one of a clown and the other of a devil—smiling down at the words "You Are Invited to the New York Junior League Mardi Gras." On the inside, the invitation read, "GLAMOUR," "FUN," "GAYETY," "FROLIC," "MELODY," and "PAGEANTRY." Beneath these words was inscribed, "A PAGEANT WITH COSTUMES OF FANTASY—A Glamorous Parade of Junior League Models in Fabulous Costumes." To the left of this boast was a large pink star with a blue question mark in its center and the words "QUEEN OF THE MARDI GRAS." All Mrs. Stimson's committee members thought that her design was terrific, and it was swiftly adopted.

By mid-December, the committee had signed up five more sponsors—T.W.A., the Moore-McCormack Lines, Fuller Brush, Philco, and the Astor Hotel. Shortly thereafter, consternation set in, for Mrs. Correa had to accompany her husband on a business trip to South America and would not be back until after the ball. An emergency meeting of the committee was called, and Mrs. Stimson named Mrs. Dickerson, who had just nabbed Moore-McCormack and the Packard Motor Car Company, to carry on as chairman of sponsors. Mrs. Dickerson got to work at once. At a brief committee meeting shortly before Christmas, she announced, "I want to put up a poster on the main floor of the clubhouse with a thermometer on it showing that we have nine sponsors, and then as the list grows the thermometer will be filled in. And we've simply got to make it grow. I knew some of the Moore-McCormack people and that helped me get them as sponsors. But, on the other hand, I sold Packard cold. Just went in there and said I had something that might interest them, and that was *that*." There was a prolonged hum of approval from the other committee members, and Mrs. Dickerson acknowledged it with a nod. "Pepsi-Cola looks good," she said. "Miss Burke is still after them. The only other thing I want to ask is whether there is any objection to approaching None Such Mince Meat in addition to Borden's, since None Such Mince Meat is a Borden product." The committee unanimously sanctioned going after anybody and everybody who might be a sponsor, instead of worrying about who owned what.

On January 7th, the five judges interviewed twenty Junior Leaguers whose names had been put up by the placement committee as potential Maids of the Mardi Gras Ball, and, after conferring among themselves for more than three hours, submitted the following list of the five indefatigable winners:

NANCY ANNE BARTON. Born 1927. Years in League—eight. Schools: Dana Hall, Smith, Radio Advertising, Speedwriting Institute, University of Wisconsin. League: Library Bureau. Children's Arts. Follies, Singer (chorus). Evening Group: Plan Pine Room Program, Hostess, Dinner Chairman. Library-by-Mail. Community: Red Cross staff assistant, Pelham. Red Cross, Hampshire County Chapter (Special Report). Manor Club, Jr. Section, Recording Secretary, Program Chairman.

ENA GARVIN. Born 1918. Years in League—seventeen. Schools: Miss Spence, Barnard, Parsons School of Design. League: Children's Arts, Docent. Evening Program: Surgical Dressings. Pine Room Program, Hostess, Opening Dinner. Follies, Page Girl. Placement Interviewer (evening). U.N. Evening Parties. Volunteer Social Work Aide, Riverside Hospital Out-Clinic. Community: Metropolitan Museum of Art. Catholic Charities.

JOAN GRAY. Born 1921. Years in League—eight. Schools: Branson, Sarah Lawrence. League: *Observer*, Article. Furlough Recreation. Membership Survey. Children's Arts, Vice-Chairman. New Members. Education: Vice-Chairman, Chairman, Member. Training

Courses, Chairman. Placement, Chairman. N.Y.J.L. Board. Admissions Study, Chairman. Case Work Aide, Co-Chairman. Program Planning, Member-at-Large. N.Y.J.L. Vice-President. Community Relations, Chairman. Evaluation, Vice-Chairman. Community: Children's Center. Library. Home for Young Girls, Board, Secretary. Girls' Service League: Board, Chairman, Education Committee. Federation of Protestant Welfare Agencies: Board Members' Education Committee, Child Care. Yorkville Civic Council, Executive Committee. State Charities Aid Association: Committee on Mental Health, Executive Committee. UNESCO Conference, Hospitality. Women's City Club, Board.

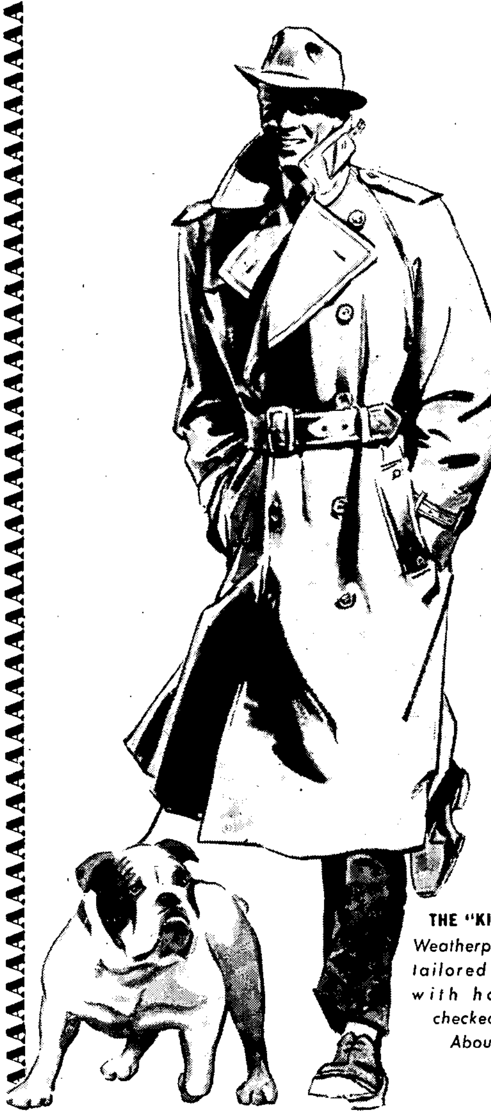
Mrs. N. Edward Mitchell. Born 1915. Years in League—seven. Number of Children—one. Schools: Weston, University of Toronto, Parsons School of Design Paris Scholarship, New York Advertising Club Course in advertising, radio. League: Training Course, Provisional Chairman. Provisional Interviewing. Toy Shop: Vice-Chairman, Chairman. Community Services. Membership Activities, Chairman. House Committee. Follies: Vice-Chairman, Skit. Placement: Vice-Chairman, Chairman. N.Y.J.L. Board. Community Relations: Community Services, Poster for Professional Tea. Volunteer Social Work Aide Project, Vice-Chairman. Program, Vice-Chairman. *Observer:* "Volunteer Help Wanted" column, Articles. Public Relations. N.Y.J.L. American Red Cross Bloodmobile. Mardi Gras, Placement Liaison. Placement, Interviewer. Community: Brick Church Fair, Committee Chairman. Chairman Christmas Card, Decorating, and Fashion Committees. Greater New York Council for Foreign Students: Hostess, Trip to Ford Plant. Blue Ridge Auxiliary, Dance Committee. Protestant Federation, Advisory Board. Jury Duty. Brick Church: Chancel Committee, Fashion Show, Ticket Committee. V.S.W.A. Project, Trustee Rockefeller Fund.

Mrs. George E. Murphy. Born 1918. Years in League—five. Schools: Notre Dame de Sion, Mount Vernon Junior College, Scripps College, California. League: Hospitality. Public Relations, Secretary. Placement, Interviewer. Provisional Training, Fall Course. Community Services: Professional Tea, Mailing List. Provisional Committee, Chairman. American Red Cross Junior League Blood Bank, Spot Job. *Observer*, Article. Community: Kansas City League: Art Gallery, Docent. Junior League Thrift Shop, Selling. N.Y.J.L.: Metropolitan Museum, Heart Fund Drive.

The February issue of the *Observer* carried a tribute to all the candidates for Maids from the president of the New York Junior League, Mrs. Moore. "I wish each and every one could have been a 'Maid' and I know, because they told me so, that the judges had a terrible time choosing five Maids from among them," Mrs. Moore wrote.

•

THREE weeks before the date of the ball, Mrs. Stimson held a meeting of the executive committee of the



BY APPOINTMENT TO H. M. QUEEN ELIZABETH THE QUEEN MOTHER

Aquascutum
OF LONDON, ENGLAND

BY APPOINTMENT TO THE PRINCE OF WALES 1930-1936

AT SHOPS
OF MERIT, INCLUDING...

ANN ARBOR, CAMELET BROTHERS
BALTIMORE, WARNER CO.
BEVERLY HILLS, JERRY ROTHSCHILDS
BIRMINGHAM, HIGGINS & FRANK
BOSTON, DELANO & CO.
BROOKLINE, ZAREH of BROOKLINE
BUFFALO, THE KLEINHANS CO.
BUFFALO, PELLER & MURE
CAMBRIDGE, J. AUGUST CO.
CHICAGO, CAPPER & CAPPER
CHICAGO, HIGGINS & FRANK
CHICAGO, MURRAY SMIKLER
CINCINNATI, DUNLAP CLOTHES SHOP
CLEVELAND, BUNCE BROTHERS
CLEVELAND, HARRY JACOBSON
DALLAS, NEIMAN-MARCUS
DAYTON, METROPOLITAN CO.
DENVER, NEUSTETERS
DETROIT, THE J. L. HUDSON CO.
DETROIT, SCHOLNICK'S
EAST ORANGE, MITTLER, LTD.
EVANSTON, WALLY REID MEN'S SHOP
EVANSVILLE, STROUSE & BROS.
FALL RIVER, PAUL WOLTMAN
GREEN BAY, C. A. CROSS CO.
GREENFIELD, BARTLETT'S
HARTFORD, W. F. POWERS & CO.
HOLLYWOOD, JACK BELL
HOUSTON, SAKOWITZ BROS.
KANSAS CITY, WOOLF BROS.
LOS ANGELES, BULLOCKS
LOS ANGELES, J. W. ROBINSON CO.
LOS ANGELES, DESMONDS
LOS ANGELES, PHELPS-TERKEL
LOS ANGELES, CAMPBELLS
MADISON, MacNEIL & MOORE
MILWAUKEE, MacNEIL & MOORE
MINNEAPOLIS, HUBERT W. WHITE
NEW YORK CITY, LORD & TAYLOR
NEW YORK CITY, F.R.TRIPLER & CO.
NEW YORK CITY, BLOOMINGDALE'S
NEW YORK CITY, KOLMER-MARCUS
NEW YORK CITY, BRITISH AMERICAN HOUSE
OAKLAND, LESLIES'
OMAHA, NEBRASKA CLOTHING CO.
PASADENA, BULLOCKS PASADENA
PEORIA, O'BRIEN-JOBST
PHILADELPHIA, JACOB REEDS SONS
PITTSBURGH, KAUFMANN'S
PORTLAND, RAY BOLGER CO.
RICHMOND, BERRY-BURK
ST. PAUL, HUBERT W. WHITE
SAN FRANCISCO, ROBERT KIRK, LTD.
SANTA MONICA, CAMPBELL'S
SEATTLE, FREDERICK & NELSON
SEATTLE, LITTLER
SPRINGFIELD, MYERS BROTHERS
SPRINGFIELD, YALE CLOTHING CO.
STRATFORD, DOBBY'S MEN'S SHOP
WASHINGTON, LEWIS & THOS. SALTZ,
WELLESLEY, ARA'S
WESTPORT, TRACEY'S MEN'S SHOP

THE "KINGSWAY"
*Weatherproofed and tailored in London with handsome checked lining.*
*About* **$55**

Probably no other article of attire lends a man such swagger, such dashing nonchalance as an Aquascutum coat. And the pre-eminence of Aquascutum in this field is twice born!... from its own 100 years' of tailoring craft—and from the long English tradition of knighthood and chivalry.

Aquascutum
OF LONDON, ENGLAND

ENQUIRIES: 350 FIFTH AVENUE, N. Y. 1 • CH 4-0097
"WEATHERWEAR EVERYWHERE SINCE 1851"

ASK FOR MODEL 814 L-25

Just $85 buys the most practical two-suiter ever devised... the HARTMANN SKYMATE AEROBE

Here's a new kind of case for men . . . distinguished, convenient, remarkably sturdy. The Aerobe is the only two-suiter that grows into a four-suiter without changing size. It separates, as no other case does, into top and bottom sections for easier packing. And, brimming full, tips the scales at less than the forty-pound airline allowance. Weighing everything, don't you think you should see the Skymate Aerobe before you take another trip?

Hartmann
SKYMATE LUGGAGE

It's well worth your time to look up the Hartmann Retailer in your city. He has this Buckskin Tan Aerobe at $85. Others from $59.50 to $145.

*Matching Singleton one-suiter, $75*
*Attache Case, $75*

*All prices plus existing tax*

HARTMANN COMPANY • RACINE, WISCONSIN

Mardi Gras committee—Mrs. Adams, Mrs. McLoughlin, Mrs. Dickerson, Mrs. Santy, Mrs. Raymer, Mrs. Crider, and Mrs. Stevenson—at which she regretfully announced that it didn't look as if any of the Kings who had been nominated would ever reach the throne: Adolphe Menjou was in Hollywood, James Stewart was in Hollywood, Robert Montgomery would be on his way to Washington, and the others were too busy. Everyone looked downcast. Then Mrs. Stimson said, "But Henry Fonda is in town now, with a new play. I think Henry Fonda would make a charming King." The committee responded with energetic approval and voted to ask Mrs. Douglas Leigh, a committee member who knew Fonda, to invite him to serve as King.

"I regret to say that Rodgers and Hammerstein can't do a special score for us," Mrs. Stimson next announced. "But I'm sure that Emil Coleman will provide whatever we need in the way of music." The board expressed understanding and agreement.

Mrs. Santy reported that applications for tickets to the ball were pouring in. "Martha Wadsworth sent out over six thousand invitations on January 25th," she said. "She stamped, stuffed, addressed, and mailed them practically all by herself. There's no beating Martha when it comes to that hideous job."

TWO weeks before the date of the ball, a clipping from the *World-Telegram & Sun* was posted on a bulletin board beside the elevator at League headquarters. It was a photograph showing the five Maids grouped around Fonda, who, with a royal smile, was holding a diamond tiara that Napoleon had once given to the Empress Josephine and that the jewelry firm of Van Cleef & Arpels was going to lend to the League for the crowning of its Queen.

On the afternoon the clipping was posted, Mrs. Cooke, the chairman of models, and her assistants, Mrs. Frederick R. Hanson and Mrs. Kilner Husted, were seated in a corner of the Pine Room—a large lounge on the second floor of the clubhouse, with a fireplace and comfortable armchairs arranged around several small cocktail tables. With them were two of the League members who were going to serve as models at the ball—Miss Polly Ann Bryant and Mrs. David Drew Zingg. "We want our sponsors to be happy," Mrs. Cooke was saying to Miss Bryant, a pretty, dark-haired girl with large blue eyes, who had agreed only a few hours before to be the Philco model. "It

CLUB SODA
Schweppes
CLUB SODA
GIN & TONIC MIXER
Schweppes
QUININE WATER

**Doesn't the Schweppervescence make your mouth water?**

IT HAS COME to the attention of Commander Edward Whitehead, Schweppes distinguished ambassador to these United States, that the word *Schweppervescence* is not yet listed in Webster's Unabridged. Not even the *revised* edition.

The Commander cannot understand this omission. "A knowledge of Schweppervescence," he says, "is part of the education of every man of taste."

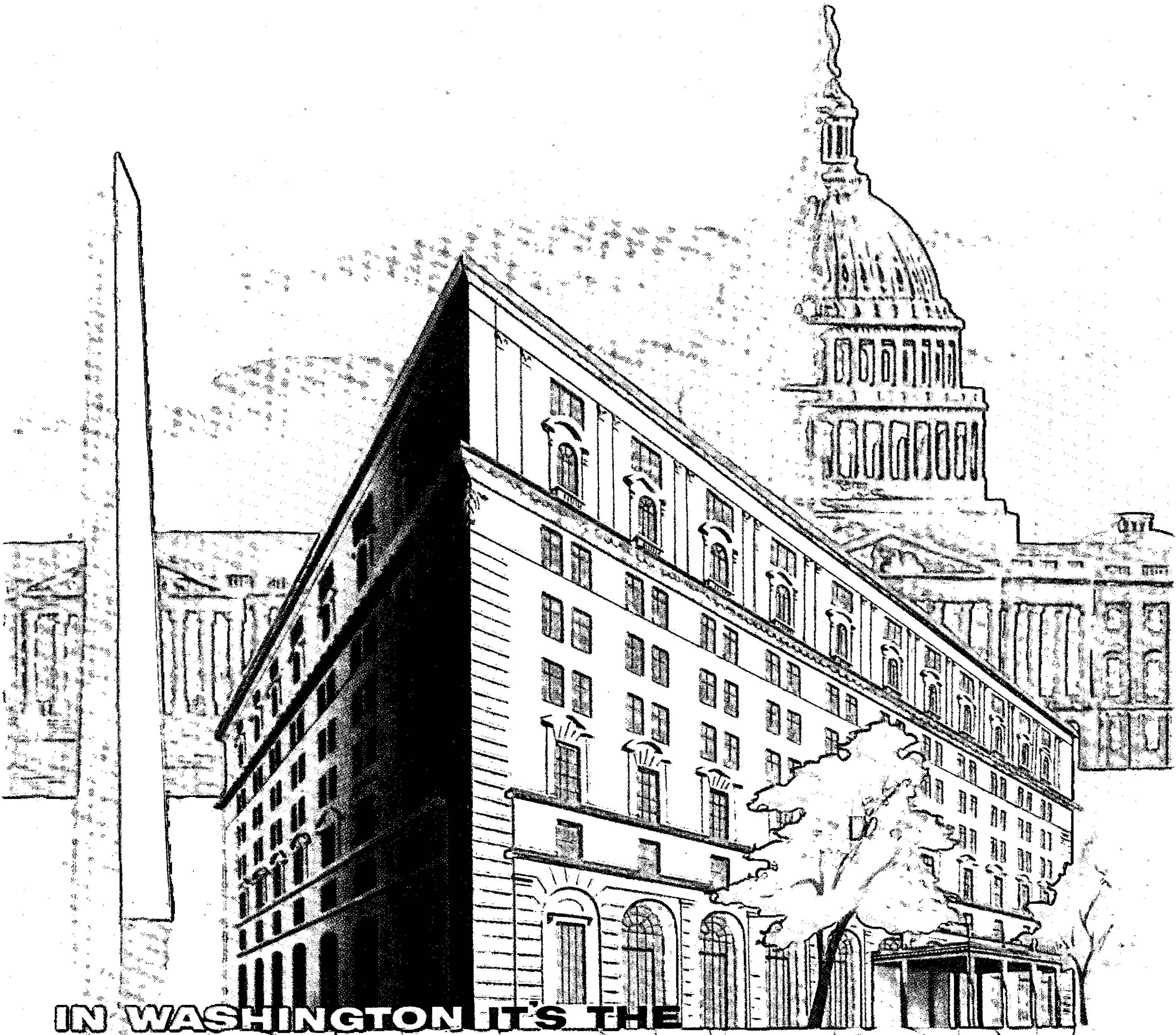
Schwep-per-ves-cence is a unique fizzability, a rare ebullience, found only in Schweppes. It *sounds* delicious, it *looks* delicious, and it *feels* delicious.

Schweppes Quinine Water has Schweppervescence. Schweppes Club Soda has it, too.

As each tiny Schweppes bubble bursts on your tongue, it heightens the flavor of your drink. Schweppervescence, what is more, *lasts the whole drink through.*

Today, you will hear Schweppes being spoken fluently in every fashionable spa. Insist on Schweppes at your favorite club or restaurant.

Your grocer now sells both Schweppes Club Soda and Schweppes Quinine Water, in handy six-bottle cartons, at about the same price as *ordinary* mixers—so you can afford to pursue your investigation of Schweppervescence with scholarly thoroughness.



IN WASHINGTON IT'S THE

SHERATON-CARLTON

SHERATON *the proudest name in* HOTELS

**IN THE U.S.A.**

BOSTON
PROVIDENCE
NEW YORK
BALTIMORE

DETROIT
CHICAGO
CINCINNATI
PITTSBURGH

WASHINGTON
ST. LOUIS
BUFFALO
ROCHESTER

WORCESTER
PITTSFIELD, Mass.
SPRINGFIELD, Mass.
BROOKLINE, Mass.

**IN CANADA**

MONTREAL—Sheraton-Mt. Royal
The Laurentien
TORONTO—King Edward

NIAGARA FALLS—Sheraton-Brock
HAMILTON—Royal Connaught
WINDSOR—Prince Edward

was very nice of you to come on such short notice, Miss Bryant."

"Mardi Gras is two weeks from tonight," Mrs. Hanson said. "I'm exhausted. I hope somebody reminds all the models and Maids to get enough sleep."

Mrs. Cooke asked Miss Bryant to stand up, so that she could show her how to move when she had the Philco costume on. "You're a refrigerator and you're all filled with stuff," Mrs. Cooke said. "Now, you're all in white as you walk in and your white robe comes to a kind of V in front. You fling one arm out"—Miss Bryant flung one arm out—"and inside there's the tomato juice and soft drinks and oranges. Then you open the other side"—Miss Bryant flung out her other arm—"and there's the eggs and butter and milk and cream. Do you think you get the idea?"

Miss Bryant nodded eagerly. "Oh, yes," she said. "All I do is open the doors and I have all the stuff inside the costume."

"Right," Mrs. Cooke said crisply. "Now Mrs. Zingg." The other model stood up. She was tall and very slim, with long, slender legs. Mrs. Cooke explained that she would model for the American Express Company, a newcomer. "You're just terrific," Mrs. Cooke said. "You simply wear the company's uniform—jacket and cap, that is—and tights."

"Just tights?" Mrs. Zingg said, rather proudly. "Not trousers?"

"American Express prefers tights, and thank goodness you have the figure for them," Mrs. Cooke said. "Do you think you've got the idea, Mrs. Zingg?"

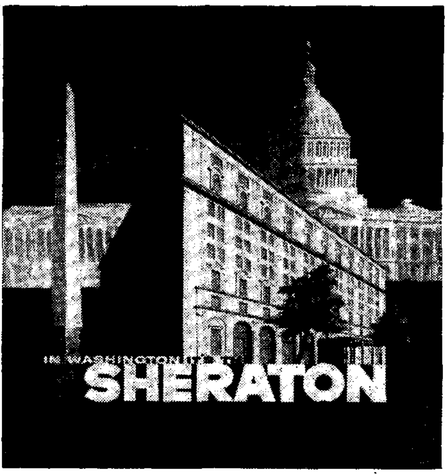
Mrs. Zingg said it sounded like a cinch. Then Mrs. Cooke told the two models that Mrs. Hanson would make an appointment for each of them for a costume fitting and would telephone them in a day or so, and Miss Bryant and Mrs. Zingg left. Mrs. Cooke told Mrs. Husted that Fannie Hurst, Irving Berlin, Hedda Hopper, Red Barber, and Dale Carnegie had not come across with designs for costumes. An auxiliary list of celebrities had been got up, and as a result of it Bing Crosby had agreed to let his name be used as the designer of the American Express Company's costume—coat, cap, tights, and all; Rosalind Russell had suggested that the American Viscose Corporation, another newcomer, have Queen Guinevere escorted by a white knight in shining armor, just like its trademark; Perry Como had suggested that the Liggett & Myers girl wear a slinky evening gown and a necklace of Liggett & Myers cigarettes; and Charles Boyer had authorized the use of his name as the designer of a costume that included a spool hat and a dressmaker's dummy, for Singer Sewing Machine, which had recently signed up. "Groucho Marx gave us a peach for Fuller Brush," Mrs. Cooke said. "He came up with something real dreamy. One of our girls will be dressed as Groucho and smoking a long cigar with gold ashes that she'll drop as she walks down the aisle, and she'll be followed by a tall blonde who'll sweep up the ashes with a Fuller brush. Jo-Jeanne Barton is going to be Groucho. All she does all day, she says, is practice her walk. And she just had a baby two weeks ago, too."

Mrs. Husted asked if Pepperidge Farm Bread was a sponsor again this year, and Mrs. Cooke said no, adding that Pepperidge somehow felt last year's sandwich had said everything and there just wasn't anything else to say. But among the new sponsors the League did have were Pepsi-Cola, United States Steel, Cities Service, and Rheingold Beer, which was going to send its own Miss Rheingold to represent it.

"That Pepperidge sandwich last year was a dream," Mrs. Husted said wistfully.

"Wait'll you see Moore-McCormack's fruit salad," said Mrs. Cooke.

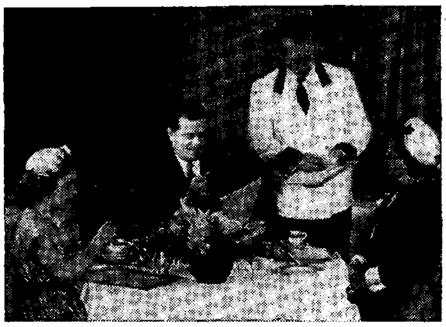
THAT same afternoon, on the fifth floor of the clubhouse, in a small office shared by the editor of the *Observer* and Mrs. McLoughlin, the latter was having a conference with Miss Margaret Roberts, a serious, quiet-spoken young lady who had been engaged by the League as the professional producer of the Mardi Gras show and whose job included, among many other things, keeping the pageant within the time limit set by the television people. Miss Roberts told Mrs. McLoughlin that the television people were giving the League only forty minutes. "They've preëmpted our time, but it will really be a much better show that way," she said. Mrs. McLoughlin did not question the point, and Miss Roberts continued, "This is what we call the rundown—the sequence of events as they will be filmed by the cameras. We open with balloons falling from the



Diplomatic Stopover

Practically every celebrity who has ever visited Washington—prince or president, sultan or star—has come to the Sheraton-Carlton. State dinners are given from its gold services. Yet no hotel is more friendly, none quicker to call you by name.

The Sheraton-Carlton makes unusual provisions for the privacy of the great. Statesmen appreciate the extra telephone in every bathroom, which becomes, in effect, a private telephone room.



NEW FAMILY PLAN
Children at no extra room cost

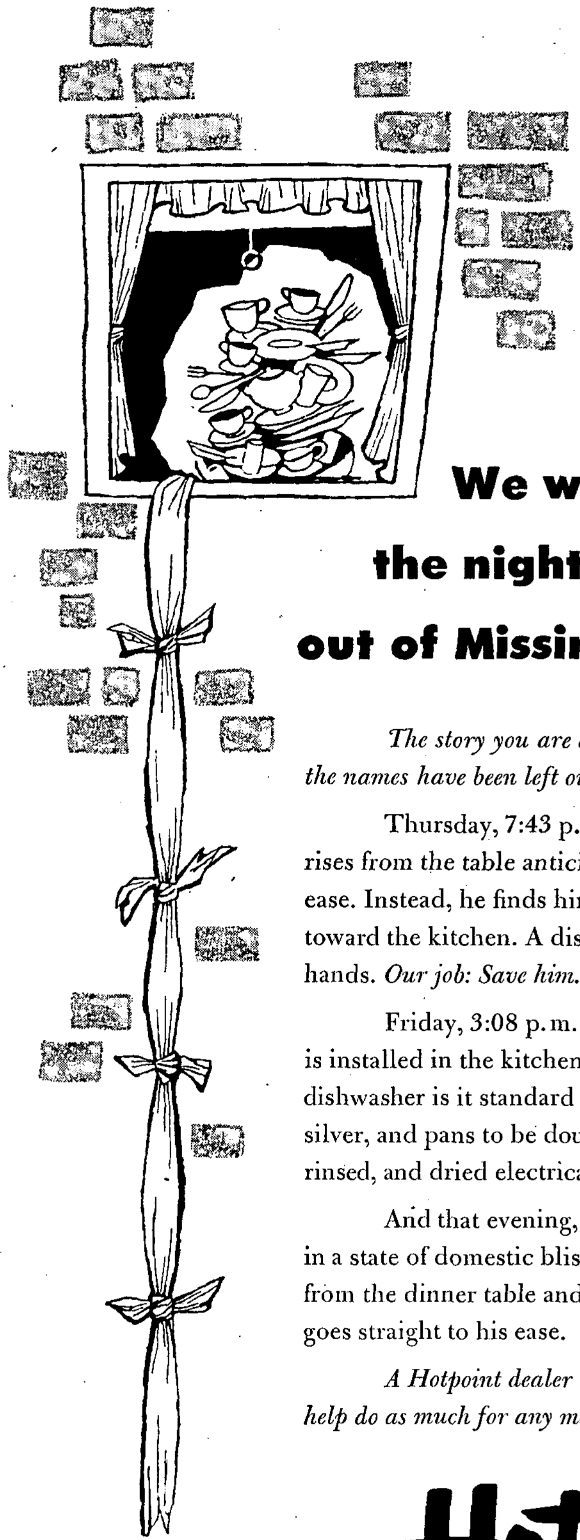
The sense of tradition is soothing at the Sheraton-Carlton. Promotion is from the ranks; and to all its staff, the Sheraton-Carlton is a way of life. Yet, with air-conditioning and television, this legendary hotel is tuned to today.

**Sheraton Convenience.** The Sheraton-Carlton, like the Sheraton-Park, also in Washington—and like all Sheratons in 21 cities of the U. S. and Canada—is conveniently located. All offer the same family feeling, yet each has its own individuality.

**New Family Plan.** Children under 14, with adults, are welcomed at no extra cost for room in all Sheratons except New York.

*Free Reservations by Sheraton Teletype Service*
*Just call your nearest Sheraton Hotel*

SHERATON
*The Proudest Name in*
HOTELS



**We were working the night shift out of Missing Persons . . .**

*The story you are about to read is true. Only the names have been left out, to protect the innocent.*

Thursday, 7:43 p.m. The man of the house rises from the table anticipating after-dinner ease. Instead, he finds himself propelled toward the kitchen. A dish towel is placed in his hands. *Our job: Save him.*

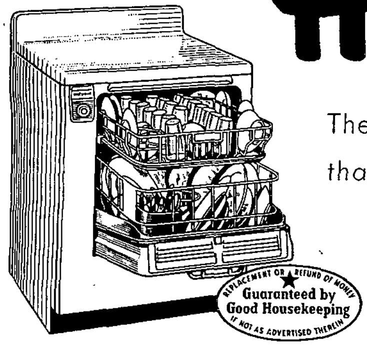
Friday, 3:08 p.m. A Hotpoint Dishwasher is installed in the kitchen. (Only in *this* dishwasher is it standard M. O. for china, glass, silver, and pans to be double-washed, double-rinsed, and dried electrically.)

And that evening, with superior air, in a state of domestic bliss, the man rises from the dinner table and, undeterred, goes straight to his ease.

*A Hotpoint dealer will gladly help do as much for any man.*

Hotpoint

The only **DISHWASHER** that washes everything twice



Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping — Replacement or refund of money if not as advertised therein

HOTPOINT CO. (A Division of General Electric Company), CHICAGO 44.

**Enjoy "Ozzie & Harriet" on TV and Radio Every Week**

ceiling and everybody dancing. Then we go to Faye and Skitch sitting at a small ringside table, and they say, 'The Junior League—' "

"The *New York* Junior League," Mrs. McLoughlin said.

Miss Roberts accepted the correction and went on to tell her that after saying hello, Faye and Skitch would explain the purpose of the ball. "Then Faye and Skitch go over to the Mayor's table," Miss Roberts said, "and there we meet Mayor and Mrs. Wagner, and Mrs. Moore and her husband, Dr. Moore, and they talk about the history of the Junior League."

"The *New York* Junior League," said Mrs. McLoughlin.

Miss Roberts nodded. "And the New York Junior League's accomplishments of the past year," she said. "Now, what should Faye and Skitch say about the volunteer work?"

Mrs. McLoughlin said Faye and Skitch ought to mention the work of the Volunteer Social Work Aide Project, which was set up by the League to pay tuition at the New York School of Social Work not only for League members but for members of other welfare agencies, and to place the League volunteers trained there at Riverside Hospital. Miss Roberts assured Mrs. McLoughlin that she would pass this information along to Faye and Skitch. They were leaving for Europe that evening, she said, but they would be back a day or two before the Mardi Gras. She then outlined the rest of the television program—the costume parade, the introduction of the five Maids, the announcement by the Mayor of the name of the Maid chosen as Queen, and the march through the ballroom by the King and Queen. "With only forty minutes, it's going to be very tight," Miss Roberts said.

"Well," said Mrs. McLoughlin, "it's the *New York* Junior League. Let's be sure to get *that* in, anyway."

AT ten the next morning, there was a meeting of the executive committee of the Mardi Gras committee, presided over by Mrs. Stimson, who started out briskly by announcing that this year there would be about eight hundred people at the ball—a hundred more than had come the year before; this would probably mean turning some people down, but it had been decided that the one thousand originally figured on would make things too crowded. The members of the executive committee were beginning to wear a look of combined worry, distraction, and great expectation. One after another, problems were disposed of: Had the Astor been advised that the hum, whistles, and squeaks from the mikes last year had made it difficult to hear and that the public-address system ought to be fixed? (Mrs. Adams said that the Astor had promised to have all the mikes in good working order.) Did all the sponsors know that each sponsor would be given only a few seconds for commercials, to be delivered by Faye and Skitch? (Mrs. Dickerson said she had personally informed them all of this fact.) Had tables been allocated to all the sponsors? (Mrs. Santy said American Express had had no table until a quarter of an hour ago, but now an entire table was reserved for American Express and it was ringside.) Where was Pepsi-Cola sitting? (Mrs. Santy said with Miss Burke, who had nabbed Pepsi-Cola.) Three commercial photographers had telephoned to ask whether they might take the official photographs, and what should Mrs. Stimson tell them?

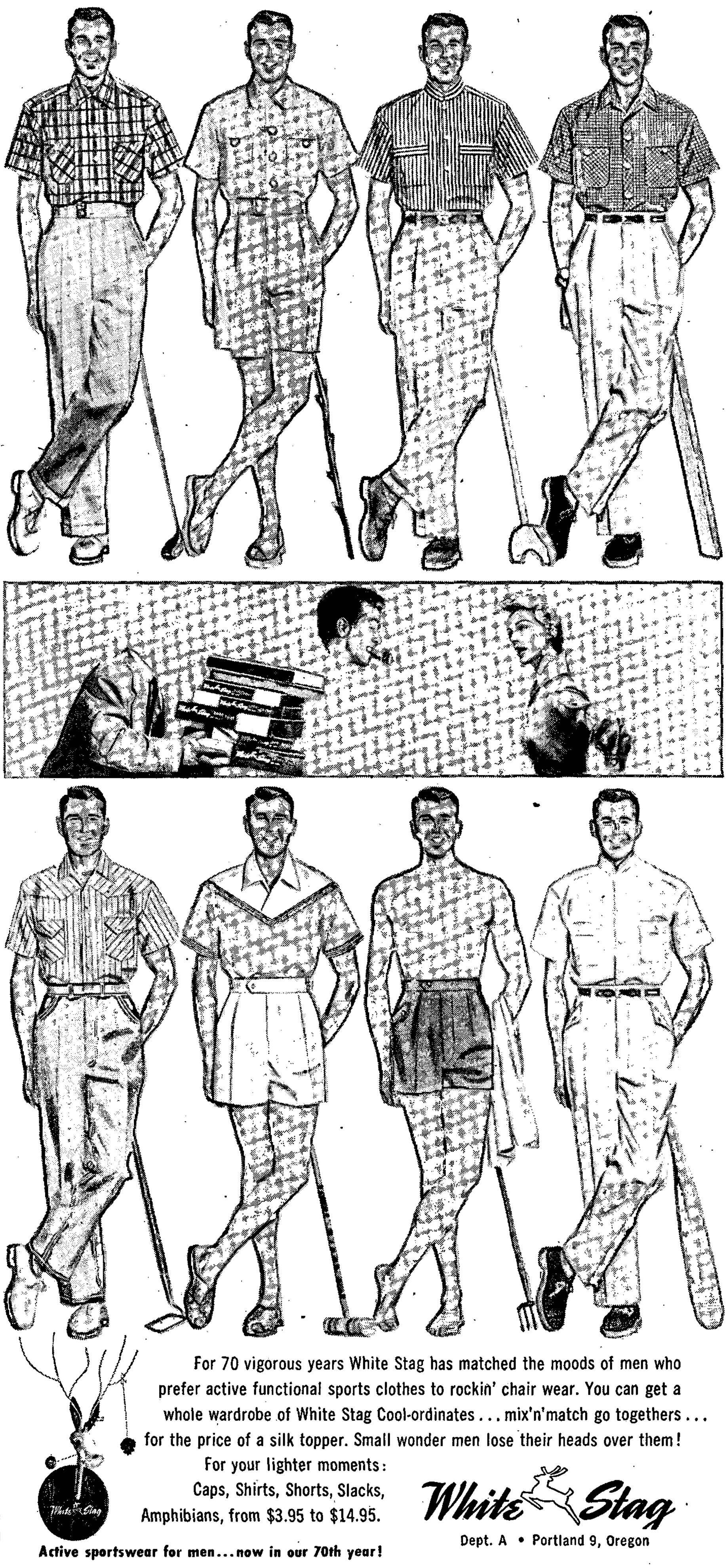
"Mr. Dahlheim has done it every year for us, bless his heart," said Mrs. Adams.

"Mr. Dahlheim doesn't get in anybody's *hair*, either," Mrs. Dickerson added. "He would never bother one of the Maids just going onstage, or something."

Mrs. Adams—tall, cool, and self-possessed—reported on the matter of prices. "We'll just skimp by under the budget," she said. "I told the Astor they've simply got to come down on some of the prices, and they may, but the fact remains that in order to make the ballroom look right, you've got to do certain things that cost money." The rest of the committee looked glum. "It isn't the *things* that are so expensive," Mrs. Adams continued. "It's all in the *labor*." The pageant designer, Lester Gaba, had all sorts of wonderful ideas for decorating the ballroom, she said, but they would cost money. The rest of the committee looked glummer. Mrs. Adams picked up a sheet of paper and rattled it. "Lester thinks we should have an underwater theme," she said. "Lester wants to do the stage up in sea-blue satin drapes and have it all sort of bubbly-looking, with balloons held up by mermaids."

"Mmm, yummy!" said Mrs. Stimson, and then blushed and looked apologetically at the rest of the committee.

Mrs. Adams went on to explain that Gaba also wanted to extend the undersea theme of the stage all through the ballroom, which would mean an additional $375 for labor. She read off a list of other costs, including $55 for robes and sceptres for the King and Queen,


For 70 vigorous years White Stag has matched the moods of men who prefer active functional sports clothes to rockin' chair wear. You can get a whole wardrobe of White Stag Cool-ordinates . . . mix'n'match go togethers . . . for the price of a silk topper. Small wonder men lose their heads over them!

For your lighter moments:
Caps, Shirts, Shorts, Slacks,
Amphibians, from $3.95 to $14.95.

White Stag
Dept. A • Portland 9, Oregon

Active sportswear for men . . . now in our 70th year!

# Lady Macintosh feeds the feminine Ego

THE CLASSIC Lady Macintosh weathercoat from England is remarkably nourishing to feminine vanity. Smart, simple lines and beautifully cut raglan shoulders flatter the wearer in town or country, at the zoo or on safari.

The famous rich sheen of finely woven English poplin gives the Lady Macintosh its striking fabric quality. A feather-light fabric full of life and spirit . . . an *all-weather* fabric that wards off downpours, turns away sudden winds, yet looks traditionally handsome in sunshine, too.

The versatile Lady Macintosh boasts a detachable belt, convertible collar and adjustable cuff straps. Buttoned vent back and plaid lining are additional attractive features. All in all Lady Macintosh is *definitely* the standard by which all other women's weathercoats are judged.

$29.95 in even sizes 8 to 20. At stores listed on the opposite page, or write Robert Appleby & Company, Inc., 347 Madison Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

$5 for a page's trumpet, $150 for balloons, $50 for hoops (wooden frames with canvas spread loosely across them to hold balloons near the ceiling until the time for their release), $150 apiece for two papier-mâché mermaids, and $100 for a pink-and-blue papier-mâché shell, ten feet high, to hold the throne chairs. The mermaids, she explained, would be faceless and silvery-looking.

"Oh, let's have them flicker," said Mrs. Dickerson.

"Well, the light to make them flicker costs twenty-five dollars extra," said Mrs. Adams.

"Oh dear!" said Mrs. Dickerson.

"We must be strong, girls," said Mrs. Stimson. "Of course, we're ahead of last year on sponsors. We just got Forstmann Woolens today. And with the eight hundred people we expect—"

"I'd rather see that money go into the Welfare Trust Fund," said Mrs. McLoughlin.

"Of course," said Mrs. Adams. "And if we drape just one tier of the ballroom, instead of both, we'll save a hundred and fifty dollars."

"Rosie, take one more crack at seeing if you can get the Astor to shave the price," Mrs. Dickerson said to Mrs. Adams. "We're not getting anywhere with None Such Mince Meat."

Mrs. Adams nodded. "Another thing," she said. "Lester Gaba wants these long candles for the tables. That's fifty dollars."

"I tried to talk him out of it," Mrs. Stimson said. "Last year, we spent a hundred and fifty for extra-long candles—long *pink* candles. The Astor wanted to give us those little beaded mushroom things, and if we have those this year, Lester is just going to be *sick*."

"I'm afraid we'll have to axe the long candles this year," said Mrs. Adams.

"See what you can do, Rosie," said Mrs. Dickerson.

A COUPLE of mornings later, with the ball hardly a week away, Mrs. Santy called on Robert Howard, the Astor's banquet director, in his office at the hotel. Howard is a patient, hoarse-voiced man, with a round, pink face and a small mustache. Mrs. Santy was accompanied by three other members of the Mardi Gras committee—Mrs. Dickerson, Mrs. J. Calhoun Harris, and Mrs. Edmund Johnstone—and by Miss Eva M. Scism, assistant to the Junior League treasurer. All five women had on little hats with little veils, and three-strand chokers of pearls, and they sat around Howard's desk in a semicircle.

"Well, ladies," Howard said, somewhat nervously, "are you all set for the big night?"

"You're never really set until it's all over," Mrs. Santy said.

Howard laughed wanly.

"If you'll take some notes on what I tell you . . ." Mrs. Santy began. Howard drew up a pad and seized a pencil. Mrs. Santy asked him to have the models' room properly guarded, and the Maids' room, too, because the year before, Mrs. Dickerson, a Maid herself, had had trouble getting in; to have a waiter on hand to take food to the models, who hadn't been able to get anything to eat the last time until after the show was over, and had starved; and to bear in mind the names of the judges who would choose the Queen—Mrs. Oswald B. Lord, the United States representative to the United Nations Commission on Human Rights; Dr. Howard A. Rusk, the chairman of the Department of Physical Medicine and Rehabilitation at the New York University College of Medicine; and Russel Crouse, the playwright—because they would have to be passed by the guards and admitted to the Maids' room.

"Everything will be taken care of, ladies," Howard said.

Mrs. Santy brought up the question of cocktails before dinner, and Howard told her that the Coral Room was very good for cocktails. "It's really green," he said, and laughed.

Mrs. Johnstone wanted to know if there would be peanuts on the tables there.

Howard made a note. "Now I'd like to ask you some questions," he said.

"Yes, sir," said Mrs. Santy.

"What about cigarettes?" Howard asked.

Mrs. Dickerson started. "Nothing but Chesterfields," she said. "Liggett and Myers is one of our sponsors. And there must be Pepsi-Cola. If Mr. Steele, the Pepsi-Cola man, asks for Pepsi-Cola, he mustn't get Coca-Cola."

Howard made another note. "You want *pink* tablecloths, ladies?" he asked.

"What did Mrs. Adams say?" asked Mrs. Santy.

"She said to use as many as we have but not to *buy* any," Howard replied. He shrugged wearily. "As soon as I get through with one committee, another comes in," he said. "I don't think we'll be able to cover more than half the tables with pink cloths."

Mrs. Santy nodded and looked worried. "There was something else, but I've forgotten it," she said.

"I write everything down," said Mrs. Dickerson.

"Well, ladies," Howard said cheer-

**Where to buy Lady Macintosh**

| | |
|---|---|
| NEW YORK | Abercrombie & Fitch |
| Albany | W. E. Walsh & Sons |
| Amherst, Mass. | House of Walsh |
| Andover, Mass. | The Andover Shop |
| Ann Arbor | Wagner & Company |
| Atlanta | John Jarrell, Inc. |
| Atlantic City | George C. McAvoy |
| Baltimore | Wm. H. Lohmeyer |
| Berkeley, Calif. | Robert Kirk, Ltd. |
| Berkeley, Calif. | George J. Good |
| Beverly, Mass. | Johnny Appleseed's |
| Binghamton, N. Y. | McLean's |
| Birmingham, Ala. | Henry Porter, Inc. |
| Boston | Jordan Marsh |
| Boston | Arthur L. Johnson Co. |
| Brockton, Mass. | Tonis, Inc. |
| Buffalo, New York | Flint & Kent |
| Burlingame, Calif. | Robert W. Gates |
| Cambridge, Mass. | Sills & Company |
| Carmel, Calif. | Robert Kirk, Ltd. |
| Chicago | Von Lengerke & Antoine |
| Cleveland, Ohio | The Halle Bros. Co. |
| Columbus, Ohio | Pumphrey's |
| Concord, Mass. | The Country Store |
| Delray Beach, Fla. | Hidden Valley Shops |
| Denver | The Gano-Downs Company |
| Detroit | Capper & Capper |
| Evanston, Ill. | Williams |
| Fort Worth, Texas | Washer Bros. |
| Grand Haven, Mich. | Reichardt |
| Greenwich, Conn. | Van Driver |
| Grosse Pointe, Mich. | Proper's |
| Hartford, Conn. | Florence Travis |
| Indianapolis | L. Strauss & Co., Inc. |
| Ithaca, N. Y. | Browning, King & Co. |
| Jacksonville, Fla. | Levy's |
| Kansas City, Mo. | Harzfeld's |
| Kingston, Mass. | Frances Wilmarth |
| Los Angeles | Phelps-Terkel |
| Louisville, Ky. | Roche & Roche |
| Madison, Wis. | MacNeil & Moore |
| Miami, Fla. | Eddie Stephens |
| Milwaukee, Wis. | MacNeil & Moore |
| Minneapolis | Nicolas, Inc. |
| Montclair, N. J. | The Babs Shop |
| Murfreesboro, Tenn. | Goldstein's |
| Nashua, N. H. | Dod's |
| Newark | L. Bamberger & Co. |
| New Bedford, Mass. | Marty Sullivan |
| New Haven | Gentree, Ltd. |
| New Orleans | Godchaux's |
| New York | Abercrombie & Fitch |
| Omaha | Charles J. Assmann |
| Pebble Beach, Calif. | Littler |
| Philadelphia | Jackson & Moyer |
| Pittsburgh | Larrimor's |
| Portland, Oregon | Ray Bolger |
| Portland, Oregon | M. & H. H. Sichel |
| Princeton, N. J. | The Clothes Line |
| Providence, R. I. | Leopold Feldstein, Inc. |
| Richmond, Va. | Berry-Burk & Co. |
| Rochester, N. Y. | Projansky, Inc. |
| St. Louis | Boyd's |
| San Antonio, Texas | Frost Bros. |
| San Francisco | Robert Kirk, Ltd. |
| San Marion, Calif. | Bill Winn |
| Santa Barbara, Calif. | Roy E. Gammill |
| Seattle | Littler |
| Spokane | Davenport Sport Shop |
| Springfield, Mass. | Haynes & Co. |
| Syracuse | Flah & Co., Inc. |
| Toledo | Damschroder Berry Inc. |
| Trenton, N. J. | Stacy Sport Shop |
| Vineyard Haven, Mass. | David's |
| Washington, D. C. | Lewis & Thos. Saltz |
| Waterville, Maine | Dunham's of Maine |
| Williamstown, Mass. | House of Walsh |
| Wilmington, Del. | Bird-Speakman, Inc. |
| Worcester, Mass. | Mark, Inc. |

MACINTOSH ®

*—the standard by which all other weathercoats are judged.*

(*Advertisement*)

Like to be pampered?

GO PULLMAN

Comfortable, convenient and safe

COPYRIGHT 1954, THE PULLMAN COMPANY

fully, "shall we go in and take a look at the tables?"

Everybody rose and walked into the ballroom. The floor was bare, and the tables, their brown wooden tops exposed, looked dark and dreary in the dimly lit room. The stage was deserted. The balconies were undraped. There were no blue satin draperies and no sign of an underwater theme. Mrs. Santy took a list of table reservations out of her pocketbook and Howard produced a chart, and they went to work on the problem of who was going to sit where.

THE last general meeting of the 1954 Mardi Gras committee was held the following morning, five days before the ball. It was a tense session. Miss Roberts outlined the parts that would be played by the producer, the director, the cameramen, the electricians, and all the others who would be on hand for the televising of the show. After her report, everybody looked both pleased and apprehensive.

"I think it's going to be a very good party," Miss Roberts said.

Mrs. Stimson wanted to know whether the television people were coming in dinner clothes.

Miss Roberts looked apologetic and said it was unlikely.

"I guess we can't be *too* horrified if a man running a spotlight isn't in dinner clothes," said Mrs. Adams.

"Would you suggest that they wear dark suits and black bow ties?" Mrs. Stimson asked hopefully.

Miss Roberts promised that she would.

Mrs. Adams read off the names of the men who had volunteered to escort the Maids to the stage—John Cameron Swayze, Shepperd Strudwick, and three League members' husbands, Robert Cooke, Russell Nype, and Thomas D. Luckenbill.

"On models, are our ladies all squared away?" Mrs. Stimson asked.

Mrs. Cooke reported that they were squared away.

Mrs. Dickerson said that she hoped someone would be sure to see that Pepsi-Cola was on hand, in case the Pepsi-Cola people ordered it. "It seems Mr. Steele went to a party and ordered Pepsi-Cola and got Coca-Cola," she said. The other committee members shuddered, and there were murmurs of "Oh, oh, oh!"

Mrs. Santy announced that the League stood to profit by the serving of drinks. To make things simple, she said, they had decided to charge a flat dollar for all drinks. "The Astor charges fifty-five cents for a Manhattan, and if we sell it for a dollar, we make forty-five cents," she said. "Isn't that nice?" The committee indicated that it was indeed nice.

Mrs. Adams said that she had bargained with Mr. Howard over the price of hanging blue satin draperies and gold fish net that would produce a bubbly, undersea effect and had succeeded in getting him to knock fifty dollars off the price, but that, even so, she had decided they might better do without the draperies entirely and just use balloons or some other less expensive bubbly device. "So I cancelled the drapes, at least for the time being, and left Mr. Howard feeling a bit angry," she said. "I'm meeting with Lester Gaba and a balloon man this afternoon. And if you feel you can leave it up to me, I'll decide between the drapes and the balloons, or possibly some cellophane fringe we just heard about. Anyway, we're going to have a ballroom that looks pretty." The committee members decided to leave it to Mrs. Adams.

AFTER lunch that day, Mrs. Adams went to a room behind the Astor ballroom for a meeting with Gaba and P. Raymonde Warny, a bald, mournful balloon salesman, who was wearing heavy shell-rimmed glasses. As she joined them, Warny pulled a fistful of balloons from a briefcase and blew up a silver one.

"Doesn't it look like a pearl?" Gaba asked Mrs. Adams.

"Well . . ." said Mrs. Adams.

Warny held the balloon up to the light.

"You certainly get the biggest effect for the least money with balloons," Gaba said. "Now, remember, we want them to look like bubbles and pearls."

Warny lugubriously blew up a green balloon.

"Pretty," said Gaba. "But we don't want to get off the track."

Mrs. Adams asked how much it would cost to drape the balconies with balloons. Warny replied that at least three thousand balloons would be needed for the balconies and, at twelve dollars a hundred, the price would come to three hundred and sixty dollars, in addition to the hundred and ninety-eight dollars for the balloons he had already planned to use for the ceiling and tables.

"Pretty expensive," Mrs. Adams said thoughtfully.

"The draped tiers got kicked out because *they* were too expensive," said Gaba irritably.

Just then, a young man came in carrying a large suitcase and introduced

Ballantine's
LIQUEUR BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY
the Crest of Quality
Ballantine's
REGISTERED TRADE MARK
Ballantine's
Ballantine's
IN USE FOR OVER 125 YEARS
ESTABLISHED 1827
BY APPOINTMENT TO
THE LATE QUEEN VICTORIA
THE LATE KING EDWARD VII
4/5 QUART
86 PROOF
LIQUEUR BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY
100% SCOTCH WHISKIES
BLENDED & BOTTLED BY
George Ballantine & Son Limited
DISTILLERS
Glasgow & Dumbarton, Scotland.
PRODUCE OF SCOTLAND
PRINTED IN SCOTLAND
IMPORTED BY
"21" BRANDS, INC. NEW YORK, N.Y.
BALLANTIN
Acclaimed throughout the World!
"21" Brands, Inc.
THE HOUSE OF BALLANTINE
NEW YORK CITY
SOLE DISTRIBUTOR IN THE UNITED STATES
86 Proof

B.H.Wragge

*pictures a summer day*

A simple case of smartness: this two-piece dress of Pompoon cotton broadcloth with its matching tab belt. Tide-water blue, buttery-yellow, dawn-gray, bonbon pink. $39.95.* Demi-jacket of natural fibre plaid. $35.00.* Both, sizes 8 to 16. At **BONWIT TELLER,** New York; **JOHN WANAMAKER,** Philadelphia; **I. MAGNIN,** San Francisco, and most fine stores throughout the country.

*Prices slightly higher west of the Rockies.

himself as the cellophane-fringe salesman. He opened his suitcase and displayed the fringe—gleaming, transparent stuff. He could drape the balconies with it for a hundred and eighty dollars and twenty cents, he said.

"We can't afford it," said Gaba. "Unless we kick out the balloons."

Warny looked unhappy.

"The fringe has that watery, bubbly look," Gaba said.

Mrs. Adams agreed that it looked pretty.

"If we have just balloons, it ends up looking like a high-school dance," Gaba said.

Gaba told the cellophane-fringe salesman that he would let him know their decision, and the salesman packed up his fringe. Mrs. Adams said that the League had some giant harlequin masks left over from the previous year's ball, and suggested using them again, to cover the second tier of balconies.

"I'm not mad about those masks," said Gaba.

"It's just that we have them," said Mrs. Adams.

"I really think we need the balloons if we're going to have a truly bubbly and watery effect," said Gaba.

Warny nodded, and started blowing up a pink balloon.

"Do a *clear* one," Gaba said. "I think we'll stick to clear, watery-looking ones only."

Warny dropped the pink balloon and blew up a clear one. Gaba stared moodily at it. "Without the blue satin draperies, the theme is neat but it certainly isn't the spirit of Mardi Gras," he remarked.

Mrs. Adams looked dismayed. "Oh, Lester!" she said. "Come on, now!"

"There was no reason for picking the undersea motif except that we were counting on the blue satin draperies and stuff," Gaba said. "Now that that's all kicked out, what's the point? We might just as well have another theme."

Mrs. Adams reminded him that anyway the King and Queen would have a large sea shell for their throne.

"But what's the *point*?" Gaba asked.

Then Mrs. Adams made up her mind. They would decorate the ballroom, stage, and balconies with blue satin draperies, she said firmly, and give the ball an undersea motif. And they would have some bubbly-looking balloons, too.

As the evening of the ball approached, the members of the committee took to having sandwiches sent in at lunchtime and munching them while they conferred. The five Maids were fitted for gowns at Gunther Jaeckel, and tried to get to bed early each night. It was found that by scrimping here and there, it would be possible to have blue satin draperies on both tiers of balconies in the ballroom for three hundred dollars, and there would be balloons there, too, and the stage not only would be draped but would sport gold fish net and two blank-faced mermaids, and everything would look lovely after all. Mrs. Stimson and the other members of her committee backed Mrs. Adams up solidly. At three o'clock on the afternoon of March 1st, the day before Mardi Gras, most of the committee members, together with the five Maids and all the models, gathered in the ballroom for a dress rehearsal. The ballroom did look lovely. The stage and both tiers were draped with sequinned blue satin, and interspersed here and there along the tiers were branches of coral made of sparkling papier-mâché. Gaba stood on the stage surveying the scene. Everybody looked dazed. Mrs. Barton, wearing striped pants and a long coat, after the fashion of Groucho Marx, was practicing her walk. The Singer Sewing Machine model, with a gold spool on her head, was urging her to bend her knees more, with more of a side-to-side waddle. Mrs. Zingg, wearing black tights, high-heeled shoes, and an American Express Company coat and cap, joined them just as Anita Colby, who appears on television for Pepsi-Cola, walked on the stage wearing an old-fashioned pink tulle gown and carrying a fan with "Pepsi-Cola" written on it.

"Professional competition," said Mrs. Zingg. "Pepsi-Cola is *so* particular."

"I can't sleep at night," said one of the Maids to nobody in particular. "I have a steady feeling of being sick to my stomach."

Mrs. Adams arrived, and asked if anybody had seen her husband. "Stirling is supposed to be here to try on his knight's armor," she said. "He's escorting Guinevere for American Viscose."

Mrs. Dickerson came up to her and said she had reserved three tables for a total of fifty-six people and she was sure she'd never have a chance to get her place cards properly distributed. "I've got forty people coming to my house for cocktails earlier in the evening," she said, sitting down on a table. "I've hired a bus to bring them over." They were joined by Mrs. McLoughlin, who said she was late because she had tried on her ball gown that morning and found she had lost so much weight working on the Mardi Gras that she had had to have it taken in two inches at the waist.

Mrs. McLoughlin then wandered off

# This man is a Sailor

He wears no visored cap. You'll find no stripes upon his sleeve. But he's a sailor . . . a great sailor.

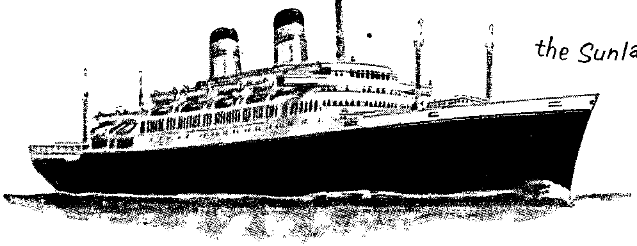
His name is Rudolph Kressevich. His command . . . the glistening kitchens of the s.s. Independence. His crew . . . 117 highly trained men . . . confectioners, sauciers, roast cooks, pastry cooks, cooks of every special talent.

In his head is not the knowledge of charts and engines, but the wisdom of 30 years spent in the culinary arts; chef of the renowned Surf Club in Miami, the Varadero International in Cuba, the Mount Royal in Canada, Long Island's Montauk Manor, and 9 years in New York's famous "21."

In his hands is not the skill to guide a ship, but the genius to prepare a *Poussin en Cocotte* to tantalize the palate of the most exacting gourmet.

You won't find his name on the rosters of famous captains but on the rolls of that world-wide organization of famous chefs . . . the exclusive Vatel Club.

Of such men are great crews and *happy* ships made. With such men are the sister Sunliners Independence and Constitution staffed.



*the Sunlane to Europe—*

See your Travel Agent or

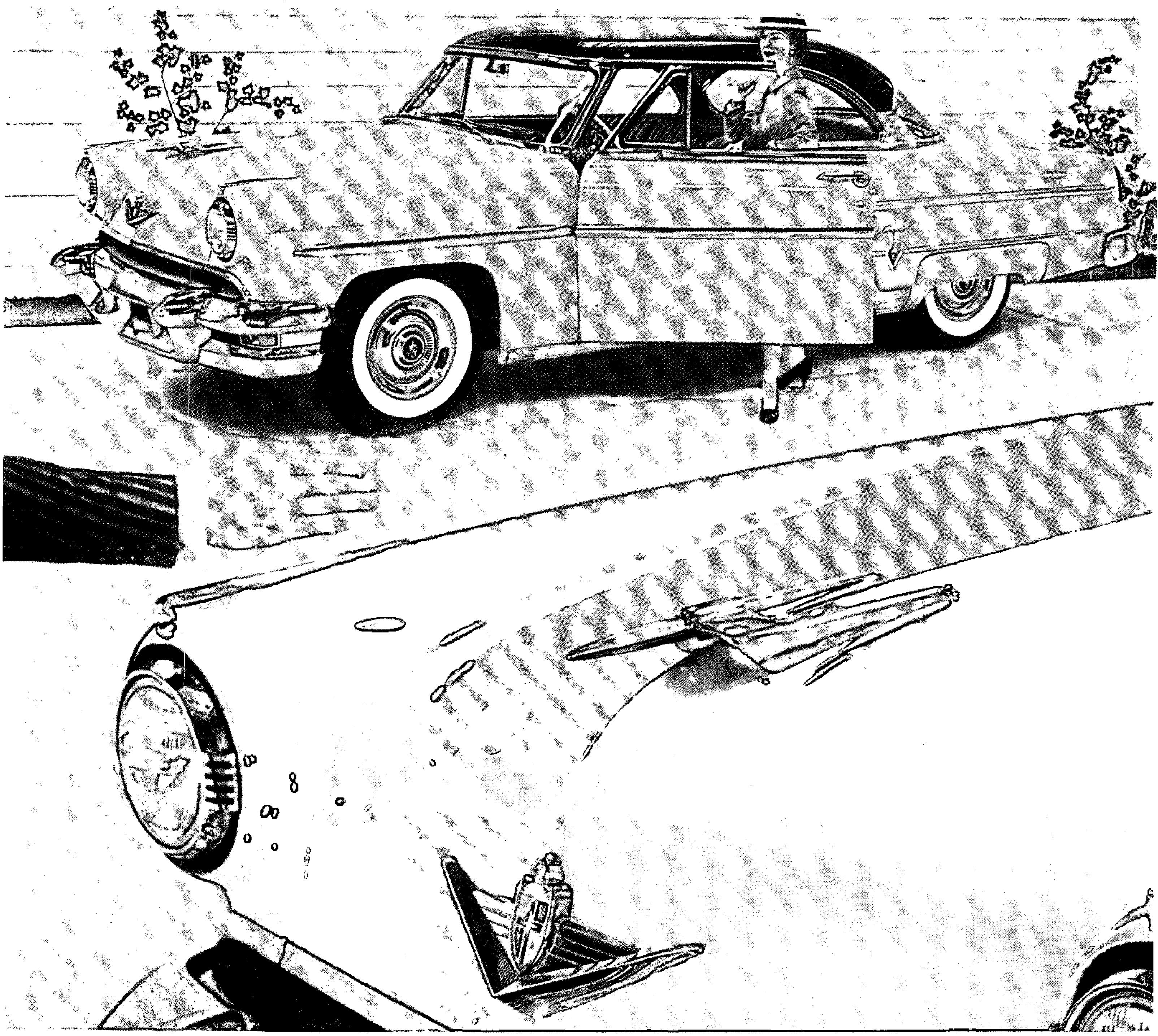
**AMERICAN EXPORT LINES**

39 Broadway, New York 6, N. Y.

**INDEPENDENCE** ★ **CONSTITUTION** to Gibraltar • Cannes • Genoa • Naples

**EXCALIBUR** • **EXCAMBION** • **EXOCHORDA** • **EXETER** to Barcelona • Marseilles • Naples • Alexandria • Beirut • Iskenderun • Latakia • Piraeus • Leghorn • Genoa

THE GROWING TREND TO LINCOLN



Lincoln—winner of the first 4 stock car places in the Mexican Pan-American Road Race

# A special kind of pride goes with the new Lincoln

It's a quiet kind of pride that comes from expressing your good taste, not your pocketbook. It reflects your preference for functional beauty rather than for pompous bulk. It reflects your liking for dramatic yet tasteful colors in metal and fabrics. And this pride goes far beyond beauty.

For when you own a new 1954 Lincoln, *you demonstrate that your driving is as modern as your living.* You have, of course, matchless performance.

When you step into this fine car, you finally know the meaning of complete control. Lincoln's world-famous V-8 engine with its new automatic 4-barrel carburetor gives that safe extra surge when you need it. You have complete confidence on curves; you ride in the only automobile in the fine-car field with the new ball-joint front wheel suspension.

But you expect Lincoln to be the ultimate in engineering. *What gives you the most pride, perhaps, is the way you set a trend.* You will be owning the car which deliberately departs from the old-fashioned fine-car look—the car whose new styling provides a good look at tomorrow.

To know this special kind of pride, accept your Lincoln dealer's courteous invitation to try the new Lincoln or Lincoln Capri.

*LINCOLN DIVISION • FORD MOTOR COMPANY*

**LINCOLN**

**DESIGNED FOR MODERN LIVING**
**POWERED FOR MODERN DRIVING**

again, and, a minute later, shouted to Mrs. Adams, "Here's Stirling!"

"Bless you!" cried Mrs. Adams, and hustled her husband backstage to try on his armor.

Half an hour later, Mr. Adams, who is assistant vice-president of Commercial Investment Trust, Inc., had succeeded in putting it all on, even to long, pointed sollerets, or flexible steel shoes, and a helmet with a visor. "This darn thing can cut your darn head off!" he roared to his wife from the recesses of the helmet. "Now, don't go off and leave me here!"

"Stick your chin in, Stirling," Mrs. Adams said soothingly.

"You're convinced you want it worn?" Mr. Adams said. "You're convinced the party won't come off unless it's worn?"

"We'll stop by Brooks on the way home and get it fixed," Mrs. Adams said. "Now try to walk."

"I wish you'd stick your hands in and put my ears where they belong," said Mr. Adams. "And I can't see a darn thing. Holy cow! Now I'm stuck to the floor! Heck! Get a pair of pliers!" he shouted wildly. "Somebody bend up my toes!"

"Walk sideways, Stirling," Mrs. Adams said gently. "Like we do going uphill skiing."

ON the morning of the day of the ball, the first person to show up at the ballroom, around nine o'clock, was Warny, the balloon man, who had brought along an assistant named Leroy Williams and a machine for blowing up balloons. Soon handymen and League members began to arrive, and at noon some truckmen hauled in the blank-faced mermaids, the pink-and-blue shell for the thrones, and quite a bit of gold fish net. Gaba appeared and began arranging the stage set. The Astor keeps a Bahama sea grotto on hand for just such occasions as Mardi Gras balls, and he ordered it installed on the stage. After it was in position, he ordered it taken down. "Too corny," he said. "We don't want it. It gives the scene a gooked-up character. I'd rather keep it simple."

"Lunch," Warny said suddenly. Williams dropped a half-filled balloon and, as it sputtered into a state of collapse, the two hurried out.

Mrs. McLoughlin came over to Gaba and said the mermaids looked just dreamy. Mrs. Adams came over and said the balloons looked just divine. Mrs. Stimson came over and said everything looked just peachy.

Faye Emerson and Skitch Henderson

**One moment, please...**

**before you select your tropical suit and slacks . . . or your sport shirts . . . or your ties — make sure they're made of 100% DACRON by PRINCETON for the fullest measure of wrinkle-resistance and crease-retention. Remember, it was PRINCETON who originated 100% DACRON fabrics in direct cooperation with DuPont . . . and *only* PRINCETON achieves the final degree of perfection . . . all-ways!**

**Don't ask for less than the best . . .**
**Don't ask for less than 100% . . .**

**100% DACRON* FABRICS by**

Princeton

LOOK FOR THE PRINCETON 100% DACRON LABEL in *Tropical Suits* by Witty Brothers, B. Kuppenheimer, GGG Clothes, Hart Schaffner & Marx, Timely Clothes, Eagle Clothes, Lebow Brothers, Society Brand Clothes • *Slacks* by H. Lissner, Champion Pants, Arthur Winer, Hochenberg & Gelb • *Sport Shirts* by Manhattan, Rich Guild, Raab-Meyerhoff • *Neckwear* by Superba Cravats • Also *Ladies' Suits* by Pat Johnson.

PRINCETON FABRICS • 51 MADISON AVENUE • NEW YORK 16, N. Y.

*DuPont Trademark for Polyester Fiber

P.S.

Sometimes we get so carried away by the power of our own pen, we may neglect to tell you why we're here in the first place. Consider this a postscript, if you please, to the first hundred or so advertisements we have run in this column . . .

**more businessmen read Nation's Business than any other business or news magazine**

That's all, thank you . . . Nation's Business, *a magazine for businessmen,* Washington 6, D.C.

(*Advertisement*)

arrived, and were soon joined by a number of television men, one of whom handed them a sheaf of papers outlining the roles of master and mistress of ceremonies.

"What's all this—*commercials?*" Henderson said, leafing through the script.

"This is a *commercial* show?" Miss Emerson said incredulously.

"Kids, this is very important," one of the television men said. "If we get messed up here, we're dead."

"Who's going to be the Queen?" one of the television men asked Mrs. Stimson.

"Nobody knows," said Mrs. Stimson.

"G'wan!" said the television man.

"Oh dear!" said Mrs. Stimson.

"Faye, you grab the Mayor, and you say, 'Look who I found!' " the television man said. "Then he gives the official ad-lib rehearsed greeting to the throng."

"Go, man! Go!" said Miss Emerson.

Henry Fonda arrived and tried on the King's robes. "Lord, these are warm!" he said.

"Hank's costume looks tacky," said a television cameraman.

Emil Coleman, a heavyset, distraught-looking man wearing thick eyeglasses, turned up with his twenty-three musicians and tried out one of the pianos. "This is awful!" he cried. "Out of tune! No pitch! Where are my pianos?"

Miss Roberts began alerting everybody to prepare for a television-time dress rehearsal. "Play 'Everywhere You Go'!" she called to Coleman.

"Lady, please get me a piano tuner!" Coleman shouted back, clasping his hands in supplication.

"Everything looks *so* lovely," Mrs. Luckenbill said to Mrs. Stimson.

"Everybody *couldn't* be nicer," Mrs. Stimson replied.

BY seven-thirty that night, the tables had been set in the ballroom. Two-thirds of them glowed with pink cloths; the others had white cloths. There were no tall pink candles on any of the tables; instead, there were small candle lamps like mushrooms, with fringed shades. An aquamarine program, with Mrs. Stimson's pink clown on the cover, lay at each guest's place. Helium-filled clear balloons floated above the tables, held fast to them by strings. Clusters of clear balloons were held in their hoops close to the ceiling, ready to drop. The blue satin draperies on the stage and hanging from the ballroom's two tiers of balconies sparkled with sequins in the rays of multicolored spotlights. The pink-and-blue shell, with two thrones in it, stood in the center of the stage, and the two faceless mermaids, almost swamped in bubbly balloons, clutched at gold fish net. Everything looked soft and gleaming and quiet. The only people in the ballroom were Coleman and the members of his orchestra. Coleman was wearing white tie and tails, and he had exchanged his glasses for a monocle in his right eye. He sat at the piano, gloomy and silent, his elbows on the keyboard and his fingertips at his temples. All at once, he looked at his watch and came to life. He took his elbows off the keyboard, sighed loudly, adjusted his monocle, and started to play "Young at Heart," and the members of his orchestra joined in. At the end of the number, Coleman struck a loud chord and stood up. "*Why* can't they get me a tuner?" he said plaintively.

The green Coral Room was doing a lively business in mixed drinks at a dollar apiece.

"So nice to see you," Mrs. Adams said to Mrs. Stimson.

"So nice to see you," Mrs. Stimson said to Mrs. Adams.

Mr. Adams was at the bar buying drinks for a party of five. Mrs. Cooke asked him why he wasn't wearing his suit of armor.

"I get into it at ten," he said heartily. "I've been repairing the goldarn thing. You might say I'm getting canned tonight! Ha!"

In the hotel florist shop, a young man asked for a white camellia, and the clerk had to turn him down. The young man was the clerk's twenty-first disappointed white-camellia customer that evening. "You going to that thing, *too?*" the clerk said. "Well, they're all gone. They were all gone at six o'clock."

Mrs. Adams dashed into the main ballroom for a quick look at the décor. She waved gaily to Coleman, who struck up "Stranger in Paradise." Then she turned around and around, looking at the room. "Goodness, isn't it the prettiest decoration ever?" she said as a few of the guests strolled in.

"Heavenly," one of them said.

"Terrific," said another.

Mrs. Dickerson came in and began putting place cards at her tables. "They just handed me the Philco people," she said. "That means I've got three sponsors at my tables. Oh, what a hassle!"

"I bet we'll never have another dinner dance," Mrs. McLoughlin said. "It's just too rough getting everybody to sit down to the table at the same time."

The ballroom was filling up. A couple of television technicians wearing tweeds and limp bow ties wandered in and appraised the scene. Most of the male guests were wearing black tie, even though white tie was preferred.

Upstairs, in a well-guarded private room, the five Maids were putting on their ball gowns.

"My shoes actually fit!" one of them cried joyfully.

"Are you relaxed?" asked another. "Or do you wish it was tomorrow?"

Downstairs, a uniformed guard stood at the entrance to the models' dressing room backstage. A waiter was on hand to take orders for food if any of the models wanted food. None did. At nine, waitresses in the ballroom started serving dinner to the guests. Instead of fruit cup, there was sea-food cocktail, and it looked up-beat, partywise, Mrs. Dickerson said.

Just before coffee was served, Mrs. Moore, as the League's president, corralled the three judges preparatory to escorting them up to the Maids' room to pick the Queen. "Did you get a chance for any coffee?" Russel Crouse asked Dr. Rusk, who replied that he had not. Crouse sighed. "I'm not too good before coffee," he said. "I *live* for coffee."

Dr. Rusk cleared his throat. "We'll do our best," he said.

"It's a difficult assignment," Mrs. Lord said.

On the way to the elevators, Mrs. Moore and the judges ran into a small woman who was wearing a flowered hat and carrying a brown paper bag.

"Where's the Queen?" the woman in the flowered hat asked.

Mrs. Moore told her the Queen had not yet been chosen.

"Well, I've got the crown," said the woman in the flowered hat. "I'm Van Cleef & Arpels."

"Backstage," said Mrs. Moore.

"After the Queen is crowned, have them take her picture fast, and then give me back the crown," said Van Cleef & Arpels. "You get about one hour with the crown, that's all."

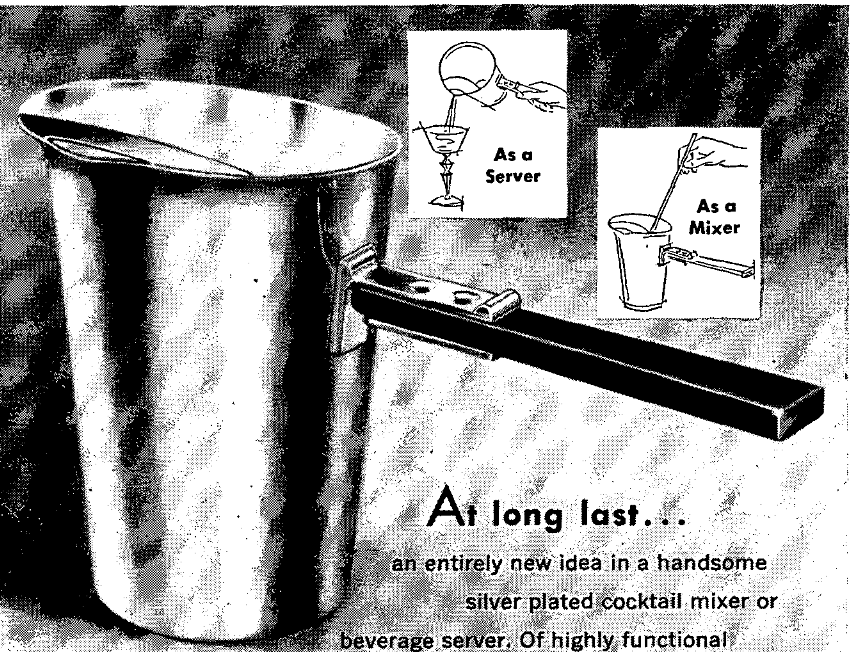
Mayor Wagner arrived late and was ushered to a ringside table. People were already dancing. "I got up to the good seats the hard way," he said.

"O.K., let's get on with the show!" one of the television men called out.

The lights dimmed and a spotlight played on the dance floor. Someone shouted for balloons, and a few of them floated down from the ceiling.

"The hoops aren't working right," Gaba said nervously.

At Miss Burke's table, a Pepsi-Cola man asked for Pepsi-Cola and got it. Miss Emerson and her husband sat at



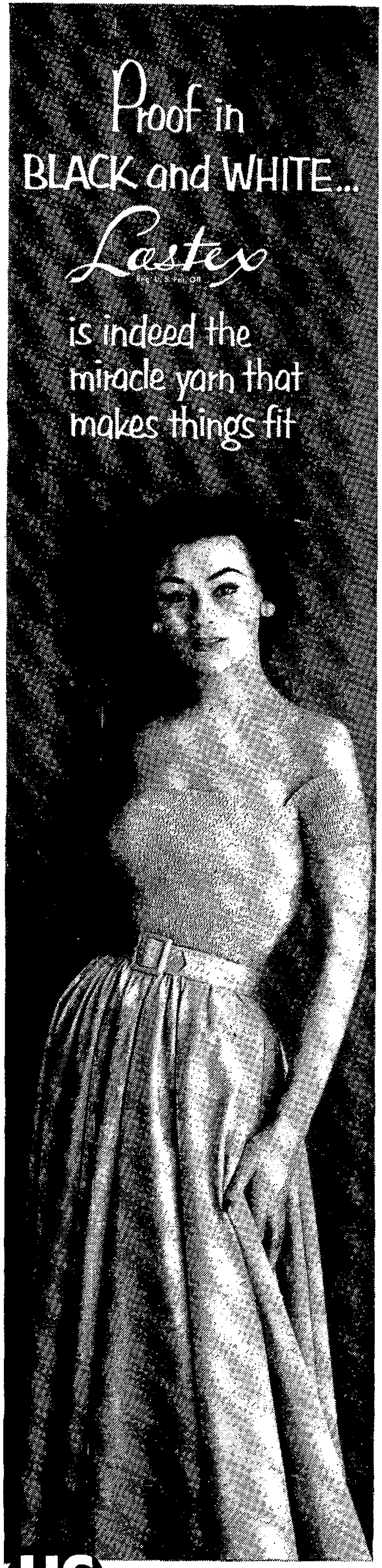
**At long last...**
an entirely new idea in a handsome silver plated cocktail mixer or beverage server. Of highly functional contemporary design, holds a capacious 32 ounces, and with ice guard is easy to pour. Silver plate brightly finished, wood handle tapered and ebonized. An appropriate addition to your hospitality accessories or a welcome gift. $11.00, incl. Fed. tax.
Add 2% State Tax for Illinois Delivery • Add 50c for shipping outside delivery area

C.D. Peacock
JEWELERS • ESTABLISHED 1837 • STATE AND MONROE • CHICAGO 3, ILLINOIS

Garrett Price

*"American Airlines' DC-7's are fastest to California"*

*(Advertisement)*



US RUBBER

For name of the maker of this dress, please write or phone

UNITED STATES RUBBER COMPANY
Rockefeller Center • New York

a ringside table and talked into microphones about the work of the New York Junior League. Everything went off the way Miss Roberts, the professional producer, had said it would. Miss Emerson went over to the Mayor's table and said into a microphone, "Look who I found in the audience!" The Mayor made a speech thanking the League on behalf of the City of New York for giving help to those who needed help so badly. He referred to the League members as "wonderful young ladies," and told them that "with the help of you young ladies we'll leave a better heritage to our children." Then a page blew a trumpet, accompanied by a fanfare from the orchestra, and unfurled a banner that read, "Parade of Fabulous Costumes." The parade started with Mrs. Zingg, who made her way from the stage down an aisle cleared through the center of the ballroom, to the strains of "Everywhere You Go," for the American Express Company. The people at the American Express Company table applauded fervently. Miss Emerson and her husband read off the commercial for each sponsor. Mrs. Dickerson observed that the Liggett & Myers people looked happier this year than they had the year before, and Mrs. Stimson observed that the Liggett & Myers girl, wearing the slinky gown and a necklace of Liggett & Myers cigarettes, looked glamorous. Mrs. Barton got quite a laugh as Groucho Marx, and the blonde following her swept up her cigar ashes with a brush labelled "Fuller." Miss Bryant opened up as a refrigerator on cue, and all the fruit and dairy products were clearly displayed. Mr. Adams stepped lightly along in his shining armor beside Guinevere. Then Henderson introduced each of the five Maids. The judges handed a scroll bearing their decision to a page, who handed it to the Mayor, and the Mayor announced that the Maid who had been chosen for Queen of the 1954 Mardi Gras was Miss Joan Gray. Everybody applauded.

"How dreamy!" Mrs. McLoughlin said. "Joan's a nifty gal."

Henry Fonda and Miss Gray paraded in the royal robes and took their places on the thrones in the pink-and-blue shell. The Mayor placed the tiara on Miss Gray's head, saying it was a privilege to crown her Queen on behalf of the Junior League and the people of the City of New York. "I know you'll carry on this work even after this—the ultimate in honor—tonight," he concluded.

All the Maids and models gathered around the King and Queen and were

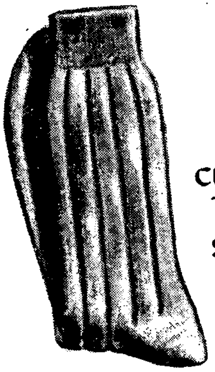
High-Fidelity
in sight and sound

THE MANHATTAN 21. Newest style concept in a TV console—*two extended range* speakers, 21" screen, cordovan, blond or russet, as low as $249.50.

magnificent
**Magnavox**
television

BETTER SIGHT...BETTER SOUND...BETTER BUY

PRICES SUBJECT TO CHANGE



THEY PUT YOUR FEET ON A CUSHION TREAD
$1.50

Whether it's eighteen holes on a golf course or block after block on city pavements or miles of country-hiking . . . step out with new zest and ease and energy! In these handsome Slack Socks:
40% Nylon for Wear *plus* 35% Wool for Absorption *plus* 25% Angora Rabbit's Hair for Cushion-Tread. Sizes 10½ to 13. $1.50.
Elastic Tops. 6 x 3 Rib.
Black, Light Green, Light Blue, Scarlet, Rust, Navy, Grey, Canary or Natural.

MAIL ORDERS INVITED
Sorry, no C. O. D.'s under $5. On New York City deliveries please add 3% Sales Tax. Add 27c mailing charges beyond New York United Parcel zone.

Rogers Peet Company
NEW YORK • BOSTON

*Write:*
*Rogers Peet, 5th Ave. at 41st St., New York 17, N.Y.*

photographed, and then Van Cleef & Arpels stepped forward and took back the crown.

The guests got up to dance, and a few more balloons floated down on their heads. On the stage, several of the models looked as if they felt stranded. Mr. Raymer went up and grabbed the model representing Moore-McCormack Lines, took a basket of fruit off her head, and led her gallantly onto the dance floor.

Coleman looked at his watch. "One hour and thirty-five minutes to go," he said. "There's *still* time to get me a tuner."

EARLY the next morning, Mrs. Stimson turned up at the League's headquarters and immediately started writing thank-you notes to sponsors. She had already read with delight several lengthy accounts of the ball in the newspapers. She was presently joined by Mrs. Adams, who said she had got to bed at five that morning and had got up again at eight, to arrange to have the costumes returned to the Brooks company. By noon, about half of Mrs. Stimson's committee had turned up to help with the thank-you notes. Mrs. Stimson said she was recommending Mrs. Dickerson for chairman of the 1955 Mardi Gras, and everybody said that that was wonderful. The committee members were full of enthusiasm for plans for the 1955 Mardi Gras Ball, and they talked about improvements that should be made. Next year, they would make sure the hoops released all the balloons at the right time. Next year, they ought to have the Astor get the hum, squeaks, and whistles out of the microphones of its public-address system, because some of the guests hadn't been able to hear the program. Next year, they ought to have a supper dance instead of a dinner dance, so that people wouldn't feel so rushed. Next year, they would again try to get Rodgers and Hammerstein to write a special score for the show. Next year, they would make a determined effort to let no one get left stranded on the stage and to have more of a proper conclusion to things. Next year, they would do a really bang-up job.

—LILLIAN ROSS

•

NEW BRUNSWICK, N. J.—One hundred and fifty almanacs of the more than 3,000 Rutgers University has been collecting for a quarter of a century, have been put on display at the university library.

Dating back to 1718, they offer cures for baldness, homespun verse, jokes, astronomical data and weather predictions.

—*The Times.*

There is no cure for homespun verse.

*"Careful, you guys, don't waste a drop—that's Old Smuggler."*

Old Smuggler BRAND

SCOTCH

with a HISTORY

SCOTLAND
PRODUCE OF SCOTLAND
Old Smuggler BRAND
1835
BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY
THE GAELIC WHISKY
W. A. TAYLOR & COMPANY

BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY 86 PROOF

IMPORTED BY W. A. TAYLOR & COMPANY, New York, N. Y.
Sole Distributors for the U. S. A.

## Grandstand Play

My companion and I were unpacking in a small *pension* in Mexico when my suitcase, which I had placed on a rickety chair, began to fall, writes Fred Cherry of San Anselmo, Cal. As the contents came tumbling out, I was horrified to see among the shirts and socks our last bottle of Old Smuggler. Knowing what its fate would be if it landed on the hard tile floor, I made a flying leap and grabbed it just in the nick of time. "I didn't worry a bit," my friend said. "I knew you'd never waste a drop of Old Smuggler."

Friends of Old Smuggler are cordially invited to write us interesting stories about Old Smuggler. Your letter will make you a member of "THE ANCIENT SCOTTISH ORDER OF OLD SMUGGLERS" and entitle you to a handsome membership certificate suitable for framing, illustrated in full color by Abner Dean—and inscribed with your name. Send your letter to—W. A. Taylor & Company, 2 West 46th Street, New York 36, N. Y. Dept. NY-10.

THERE GOES BOTTOMLY-
I'D KNOW THOSE STACY-ADAMS SHOES FROM ANY ANGLE!

Everyone who wears 'em falls for those fabulous Stacy-Adams Shoes. If you haven't yet, you'll find there's nothing finer afoot—a discovery smart men have been making since 1875.

**STACY-ADAMS COMPANY**
Brockton 62, Mass.

No. 319-320
Stacy-Adams
Men's Shoes of Distinction

# THE CURRENT CINEMA

## *The Solid-Gold Clown*

IN a time when frivolity is at a very low ebb, it is pleasant to realize that Danny Kaye can project a lighthearted view of things as deftly as ever. He's as funny as any clown it has been my privilege to watch, and I've been pursuing the jack-o'-lantern of slapstick comedy for an awfully long time. Mr. Kaye's art—and it *is* an art—is not mere versatility, although he has plenty of that, but the ability to persuade us that the jams he gets into are more or less what might, in given circumstances, happen to you and me. Obviously, we spectators cannot dance, sing, and confuse ourselves with quite the *élan* of Mr. Kaye, but he does manage to convince us that our tentative one-steps, our variations on "Ol' Man River," and our nervousness in the face of unsettling situations might lead to predicaments as comical as the ones he gets into. This sympathetic relation with the audience has never been more evident than in "Knock on Wood," Mr. Kaye's latest film.

Unfortunately, for about half an hour at the outset of the picture, Mr. Kaye struggles with some nonsense about being an upset ventriloquist who seeks psychiatric assistance to get over an emotional bump, all of which leaves his admirers wondering whether the script, like the one for "Hans Christian Andersen," has sold him down the river. But then the plot—it has to do with some secret papers presumably stowed away in the heads of two ventriloquist's dummies—dissolves into old-fashioned simple-mindedness, with Mr. Kaye indefatigably propelled into scenes that allow him to use his enormous acting skill. Anyone who has ever faced the arrogant mysteries of a modern motorcar should appreciate his dilemma when, posing as a salesman of an English sports job, he tries to start the thing and ends up with the top and seat rising and falling like tides, the doors swinging open, the windshield wipers swishing, and the hood snapping irritably open and shut like the jaws of a hound dog bothered by flies. There are other fine routines, all of them venerable, involving chases, legerdemain, and disguises, and toward the end of the picture Mr. Kaye does a superb and incomprehensible ballad called "Monahan O'Han," with the assistance of a group of outlandish Gaels. As the cleanup of this exercise, we have him running through some Russian dance maneuvers with strange results, and if this passage, like most of the others, is familiar stuff to anybody whose experience dates back to the peaceful days of silent pictures, it is nevertheless wonderfully funny, as it always has been in the hands of an expert.

It is possible that one of these years somebody will write a part for Mr. Kaye that will have complete cohesion, permitting him to use his ability to command both sympathy and laughter without the interruptions of a patchwork screenplay. But personally I'm pleased to have him around, whatever collateral shoddy we must tolerate.

"CARNIVAL STORY" tells us how an American pitchman touring Western Germany with a sort of flea-bitten circus so fascinates a young lady pickpocket by simply kissing her that she is a victim of inflamed passions for several reels. Eventually, when she has simmered down a bit, she earns the affections of a *Life* photographer. The girl in question is Anne Baxter, the galvanic pitchman is Steve Cochran, and the fellow from *Life* is George Nader. I gather from the advertisements that this item took a year and a half to make. Somebody must have been soldiering on the job.

LOWELL THOMAS, who used to work with colored slides on the lecture platform, has gone into partnership with his son Lowell, Jr., to give us "Out of This World," a Technicolor account of how things were in Tibet shortly before the Communists took over. This travelogue has no more depth than the pond in Central Park, and the camera work is amateurish enough to make you squirm. Still, it might add something to your knowledge about a highly inaccessible part of the world.

—John McCarten

●

### EXULTANT CRIES WE DOUBT EVER WENT UP AROUND THE AMERICAN LEAGUE

[*From the World-Telegram & Sun*]

Casey Stengel and George Weiss today called the Yankees' acquisition of Enos Country Slaughter from the Cardinals "protection and insurance."

Around the American League, the exultant cry went up, "The Bombers are scared, at last! Those 19 exhibition beatings really have Casey in a dither."

# The man who talks to Presidents

There have been times in Washington in recent years when what the press corps buzzed about was not the news so much as one of their own colleagues who made news.

More than once, Presidents of the United States have broken their rule against individual interviews to talk to him for publication.

For leaders in Washington know, as do thousands of readers all over the country, that there is no more informed or penetrating writing being done on national affairs today than is done by Arthur Krock.

Arthur Krock has been a reporter for more than four decades. He was a full-fledged Washington correspondent while still in his twenties, when William Howard Taft was President. He was managing editor of two newspapers before he was 30.

Since 1927, Arthur Krock has been a member of The New York Times editorial board. His column on national affairs, "In the Nation," written mainly from Washington, is an outstanding feature of The Times editorial page.

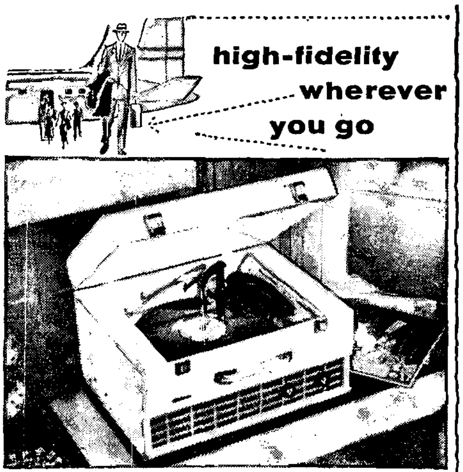
For 21 years, 1932-53, Arthur Krock was The Times Washington Correspondent, chief of the largest Washington bureau maintained by any publication. For superior accomplishment in reporting the news from Washington, four of the men in his bureau won Pulitzer Prizes, the highest honor in American journalism. His own distinguished and often exclusive reporting of Washington news has twice won the Pulitzer Prize.

Reporters and editors like Arthur Krock make The New York Times staff the envy of other publications. Pooling their wisdom and experience, they help produce each day a newspaper that is vigorous and alive, interesting and alert, different from any other. They put more into it. You get more out of it.

**The New York Times**

"ALL THE NEWS THAT'S FIT TO PRINT"

Arnold Newman



WEBCOR
portable
Musicale

Now, for the first time, you can take high fidelity with you Exciting music that makes you feel you are right in the orchestra hall can become an everyday pleasure. Take the new Webcor Portable Musicale with you to any room in the house, your friend's home or to school, church and club social affairs. Beautifully appointed in rich, leather-like Vinapex that resists scratching and scuffing. Has 3 speakers to cover the entire audio range with uniform response. Features a magnetic cartridge, 3-speed record changer and powerful 5-watt amplifier Available in Ebony, White, Sun Tan and Ginger. From $139^{50}*

WEBCOR
Chicago 39, Illinois
*Prices slightly higher west and subject to change.
© Webcor, Inc. 1954

MADISON SQ. GARDEN **NOW**
TWICE DAILY thru May 9; Daily 2:15 & 8:30 P.M.
Sundays, 2:15 & 7:00 P.M.

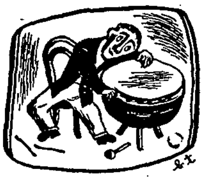
RINGLING BROS AND BARNUM & BAILEY CIRCUS

PRICES (Tax incl.) NIGHTS & MATINEES: $1.50, 2.50, 3.00, 3.50, 5.00, 6.00, 6.50
Tickets admitting to everything (including seats)
CHILDREN UNDER 12 HALF PRICE
Every Afternoon except Saturday and Sunday
MAIL ORDERS FILLED PROMPTLY
Send check or money order with self-addressed stamped envelope to RINGLING CIRCUS, Madison Square Garden

"A LAFF RIOT." Walter Winchell
DONALD JACKIE
COOK • COOPER
KING OF HEARTS
with CLORIS LEACHMAN
REX THOMPSON
LYCEUM THEA. W. 45th St. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

# MUSICAL EVENTS

## *Thin Ice*



VERDI'S "Falstaff," like the last quartets of Beethoven and some of the later operas of Richard Strauss, is the work of a mature artist who, near the end of his career and with many successes behind him, allowed himself the luxury of writing music of the subtlest and most tenuous sort—music that avoids all the tried and trusted recipes for guaranteed effectiveness. Unlike his other operas, it contains few set arias and virtually no smashing and impassioned tunes. Its peculiar enchantment lies in a diaphanous web of the most delicate musical ideas, woven with an intricacy that sometimes seems to disregard the everyday practicalities of operatic stagecraft. The task of realizing these delicate ideas has always been formidable. "Falstaff" does not require spectacular singing in the ordinary sense, but it does require spectacular refinements of musical style and the most exquisite coördination of its musical and its dramatic elements. Any crudity or exaggeration or inaccuracy can ruin it as a work of art and reduce it to what seems like a somewhat confusing, not overwhelmingly funny, and rather ineffective comic opera.

I am afraid that the production of "Falstaff" put on last Thursday evening by the New York City Opera failed to achieve the sort of realization I have spoken of. Actually, it did violence to Verdi's conception in a number of ways. In the first place, the libretto was translated into English, and, though I am no foe of translated opera in general, I am convinced that any translation of "Falstaff" is bound to damage the complex relation between music and drama that characterizes this work. The translation provided by Chester Kallman, moreover, seemed to me a bit stilted and sometimes even awkward. In the second place, the staging of the opera was so coarse and broad that Verdi's musical line constantly got lost in the horseplay. In the third place, Joseph Rosenstock's musical direction struck me as rough-and-ready instead of polished. There was a great deal of vocal activity in the first two acts that might be described as shouting rather than singing, and much of Verdi's counterpoint, which is as beautifully chiselled as chamber music, either was distorted or else went unheard. With the individual singers, I have no special quarrel. Most of the voices were fresh in quality. Richard Wentworth's Falstaff was an acceptable, if not impressively dominating, characterization, and Walter Cassel's Ford, aside from some unnecessary yelling now and then, was very well sung. Phyllis Curtin, Madelaine Chambers, and Rosemary Kuhlman sang the three leading female roles quite adequately, though they often had difficulty with the rapid enunciation of Mr. Kallman's English sibilants and other consonants. "Falstaff" has, of course, badly strained the resources of much more famous and vocally glittering opera companies than the one at the City Center. Still, I think that the one at the City Center might have done it a good deal better.

A MORE rewarding music experience, in my opinion, was provided on Monday evening of last week when the American Chamber Opera Society undertook, at Town Hall, the admittedly far simpler task of presenting Henry Purcell's "Dido and Aeneas" in concert form. The opera was preceded by the same composer's cantata "The Witch of Endor," and both works were given the sort of semidramatized stage performance—with slight suggestions of costume and action—that one encounters frequently nowadays. For such static and classically reserved items as these, the method seems ideal, since a full stage presentation would be a little pretentious, and as it is, one is easily able to grasp what drama there is through the music alone. Both productions were conducted with scrupulous eloquence by Arnold U. Gamson, and a generally distinguished cast of singers did exceedingly well by Purcell's dignified and sometimes quite moving seventeenth-century melodies. The high point of the evening was reached in Jennie Tourel's superb singing of the famous "Dido's Lament." But there were other admirable moments in "Dido," too—notably those contributed by Gloria Lane, as the Sorceress, and James McCracken, as Aeneas. In "The Witch of Endor," Lucine Amara sang the title role with warmth and excellent style.

SINCE the Metropolitan Opera closed its doors for the summer last week, I suppose a few words are in order concerning the virtues and defects of its season. On the whole, I found it a good one, if scarcely brilliant or provocative. No new contemporary operas were performed, which I think is a pity. Among the imported singers heard for the first time, there were some fairly mediocre artists. There were, however, a few who proved to be very welcome additions to the roster, among them the sopranos Irmgard Seefried and Lisa Della Casa, the tenor Cesare Valletti, the baritones Josef Metternich and Theodor Uppman, and the bass Fernando Corena. I have never considered it part of a critic's duty to tell the constituted authorities how to run the Opera House, but there was one weakness in the Met's productions this year that I think should be pointed out—namely, the conspicuous poverty of conducting talent. Aside from the work of Pierre Monteux during the first six weeks of the season, a single performance by George Szell, and a few evenings enlivened by Fritz Stiedry and Max Rudolf, the level of artistry in the orchestra pit was altogether routine and uninspired. The contrast with certain seasons of the Edward Johnson regime, when conductors of the calibre of Bruno Walter, Fritz Busch, and Sir Thomas Beecham were leading the performances, was pretty noticeable. I have no knowledge of the reasons behind this rather regrettable condition, but it seems to me that the Metropolitan should be in a position to acquire and keep more conductors of the first rank. Furthermore, some of the best opera conducting in New York during the past season has been done by young Americans who have never had the privilege of appearing at the Metropolitan. I don't know why young Americans should not conduct as well as sing at the Met if their talents are up to the job. I respectfully call the attention of the Met's directors to the superior work recently done in this field by such artists as Robert Shaw, Leonard Bernstein, Thomas Schippers, and Arnold U. Gamson. I am not suggesting that relatively inexperienced Americans should replace seasoned European masters in the Metropolitan's most important productions. I am merely noting that there is a good deal of first-rate talent around that the Opera House might find extremely useful.

—WINTHROP SARGEANT

•

A heavy pall of lust covered the upper two thirds of Texas last night and was expected to drift southeast over the state by morning.—*Yankton (S.D.) Press & Dakotan.*

Of course, the wind *could* shift.

KEEPS LIGHT RAYS OUT SEALS FLAVOR IN
PUTS TRUE COFFEE IN YOUR CUP

THE ONLY INSTANT COFFEE

SO GOOD...

IT HAS TO BE

LOCKED IN TIN

If you are one who can't stand that off-coffee flavor, this is the instant coffee for *you.* A blend of the finest prime coffees—and *nothing but coffee* —G. Washington's is percolated in small batches, extracted, then sealed with all its rich, fresh flavor into light-proof, flavor-lock tins.

Thus you enjoy G. Washington's natural, mellow coffee taste—never harsh or bitter, never flat or wishy-washy. Yet it costs no more.

Try the New Bead-Form G. Washington's Instant Coffee for the sheer pleasure of deep-down *true-coffee* flavor. If you do not agree it's the best instant coffee you ever tasted, get your money back by returning the tin with unused coffee to G. Washington's, Dept. 600, Morris Plains, N. J.

Try G. Washington's ...in New BEAD-FORM

G. Washington's
INSTANT COFFEE
100% PURE

Yes, the New G. Washington's is the ONLY one that's Flavor-Locked in tin...LIKE PREMIUM-QUALITY GROUND COFFEES

ALSO QUICK 1-Cup "Aces"

Sized for purse or pocket, G. Washington's foil-wrapped 1-cup "Aces" give you the same fine coffee wherever hot water is available. At your grocer's.

# ANNALS OF CRIME

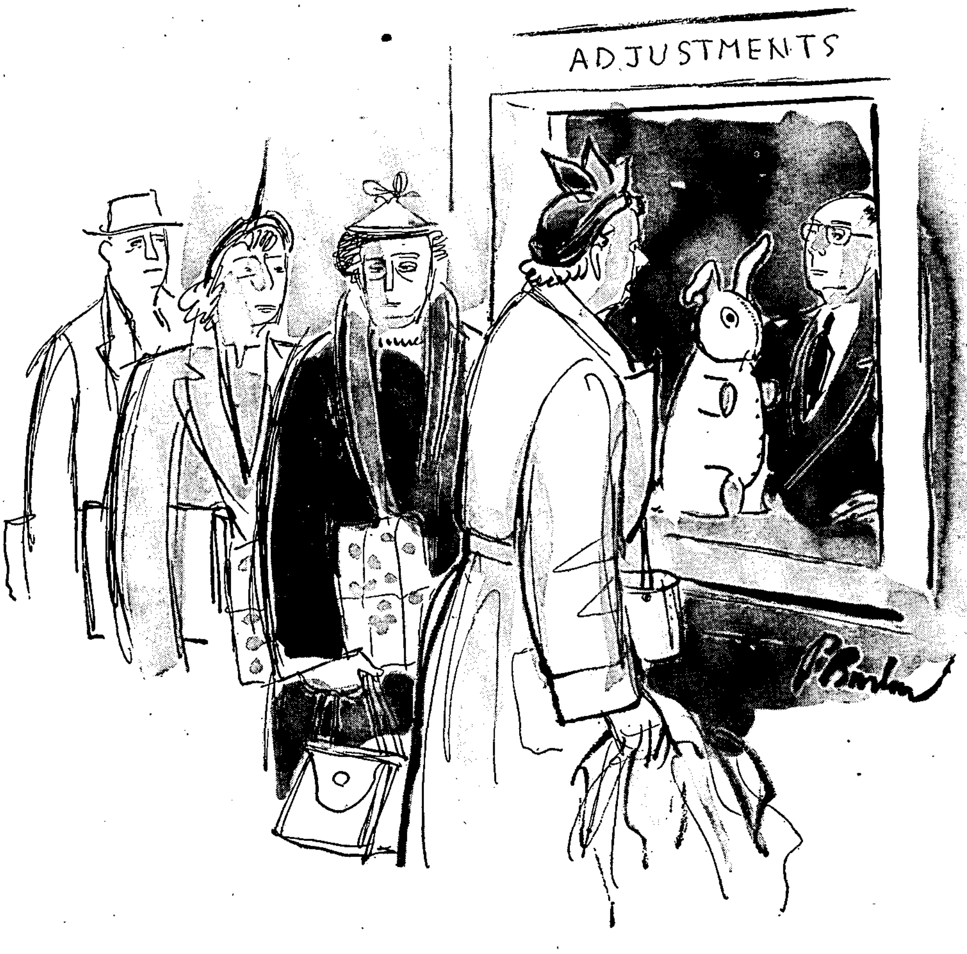
## THE IMPRESSION

AT noon on August 5, 1880, three months before the Presidential election in which General James A. Garfield, Republican, opposed General Winfield Scott Hancock, Democrat, two hundred leading Republicans assembled in the dining room of the old Fifth Avenue Hotel, on the northwest corner of Fifth Avenue and Twenty-third Street, to open a three-day campaign rally that was primarily aimed at patching up a feud between the conservative and liberal wings of the Party, the Stalwarts and the Half-Breeds, whose mutual antipathy was threatening to cost Garfield the election. The guest of honor was, of course, the candidate, a vigorous forty-eight-year-old soldier, educator, and Congressman with a full gray beard and the frame of a longshoreman. At the Republican Convention in Chicago two months before, he had been nominated on the thirty-sixth ballot, after a long, inconclusive struggle between the favorite of the Stalwarts, former President Ulysses S. Grant, and the favorite of the Half-Breeds, Senator James G. Blaine, of Maine, known to his followers as the Plumed Knight. The chief issues dividing the Party were civil-service reform, which the Half-Breeds were for and the Stalwarts were against, and the South, which the Half-Breeds were more inclined than the Stalwarts to treat as part of the Union. In Congress, Garfield had avoided identifying himself closely with either side, but, if anything, he leaned toward the Half-Breeds.

On August 6th, as the second session of the rally was breaking up, a zealous but little-known Stalwart edged among the dignitaries in the hotel lobby and began passing out leaflets. (Unable to get within reach of Garfield, he had one sent up to Room 35, where the General was staying.) He was a short, spare man of thirty-eight, with a dark complexion, wide-set gray-blue eyes, sunken cheeks, dark-brown hair, a thin mustache, and a full beard, and in the course of a peripatetic career he had been an evangelist, a lawyer, an insurance salesman, an author and publisher, and a swindler of landlords, haberdashers, and railway companies. His name was Charles J. Guiteau. The leaflet contained a twelve-hundred-word campaign speech he had written, called "Garfield Against Hancock." This oration, which was based on the idea that a Democratic victory would put the United States Treasury in the hands of ex-Rebels, was never delivered in full, but it occupies an important place in American history, because Guiteau later took it into his head that it had been a decisive factor in the election of Garfield.

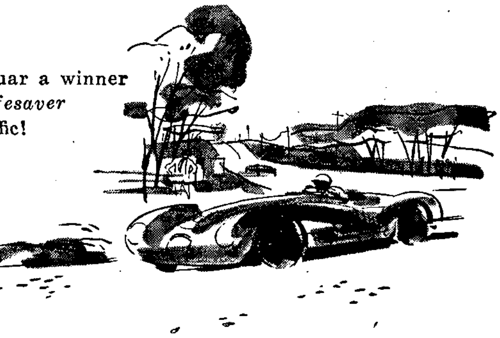
The spoils system was then at its zenith, and Guiteau felt that the Garfield administration owed him a substantial reward. At first, he had his eye on the post of Ambassador to Austria, but soon he lowered his sights and was willing to settle for the consulship in Paris. After Garfield was inaugurated, on March 4, 1881, Guiteau, like a host of other office seekers, went to Washington to advance his claim in person. The President of the United States was a great deal more accessible to job applicants then than he is now, and Guiteau got in to see Garfield, who, he said, received him civilly. In the course of the next three months, he sent the President and Blaine, who had been made Secretary of State, a steady stream of letters and memorandums calling his campaign services to their attention and urging that his appointment be sent promptly to the Senate for confirmation. It never was. Disheartening as he found this, he was far more deeply upset—or so he said—by a new outcropping of the hostility between the Stalwarts and the President over the question of patronage. In May, many newspapers were predicting the disintegration of the Republican Party, and to Guiteau, who read, clipped, and reread scores of anguished editorials, it seemed that Garfield was leading the country into total catastrophe.

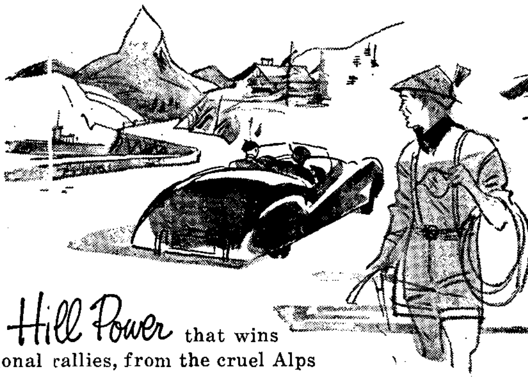
Brooding over the political situation in bed one night, Guiteau declared later, he was struck by what he called "an impression" that if Garfield were out of the way, all would be well with the Party and the nation. After praying for a fortnight, Guiteau said, he became convinced that this had been a direct inspiration from the Deity to assassinate—or, as he invariably put it, "remove"—the President. Over the next



*"Go ahead and squeeze it. Since when does a bunny go 'meow'?"*

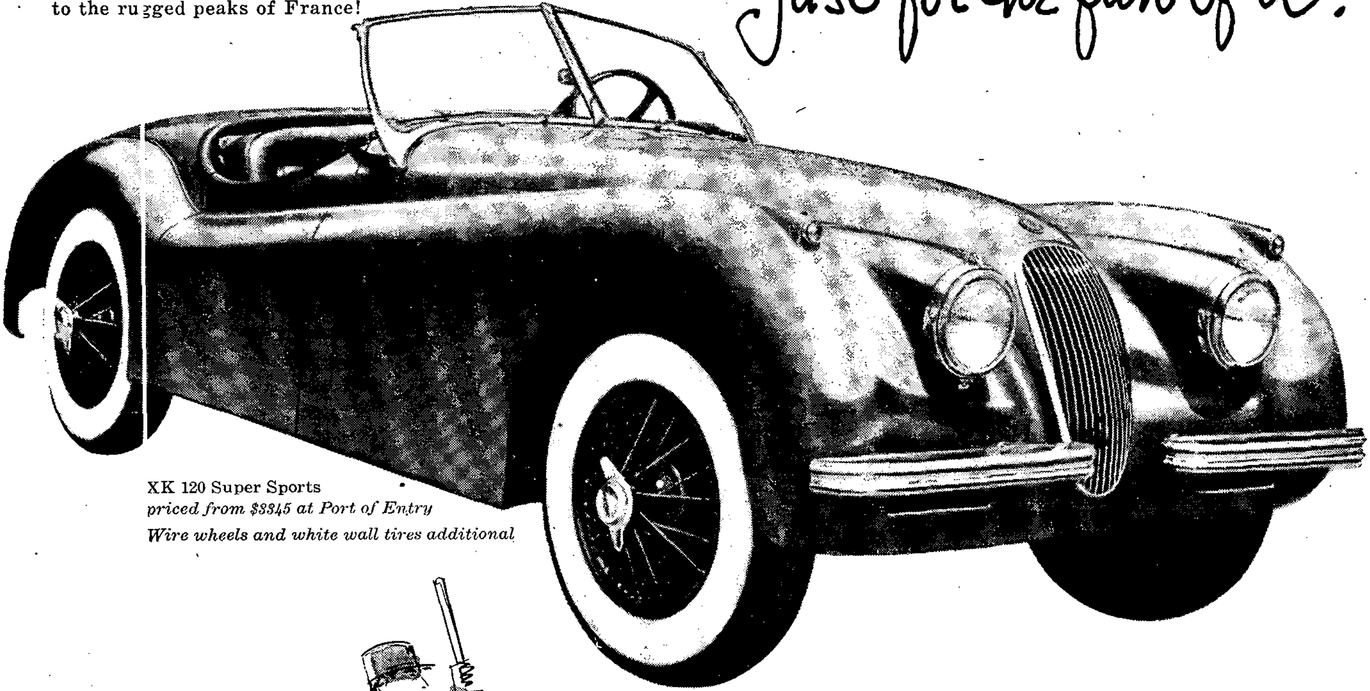
**Speed** that's made Jaguar a winner in over 46 major races . . . a *lifesaver* in modern American traffic!



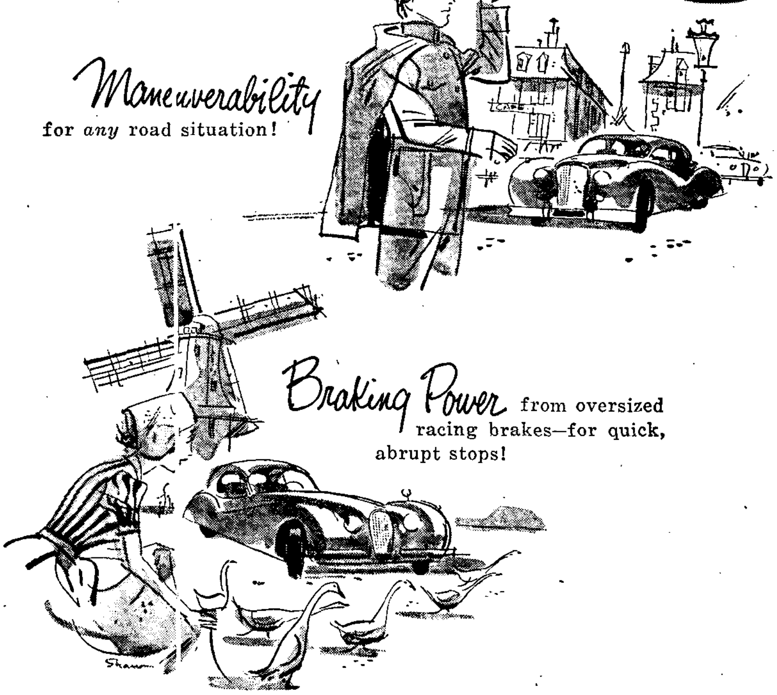


**Hill Power** that wins international rallies, from the cruel Alps to the rugged peaks of France!

# Just for the fun of it!



XK 120 Super Sports
*priced from $3345 at Port of Entry*
*Wire wheels and white wall tires additional*



**Maneuverability** for *any* road situation!

**Braking Power** from oversized racing brakes—for quick, abrupt stops!

A highly personal car . . . for those who appreciate superior motoring performance! Jaguar's famed engine makes it the world's *fastest* stock car. Low center of gravity, precision steering and braking power—the *safest.* Superb "roadability"—*the most exciting!* Let your dealer show you Jaguar in action . . . *just for the fun of it!*

# JAGUAR

*the finest car of its class in the world*

*Importer West of the Mississippi*
CHARLES H. HORNBURG, Jr., INC., 9176 SUNSET BLVD., LOS ANGELES • 
*Importer East of the Mississippi*
THE HOFFMAN MOTOR CAR CO., INC., 487 PARK AVE., N.Y.

**now**

*fly the Pacific*

*as* **Japan's**

**"personal guest"**

**At last! Real personal attention!** Highly-trained bilingual hostesses cater to your *individual* comfort. Deluxe passengers enjoy complimentary bar service, finest American and Japanese cuisine, fully-reclining lounge chairs. Tourist passengers, too, discover what real "hospitality aloft" can mean.

**Advance help and contacts** enrich your visit in Japan. JAL provides trade data, shopping and sightseeing guidance, *special introductions* to hotels, shops, businesses. You're truly Japan's "personal guest."

*San Francisco-Tokyo via*

**JAPAN AIR LINES**

*DC-6B Pacific Courier*

**Deluxe or Tourist,** you span the Pacific aboard Douglas' powerful DC-6Bs ...piloted by *million-miler* American captains. And you travel JAL's clear-weather "holiday" route to Tokyo via romantic *Honolulu!*

**For full information** — colorful folders, schedules, fares, tours, etc. — see your travel agent or write **Japan Air Lines:**

- 11 West 42nd St., New York—CH 4-0660
- 45 Grant, San Francisco—YU 2-6677

month or so, he had several excellent opportunities to do this, but each time his nerve failed, or the weather was not to his liking, or some other obstacle presented itself, and he did not attempt to carry out the project until July 2nd, when he stepped up behind Garfield in the old Baltimore & Potomac depot, in Washington, and fired two shots at his back. Only the first found its target, but that was enough. Garfield died seventy-nine days later, and Vice-President Chester A. Arthur, a Stalwart, became the twenty-first President of the United States. As it turned out, Guiteau helped accomplish something more lasting than the change of President. "The shot then fired," Charles A. and Mary R. Beard wrote in "The Rise of American Civilization," "rang throughout the land, echoes of the cruel deed driving into the dim and addled brain of the most hardened henchman the notion that there was something disgraceful in reducing the Chief Executive of the United States to the level of a petty job broker." In 1883, Congress authorized the creation of the Civil Service Commission.

CHARLES JULIUS GUITEAU was born in Freeport, Illinois, a town of nine hundred and eighty-two people, on September 8, 1841, the third, and youngest, child of Luther W. and Jane Howe Guiteau. (He had a brother, John, who became an insurance man, and a sister, Frances, who married a lawyer.) Mrs. Guiteau died when Charles was seven, and the boy grew up under the influence of his father, a public-spirited man of Huguenot descent whose enthusiasms were religion and Republicanism and who was elected to such positions as police magistrate and county superintendent of schools (a public school in Freeport was named after him) before he retired from public life, in 1865, to accept a steady job as cashier of the Second National Bank of Freeport. As for religion, Luther Guiteau was a devotee of the cult of Bible Communism practiced at the Oneida Community, a collective farm that had been established near Oneida, New York, in 1848, by the Reverend John H. Noyes, a preacher who, as it happened, was a cousin of President Rutherford B. Hayes, Garfield's predecessor. During Charles' childhood, Noyes occasionally visited the Guiteaus and held forth on his religious convictions, which stemmed from the heterodox theory that the Second Coming had already occurred, in the sky over Jerusalem at the time of its destruction by the Romans, in the year 70, and that, as a consequence, human beings could achieve a vital union with Christ here and now. The Oneida Community was, Noyes believed, the beginning of the heavenly kingdom. In addition to religious worship, it was dedicated to the selective breeding of children and, since Noyes considered monogamy "idolatrous, unhealthy, and pernicious," to "complex," or multiple, marriage. Luther Guiteau esteemed "The Berean," a book in which Noyes had expounded his theories, more highly than the Bible, and instead of saying grace before meals he and his family would declare in unison, "I confess Christ in this food, and I thank the Lord for John H. Noyes and the Oneida Community, and I confess my union with the Community." Luther Guiteau's acquaintances considered his theological views eccentric, but since he never advocated introducing Noyes' economic and social ideas to Freeport, that did not prevent them from voting for him, and they regarded him as perfectly sane. Insanity, however, did run in his family. One of his brothers died insane; the sanity of two of his sisters was questioned; and a niece and a nephew, Charles' first cousins, wound up in insane asylums.

As a boy, Charles was inclined to be unruly, but he was thought to be intelligent and well balanced. He went to school in Freeport until he was twelve, when, without letting him know in advance, his father remarried. Charles resented this deeply, and, to preserve family concord, Luther allowed the boy to go and live in Chicago with his sister and her husband, George Scoville. Charles was back after a year. When he was sixteen, he returned to Chicago to put in a year at a commercial college there. Then he went to work as a clerk for his father, who was at the time recorder of deeds for the county circuit court. After a year of this, Charles decided to go to college. His father advised him to go to Oneida instead and save his soul, but Charles had inherited a thousand dollars from his maternal grandfather, who had thought he was the only Guiteau who would ever amount to anything, and there was nothing to prevent him from striking off on his own. He chose the University of Michigan, but when he went to Ann Arbor, in September, 1859, he discovered that he was short of credits, and he entered a high school there to make them up. Thoroughly bored after a few weeks, he began to cut classes, and he spent most of the school year reading the Bible, "The Berean," and a collection

# Why Does the U.S. Government Collect More Taxes Per Case on Fleischmann's Whiskey

## *...than on most other leading blends?*

### You'll Be A Better Judge Of Whiskey When You Read These Facts:

**Of all the Popular Blends why are Fleischmann's Taxes more?**

Fleischmann's is 90 Proof whiskey. The *higher* the Proof—the more the taxes. Fleischmann's pays *$1.03* more per case than most other leading blends.

**Does this mean they have different Proofs?**

Yes. Most leading blends are no more than 86 Proof—some are even less. But Fleischmann's is a full 90 Proof.

**But what is Proof?**

Proof is the "strength" of whiskey—call it the "alcohol volume" if you wish.

**Why is Fleischmann's 90 Proof?**

Since 1870, when the Fleischmann Company first began distilling, only the highest quality ingredients have been used. And Fleischmann believes their whiskey reaches its "quality peak" only at *full* 90 Proof.

**Fleischmann's has all these advantages —but what about price?**

Even though Fleischmann pays more taxes, Fleischmann's whiskey actually *costs you less* than many best selling 86 Proof blends! For Fleischmann believes in giving you the highest *quality* at the most reasonable prices possible.

That's why you'll agree that Fleischmann's *is* America's *best blended whiskey value today!*

*No Other Whiskey—Only Fleischmann's Gives You the BIG, BIG 3:*

- **90 PROOF**
- **CHOICE QUALITY**
- **WINNING PRICE**

FLEISCHMANN
FLEISCHMANN'S
Established 1870
90 PROOF
PREFERRED
BLENDED WHISKEY
Blended and Bottled by THE FLEISCHMANN DISTILLING CORPORATION
Peekskill, N.Y.
Terre Haute, Ind.

BLENDED WHISKEY • 90 PROOF • 65% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS • THE FLEISCHMANN DISTILLING CORPORATION, PEEKSKILL, NEW YORK

of Oneida tracts that his father had sent him. This had its effect. In June, 1860, Charles went to Oneida, fully persuaded, he wrote his sister, "that my *eternal marriage* to Jesus Christ and *His* people in this world, hades, and the resurrection world is *pre*-eminently paramount to *all* other attraction of whatsoever kind or nature."

The Oneida Community, which in 1860 had about two hundred members, was a thriving commercial enterprise, operating a farm, a lumberyard, a cannery, an animal-trap factory, a crockery works, and a marketing organization—with an office in New York, at 335 Broadway—that sold its diverse products all over the Northeast. The members, who lived in a large hall, were assigned jobs by a committee, and Charles, as a young recruit unskilled in any manual craft, was given menial chores in the fields, the workshops, and the kitchen. Under this drudgery, he took to sulking, daydreaming of future glory, and tacking up on the walls of his room signs like this:

CHARLES J. GUITEAU,
PREMIER OF ENGLAND,
WILL DELIVER A LECTURE
IN ST. JAMES HALL, LONDON

He found compensation enough in the Community's religious program, as well as in the library, the debating society, and the company of several of his female co-religionists, to keep him at Oneida for five years. Then, in April, 1865, when he was twenty-three, he set out for New York with, as he said in a letter to his father, "the Bible for my textbook and the Holy Ghost for my schoolmaster." His intention, he told his Oneida colleagues, was not to give up his work for the Lord but to transfer it to a larger arena.

He took a comfortable five-dollar-a-week room over a bakery at 39 Washington Street, Hoboken, and, living on dried beef, crackers, and lemonade, began writing a prospectus for a newspaper to be known as the New York *Theocrat*—an idea that he had borrowed from Noyes but that he maintained had come to him from the Deity. "I say boldly I claim *inspiration*," he wrote his father. "I claim that I am in the employ of *Jesus Christ & Co.*, the very ablest and strongest firm in the universe." The prospectus called for a chain of theocratic dailies, to be published "under the power and magnetism of God," that would supplant the secular press and eliminate the need for "pulpit oratory" in the great cities of the world. One day in July, he took it down to Park Row, introduced himself

J. PRESS *DACRON AND RAYON TROPICAL SUITS*

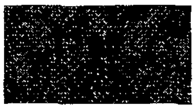
NEW HAVEN * CAMBRIDGE * NEW YORK * J. PRESS

WITH TEXTILE advances in synthetic fibre blends come economical materials, remarkably similar in appearance to costly tropical worsteds, which tailor successfully by methods needing few hand needle operations. Incredibly lightweight, shape maintaining, and wear resistant, they make J. PRESS suits of particularly fine appearance at a popular price.

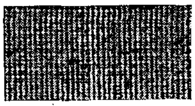
Styled with natural shoulders, three button high notch single breasted lapels, deep hook vents and slim leg trousers they are finely detailed as well with ⅛" overlap edges and seams. Priced at **$49.50**

*Swatches supplied upon request.*

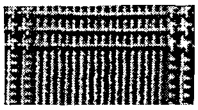
**Fine Basket Weaves**
Deep blue
Black Brown



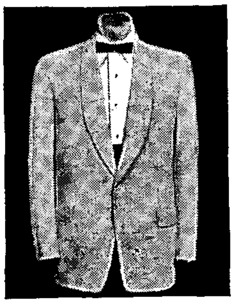
**Plain Hairlines**
Medium Gray
Coke Gray



**Hairline Glen Checks**
Neutral Gray-tan with
blue overcheck



*DACRON AND RAYON WHITE DINNER JACKETS*



Dacron and rayon white dinner jackets, single breasted with shawl lapel, flap pockets and hook vent, ideally lightweight and impervious to wrinkling. Priced at **$37.50**

Tropical worsted black dinner trousers, cut with plain front and slimmed leg proportions. Priced at **$22.50**

*DACRON AND COTTON* Dinner Dress Shirts — for the first time in fine white Sheer Batiste — square clip collar, entire front length permanently pleated, will wash and dry in 3 hours, need no ironing. Priced at **$15.50**

NEW HAVEN * CAMBRIDGE * NEW YORK * J. PRESS

**262 York St., New Haven**
**82 Mt. Auburn St., Cambridge**
**341 Madison Ave., New York**

*MAIL ORDERING SERVICE*

PROMPT AND EXACT attention is given mail orders entrusted to us. Please submit height, weight, chest measure and waist measure, shirt size and sleeve length — or send for our measurements form.

Please include 35c postage for points east of the Mississippi, and 50c for mailing points beyond, to cover package postage.

*New Brochure mailed on request.*

COME IN . . . RELAX IN STYLE!

See the famous King-of-Ease Reclining Chair in our beautiful showroom at

305 EAST 63rd STREET

or in any of our other Exhibits.

KITTINGER company, inc.

Completely automatic to any reclining position. Many styles.

Sold only thru Accredited Decorators and Dealers.

BUFFALO NEW YORK CHICAGO BOSTON LOS ANGELES SAN FRANCISCO

# Home on the highway

Out-of-towners get an "at home" feeling when they stop at the beautiful Marion Court Motel in Marion, Illinois. Beautiful Gulistan Carpet helps create an atmosphere of comfort and relaxation in the lobby of this new motel. More and more, successful businesses are choosing Gulistan carpets. For your business, too, Gulistan can provide—or specially create—a luxurious carpet to set just the atmosphere you want. See your nearest Gulistan carpet dealer or write: Contract Department, A. & M. Karagheusian, Inc., 295 Fifth Avenue, N. Y. 16, N. Y.

**GULISTAN CARPET**

MANUFACTURED ON POWER MACHINERY IN THE U. S. A. BY A. & M. KARAGHEUSIAN, INC., 295 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 16, N. Y.

The 1954 Plymouth Belvedere Convertible, shown at the Sea Island Golf Club, Sea Island, Georgia. In the background is the *Belvedere Sport Coupe.*

Fun for the whole family! Enjoy "That's My Boy" each week on CBS-TV. See TV page of your newspaper for time and station.

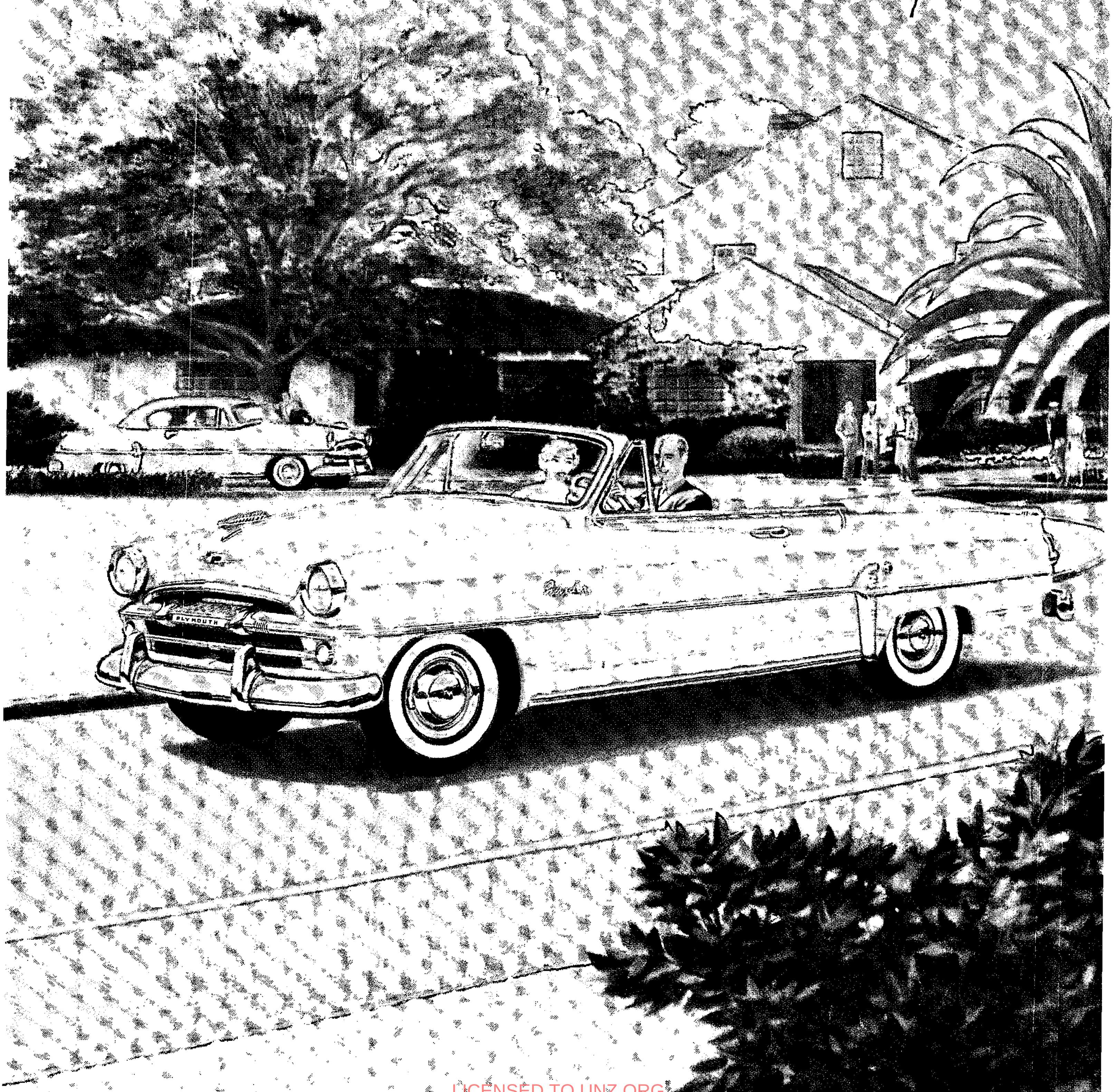
**The beautiful new Plymouth enjoys an enviable reputation with discriminating motorists because under its beauty they discover solid value. For example, they find the unsurpassed driving ease of the new PowerFlite fully automatic transmission combined with the 10% higher horsepower of the new PowerFlow engine. They also enjoy the energy-saving convenience of Power Brakes and full-time Power Steering.**

PowerFlite, Power Brakes and Power Steering each available at low extra cost

**PLYMOUTH**

Chrysler Corporation's No. 1 Car

PLYMOUTH BUILDS GREAT CARS

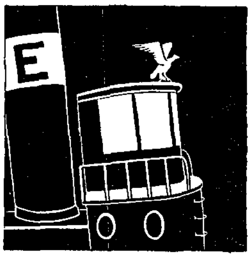


to some newspapermen, and asked them to read it. They laughed and told him that any newspaper called the *Theocrat* was doomed before it started. Shattered by this experience, Guiteau returned to his room and wrote a letter to the authorities at Oneida asking if they would let him come back. "In the world," his letter said, "the *flesh* everywhere prevails over the *spirit*, and this makes it exceedingly difficult for a *spiritual* man to prosper, and herein, as it appears to me, lies the greatest impediment to the success of my paper."

In August, after four months in the outside world, Guiteau was again accepted for membership in the Community. For a time, he was assigned to the New York office, and then he was ordered back to the farm, where he was appointed assistant shipping agent in the animal-trap shop, with the additional duty of driving his colleagues to and from work in a horse-drawn wagon. He stuck to this routine for about a year, but his zeal for the heavenly kingdom was ebbing steadily, and in November, 1866, he sneaked out and took a train for New York, lacking the fortitude to face his superiors, who, he knew, would regard this second departure as a sure augury of damnation. He had to steel himself not to turn back when his train stopped at Albany.

Guiteau, like all members, had deposited his money—about nine hundred dollars—with the Oneida Community upon joining, and now he asked for it and got it back. He claimed that he had several thousand dollars more coming to him, and threatened to sue the Community, but this attempt at swindling, his first, failed; he could not even find a lawyer who would take the case. He settled down in a room at 414 Fourth Avenue, near Twenty-ninth Street, and spent his time reading in Y.M.C.A. libraries, attending services at the Plymouth Church, in Brooklyn—which he joined because the Reverend Henry Ward Beecher, one of his heroes, was its pastor—and figuring out ways to work off his venom against Noyes. Early in 1867, he published and circulated, anonymously, a pamphlet called "An Appeal to All Lovers of Virtue," urging that criminal proceedings be instituted against the Community "to the end that it may be wiped out," and charging, among other things, that "nightly, innocent *girls* and innocent young women are sacrificed to an experience easier imagined than described." Later, he told the court that at the farm he had had affairs with three women.

By May, 1867, Guiteau's funds were beginning to run low, and he moved to a cheaper room in Harlem. ("One can," he wrote his sister, "ride to the Astor House on horse-cars, a distance of eight miles, for *six* cents. Cheap enough.") He contemplated going to work, and attempted somewhat perfunctorily to find a newspaper job. He called on Horace Greeley at the New York *Tribune*, but Greeley was out, so he tried the *Independent*, whose managing editor, Theodore Tilton, told him, "This newspaper is splendidly shipped." Guiteau decided to become a lawyer instead, and began reading Blackstone. In the spring of 1868, he went to Chicago, and there he landed a job as a clerk with a respected law firm. In those days, it was less difficult to enter the legal profession than it is now, and that August, on the strength of his job and his ability to answer a few questions put to him by a casual examiner, he was admitted to the bar. Thereupon he went into practice, which for him was to consist largely of taking debt-collection cases on commission, dunning the debtors, and, if he managed to get any money, keeping it for himself.

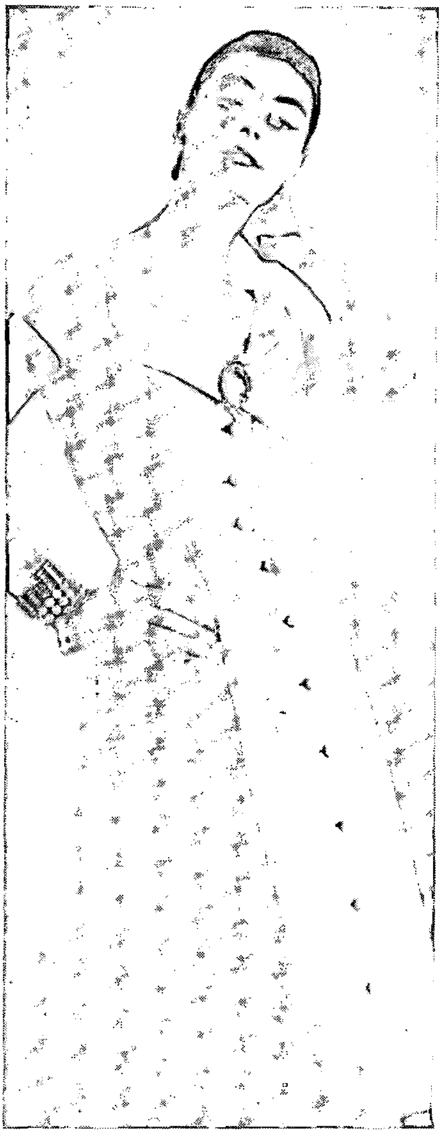


SOON after Guiteau arrived in Chicago, he met a devout and attractive sixteen-year-old girl named Annie Bunn, who worked in a Y.M.C.A. library. She was much impressed by his piety and eloquence, and they were married on July 3, 1869. Shortly afterward, he embarked on what was to be an eleven-year career of cheating merchants, pawnbrokers, boarding-house keepers, and business associates. "No one," an acquaintance of this period later said, "could have anything whatever to do with him without getting victimized to a great extent."

At that time, Guiteau's tastes were expensive, running to seventy-five-dollar suits and lavish rooms in the best hotels and boarding houses. Even if he had money, it was unusual for him to pay his haberdasher or his landlord, and still more unusual for him to pay in full. Every few weeks, he and his wife either sneaked out of their lodgings under cover of darkness or were evicted, with their luggage held as collateral. If Mrs. Guiteau expressed misgivings about this way of life, as she often did,

TOOTAL®
LINEN

the most luxurious linen you can buy



You are always exquisitely dressed in Tootal linen. It has an air of unmistakable distinction. This British import is marked Tebilized® for tested crease-resistance. Lyena Dodge of **Mutual-Rosenbloom** uses Tootal linen charmingly in this gentle princess dress. White, aqua or black; sizes 14 to 40. At Bonwit Teller, New York; Nan Duskin, Phila.; Hutzler Bros., Baltimore . . about $70.

THE TOOTAL GUARANTEE:
All fabrics bearing the registered trademark "TOOTAL" are guaranteed to give satisfaction. Should dissatisfaction arise through any defect in the fabric, Tootal will replace the garment or refund the price. T. B. Lee Company, Inc., 1441 Broadway, New York.

Only 6 hours to ideal weather in cool, sunny

**Puerto Rico, U.S.A.**

A lovely, flower-filled island—cooled by the trade winds—with magnificent pools, palm-fringed beaches and quaint Spanish Colonial towns. Superb modern hotels, air-conditioned, serving both American and Puerto Rican dishes. Intimate night clubs and gay casinos. Exciting mountain trips available over 3,000 miles of hard-surface roads. Deep-sea fishing. Golf. Tennis. A commonwealth of the U. S., where English is spoken, American currency used and no passports or visas required. Low cost Summer tours. See your Travel Agent or write for color folder to **Puerto Rico Visitors Bureau,**
Room 3606, 600 Fifth Avenue, New York 20. N. Y.

Gallo
WROUGHT IRON
Furniture Fashions

"KEYNOTE MODERN"... new and different with functional design and casual comfort... wrought iron at its best... handcrafted for enduring beauty and protected against corrosion with our exclusive NON-RUST Finish, guaranteed for 6 years.

*See our complete selection at leading Department and Furniture stores, or thru your Decorator. Send for brochure S-7*

GALLO *Furniture, Inc.* 401 PARK AVENUE, BROOKLYN 5, N. Y.

he asserted that the world owed him a living and that one way or another he was going to get it. After making this clear, he would often gaze at himself in a mirror, smooth down his lapels, and ask her, "Don't you think I would look like a good Foreign Minister?" One evening in October, 1871, Guiteau hired an express wagon, drove it to their current lodgings, a Wabash Avenue boarding house, while his landlady was at dinner, and made off with their luggage. "Not one man in five hundred," he told his wife, "would have attempted that."

Soon after this exploit, the Guiteaus took a train to New York and checked in at the Cortlandt Street Hotel, where they quickly ran up a bill of a hundred dollars, which Guiteau was unable to pay. After a reconnaissance convinced him that he could not throw their bags out the window without being caught, he packed their essentials in a small valise and they fled to a rooming house on Twenty-second Street. In spite of his frequent changes of residence, Guiteau succeeded in impressing most of the people he met as a pillar of the community. He did not, then or ever, smoke, drink, swear, or gamble; his manner was open and agreeable; and his good clothes and important air led strangers to take him for a refined, trustworthy, up-and-coming young man. A few weeks after he arrived in New York, he resumed the practice of law—working from a desk he rented in an office at 59 Liberty Street—and joined the Calvary Baptist Church. Soon he sent his wife to borrow ninety-five dollars from their new pastor, who lent it readily and never got it back.

GUITEAU's first plunge into politics occurred in the summer of 1872, when Horace Greeley was campaigning for the Presidency, on the Democratic and Liberal Republican tickets, against Grant, on the straight Republican ticket. Greeley had been an object of veneration in the Guiteau household, and now Charles devoted all his leisure time—he had a good deal—to Greeley's campaign, hanging around his headquarters, chatting with minor politicians, and, now and then, speaking at street meetings. All this whetted Guiteau's appetite for public office, and he intended, if Greeley was elected, to apply for the position of Minister to Chile. Although he wanted to use Greeley to further his own interests, Guiteau seems to have had a genuine affection for him. Greeley's death, twenty-four days after his defeat in the election, Mrs. Guiteau told a reporter during the trial, nine years later, "seemed to completely unfit him [Charles] for everything; he was utterly disheartened, and did not have the desire or inclination to undertake anything whatever." At Guiteau's trial, one of the prosecuting attorneys said, "If Mr. Greeley had been elected and the Chilean mission had been refused to this man, he would have got a bulldog pistol and sent a cartridge into the back of Horace Greeley." Guiteau shouted, "You know that that is an absolute, wicked, venomous, devilish lie!"

IN 1873, when Guiteau was thirty-two, his marital, religious, and financial situation began to deteriorate. In the spring of that year, his wife left him, and on April 4, 1874, after nearly five years of marriage, she divorced him on the grounds of adultery. When the trustees of his church asked for his side of the story, he admitted that he could not resist women of the street, that he had entertained several with money given to him by his wife, and that he had contracted syphilis. He was expelled from the church. To top off these calamities, that same month the *Herald* ran an exposé of his professional methods, under the headline "A PROFITABLE COLLECTING LAWYER," which all but destroyed his practice. He initiated a suit against the paper for a hundred thousand dollars, but he never carried it through—not, he said, because he was afraid of losing but because he did not wish to have the editor, James Gordon Bennett, Jr., down on him in case he ever ran for President.

The only way Guiteau was now able to earn a legal fee in New York was by helping a prisoner get released on bail, and so he began frequenting the courts and the Tombs. Then, one day, he landed in the Tombs himself. In December, 1874, when he was staying at the St. Nicholas Hotel, on Broadway near Spring Street, a house detective marched him off to the Prince Street police station and had him booked on a charge of false pretenses, which meant intent to defraud the hotel. Guiteau was found guilty and received a five-week sentence. While he was in jail, he decided he had had enough of New York, and on his release he immediately went to Chicago, where he applied for a job at a law firm, representing himself as an attorney who had just resigned as United States consul in Marseille. His name lent plausibility to this story, and although there was no

For women who want
to look younger than they are...

HELENA RUBINSTEIN'S SKIN SERUM

Madame Rubinstein has spent her life helping women look younger. She knows how important it is to their careers, their happiness, their marriages. Now, she brings American women ... Skin Serum. This remarkable new treatment (imported from France) achieves miraculous results for aging skin. Neither a cream nor a lotion, it is a serum in a hermetically sealed vial. Rich in lipoids and proteins, you apply Skin Serum externally to the skin. Skin Serum brings back the appearance of youthful tone, suppleness and freshness. With your first treatment, you see droop and dryness counteracted: Invisible film hides lines and wrinkles.

Three weeks' supply of 10 vials, 12.50. Box of 30 vials, 27.50. Prices plus tax.

© 1954 Helena Rubinstein, Inc., 655 Fifth Ave., New York 22, N. Y.

SENTED IN A COMPLETE SELECTION OF DESIGNS AND CUSTOM
HUES. READY-TIED BOWS—EACH 4.50. TIE-ON BOWS—EACH 5.00

thetic conductor, who let him ride to Detroit. He had one of his most profitable nights in that city—admission was ten cents, and about fifty persons turned up—but the moment he finished his talk, a deputy sheriff arrested him and hustled him onto the 11 P.M. train back to Ann Arbor to see that he attended to his debts. Just beyond Ypsilanti, the sheriff fell asleep and Guiteau jumped off the train. He ran back down the track for a mile and then trudged a distance he estimated at nineteen more miles before catching another train, this one bound for Toledo. In Toledo, he rented a hall and circulated handbills, but no one showed up. In Cleveland, the same thing happened. In Buffalo, he spoke to a somewhat derisive but large audience, took in five dollars, and received a favorable notice in the *Courier*. He addressed a good audience in Rochester, two people in Syracuse, twenty-five in Utica, and several hundred in Albany.

After lecturing for a time around New York but not in it—he was afraid it took "an immense reputation" to draw a crowd here—Guiteau made his first visit to Washington, where in six weeks he sold three hundred pamphlets, at a quarter each. In January, 1878, he took a train to Boston, advertised himself as the arch-foe of Robert G. Ingersoll, the Great Agnostic, whose lectures denying the existence of Hell were drawing large crowds, and spoke in Wesleyan Hall. An audience of twelve came to hear him. "A great many people," Guiteau remarked later, "are perfectly willing to pay fifty cents to hear that there ain't any Hell, but they don't like to hear that there is one."

Toward the end of January, riding on an express train from Jersey City to Washington, Guiteau, as usual, told the conductor that he was travelling for the Lord, but this conductor asked a brakeman to watch Guiteau and hand him over to the police when they reached Newark. Guiteau waited until the brakeman turned to poke up a stove, then rushed to the door and, although the train was going nearly thirty-five miles an hour, jumped off, cutting his face and demolishing an overcoat that he had just bought for six dollars in a second-hand store. A few weeks later, after a brief trip through New England, Guiteau hired a room in the Newark Opera House, and succeeded in drawing an audience of fifty to hear him talk on "Is There a Hell?"—a lecture that, his handbills said, "the Boston papers speak of . . . as a masterly effort full of ideas." Guiteau started off

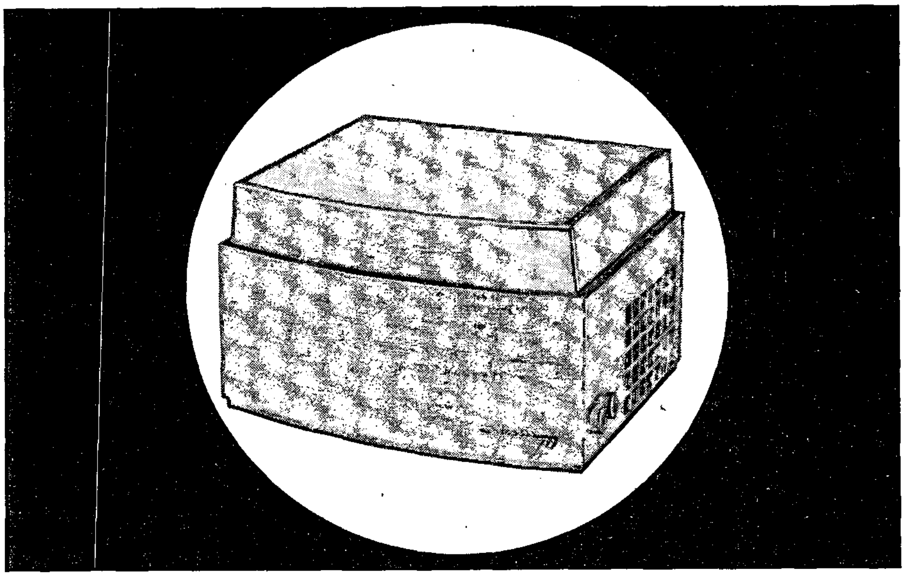
Countrified counterparts
in our exclusive
Khyber Cloth

Relaxed and well-bred, in sueded cotton poplin. Zelan*-treated for water repellency. Desert tan.

Field jacket, 36 to 46. **20.00**
Plain front slacks, 29-40. **12.95**
(Not shown)
English-style golf jacket **11.95**
Knee length shorts **8.95**
*Men's Store, Street Floor* *R

*New York, New Rochelle, Fresh Meadows, Stamford*

SWITCH IT ON AND THE WHOLE ROOM PLAYS



COLUMBIA "360"
BEST SELLING HIGH FIDELITY PHONOGRAPH IN AMERICA*

*Per Billboard Survey of 3000 leading dealers. "Columbia," "360" Trade Marks Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. Marcas Registradas

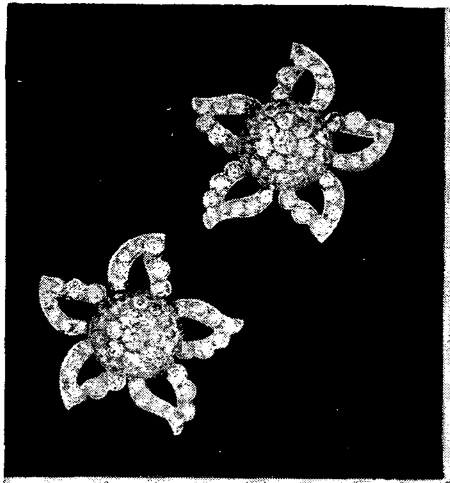
with a few cursory observations on the Second Coming, read a passage or two from the Book of Genesis, predicted curtly that the world would soon come to an end, and then, to the astonishment of his listeners and before a half-dozen creditors who were waiting for him could gather their wits, said good night and vanished.

This was Guiteau's last lecture for several months. He went back to Wisconsin by stages, selling pamphlets along the way, and in August, after a little more than a year on the road, he opened a law office in Milwaukee. Instead of seeking clients, however, he wrote two new lectures, "Paul the Apostle" and "Christianity Reviewed Since A.D. 70," which he couldn't resist trying out in Madison, Beloit, Davenport, Dubuque, St. Louis, and Chicago.

It was in Chicago, in July, 1879, that Guiteau, with some cash that he had scraped up by selling insurance, had his lectures published in a paper-bound book called "The Truth: A Companion to the Bible." Although he wrote in the preface, "A new line of thought runs through this book," one passage after another had been lifted, practically word for word, from "The Berean." Whenever he was accused of plagiarism, Guiteau asserted with a great show of confidence that he had had "a separate inspiration," that his ideas were stronger and better expressed than Noyes', and that the Lord would honor him for the work. For a time, "The Truth" did benefit him in a material way. The original edition, which consisted of five hundred copies, bore the price of a dollar, but Guiteau usually asked only fifty cents a copy, and before long he had to have a second printing. One of his best markets was Chautauqua, which he visited while a convention of Sunday-school teachers was in progress.

Guiteau's fateful switch from evangelism back to politics took place in Boston in the spring of 1880, shortly after he had delivered a new lecture, called "Some Reasons Why Two-Thirds of the Human Race Are Going Down to Perdition." The sales of his book had been dropping off, and he had returned to selling insurance, only to find, he said, that "Boston is a very stupid place for life insurance." Just when he was urgently looking for another field of endeavor, the approaching Republican Convention aroused his dormant ambition for political fame and public office. He went to the Boston Public Library and wrote a campaign speech for Gen-

. . . the new love of Paris . . .
PARFUM
Succès Fou de Schiaparelli
Succès Fou de Schiaparelli PARIS
Succès Fou
Schiaparelli's perfume triumph . . . made and packaged in France · 12.50 · 23.50 · 40.00 plus tax



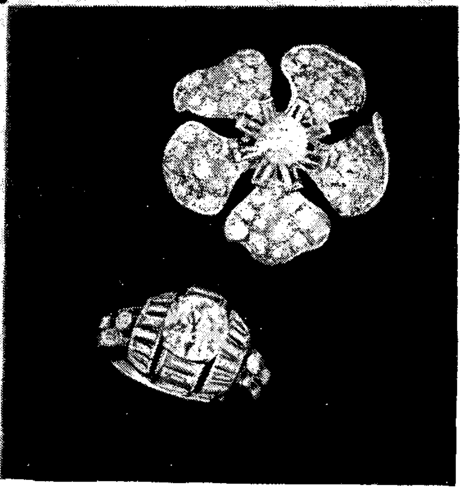
JEWEL FOR THE MONTH of APRIL

Ear Clips—Twinkling stars of diamonds . . . . . . . . . . $2,300*
Clip—Wild rose of diamonds with curled-up petals . . . . . . $2,400*
Ring—Round diamond, 2.37 cts. entwined with baguettes $3,500*
*Prices include Fed. Tax

VAN CLEEF & ARPELS

*World-Famous French Jewelers*

744 Fifth Avenue, New York
Dallas · Palm Beach · Paris
Monte Carlo · Cannes · Deauville



**Chacun à son whiskey**

SOME PEOPLE like some other brand of whiskey better than they like Lord Calvert.

●

Some people like Lord Calvert better than any other brand of whiskey.

●

We've noticed folks in this second group are handsome, witty and attractive, with great nobility of character. (First group's all *right*, of course. Just not our type.)

●

Lord Calvert costs a little more, tastes a little better. Makes sense, doesn't it?

Calvert Distillers Corporation, N. Y. C. Blended Whiskey. 86.8 Proof. 65% Grain Neutral Spirits.

MARK CROSS
Fifth Ave. at 55th, N. Y. 22

**THE BUNKER BAG**

Our own practical idea—adding that built-in side compartment to keep shoes, soiled clothes and such away from everything else. Of sturdy hand-boarded hide, the Bunker serves handsomely for travel, makes a perfect club bag for a golfer. Lightweight, roomy, it zips and locks. Light or dark tan, $29.50.
Plus 10% excise tax
Mail and Phone Orders, SU 7-4000

eral Grant, for whom he now had much more enthusiasm than he had had eight years earlier. After the convention had chosen Garfield, he doctored up the manuscript, and on June 11, 1880, he left for New York to offer the Republicans his services, with, he said later, "the distinct feeling that I was on my way to the White House in some way."

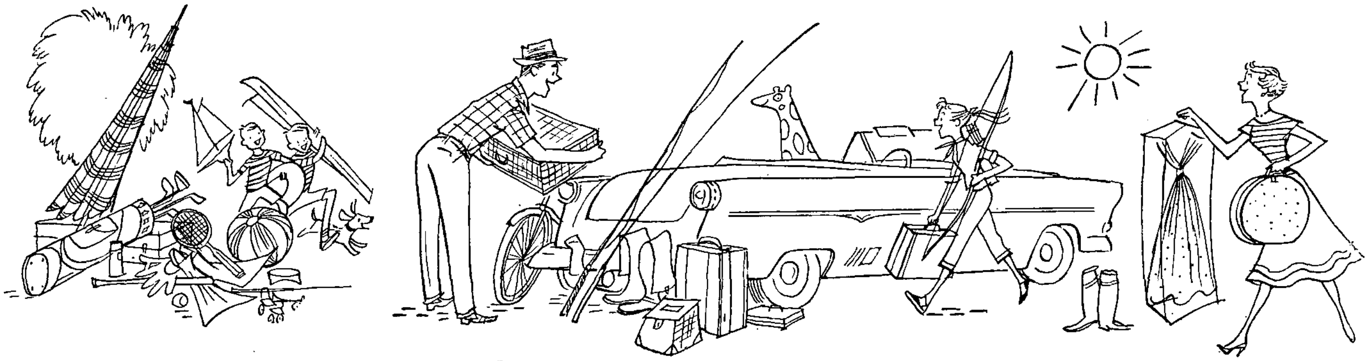
STUMP speaking was what Guiteau now wanted to do, and when he arrived in New York, he importuned several high-ranking Republicans, including Chester A. Arthur, to help him get an official, paid oratorical assignment, but they all turned him down. With a view to trying out the speech on a non-metropolitan audience, he went up to Poughkeepsie, where it rained and no one came, and then to Saratoga Springs, where, in spite of the fact that he advertised himself in the newspapers as "the orator from the West," no one came, either. Back in town, Guiteau started one Saturday night to deliver the speech at an outdoor rally on Twenty-fifth Street, but it was a rowdy gathering, and the noise, the torchlights, and the audience, which was predominantly colored, rattled him so much that he broke off after a few moments and handed the text to reporters. "Garfield Against Hancock" was a disconnected diatribe against the South, ringing with phrases like "Immortal Lincoln!" and describing "Uncle Tom's Cabin" as "a matchless work of fiction." The idea that in Guiteau's opinion was responsible for the election of Garfield was contained in the peroration, which went:

> This is the issue—a solid North against a solid South. The North conquered the South on the field of battle, and now they must do [so] at the polls in November, or they may have to fight another war. Ye men whose sons perished in the war, what say you to this issue? Shall we have another war? Shall our National Treasury be controlled by ex-rebels and their Northern allies, to the end that millions of dollars of Southern war claims be liquidated? If you want the republic bankrupted, with the prospect of another war, make Hancock President. If you want prosperity and peace, make Garfield President, and the Republic will develop till it becomes the greatest and wealthiest nation on the globe.

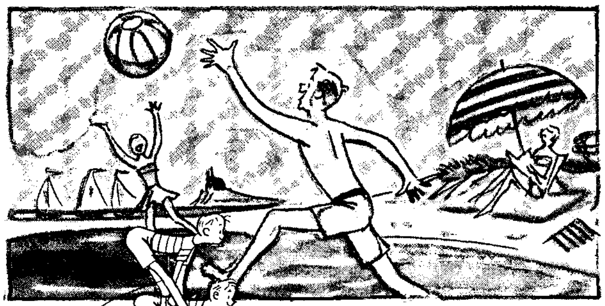
On August 1st, four days before the Republican harmony rally began, Guiteau had the speech printed. Every day from then till the election, he reported at Republican headquarters, in the lobby of the Fifth Avenue Hotel, handing out copies of his speech as if they were business cards and talking to anybody who would listen about his prospects for a diplomatic job. One day, he cornered General Grant in the lobby and asked him to sign a letter recommending Charles Guiteau for the Vienna assignment, but Grant refused, and Guiteau decided to communicate directly with Garfield. He sent the President-to-be another copy of his speech and a letter to the effect that he was a candidate for the Vienna post and that he might marry a very wealthy woman, who would help him represent the United States graciously. He later admitted that he had had no particular wealthy woman in mind. Neither this letter nor a follow-up, written in January, 1881, produced a reply.

ON March 5th, the day after Garfield's inauguration, Guiteau left a rooming house on West Twenty-second Street, without settling his account, and, in pursuit now of the Paris consulship, went to Washington. A week or so after his arrival, he recalled in court, he went to the White House, wriggled through a throng of job seekers, and entered the President's office. "As soon as General Garfield was at leisure," he testified, "I stepped up to him and gave him my speech. Of course, he recognized me at once. I marked my name and 'Paris consulship' at the end of it—connecting it with my name—and I gave it to him, and I told him that I was an applicant for the Paris consulship, and he looked at it, and I left him reading the speech and retired. That is the only interview I ever had with General Garfield on the subject."

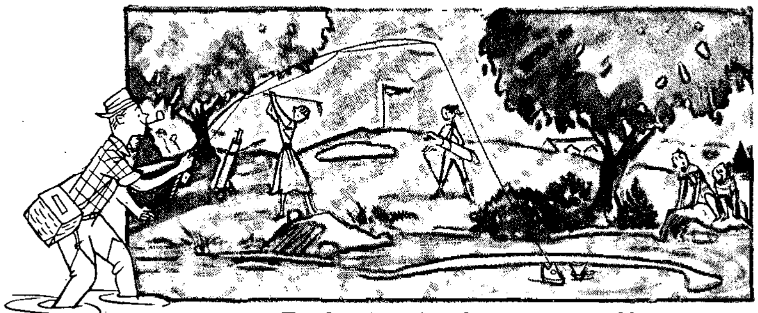
A few days later, a White House clerk told Guiteau that his request had been referred to the State Department, and he went there to check up on it. Running into Blaine in the building, he handed him a copy of "Garfield Against Hancock" and asked him to expedite matters. On March 8th, he sent the President another copy of his speech—at least the fifth—along with a note that read, "I presume my appointment will be promptly confirmed. There is nothing against me. I claim to be a gentleman and a Christian." A few days later, he sent Blaine another copy of the speech, with a note saying, "It was about the first shot on the rebel war



# New England has everything you "go" for!



**You'll love New England's** broad, sandy beaches cooled by fresh ocean breezes . . . or its crystal lakes with mountains only minutes away.

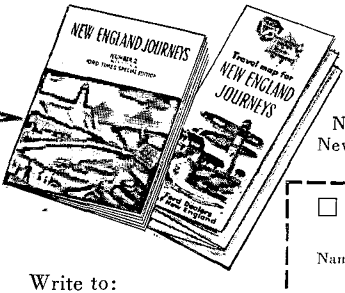


**In New England** you're always near a golf course or a good fishing spot. Or no matter what you enjoy—tennis or badminton, picnicking, boating, or just plain relaxing—New England's the place to do it!

**The beautiful scenery** lures many to New England for mountain climbing, hiking, and horseback riding. But New England is also a sight-seer's paradise, with names that crowd our history books around every corner.

**Night life as you like it** . . . with summer theaters, music festivals, wonderful New England sea food dinners, moonlight cruises, and dancing!

## Get these free


NEW ENGLAND JOURNEYS
Travel map for NEW ENGLAND JOURNEYS
Ford Dealers of New England

**For this** delightful, 128-page, full-color booklet and map that will help make your New England vacation more enjoyable, ask any New England Ford Dealer or mail this coupon:

☐ Booklet ☐ Map ☐ Both

Name____________________

Address____________________

City____________________

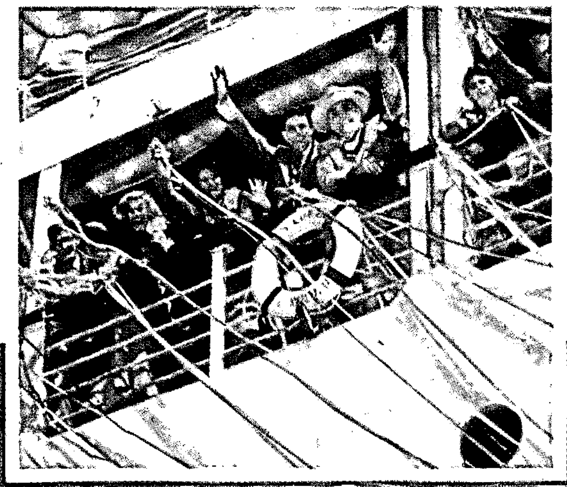
Zone______State____________N

Write to:
New England Journeys
Dept. N
Back Bay P. O. Box 151
Boston, Massachusetts

FORD
Welcome to New England

**Watch for this emblem!** It means there's a Ford Dealer ready to give you travel advice or extra fast service on your car. So see him. He's a good guy to know when you're on the "go"!

**Ford Dealers of New England**



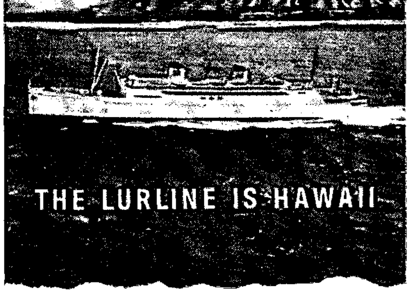
**Spacious Luxury at *your* Cost Level**

**to and from *Hawaii* on the *Lurline***

***...for the gayest of vacations at sea!***

JOHN FLOREA

Your "bon voyage" party with its excitement and gaiety launches you on a new and delightful scheme of living. You sense it more and more as the voyage proceeds in the luxury and beauty which surround you, in the superb cuisine you enjoy, in the ingenuity and skill with which you are entertained, in the companionship of newly found shipboard friends. Spicing every pleasure is the subtle tang of the sea. Be sure to book round trip, for the homebound voyage is a new chapter, not a repeat. *It's twice the fun to sail the* LURLINE *both ways.* See your Travel Agent or any Matson Lines office: New York, Chicago, San Francisco, Seattle, Portland, Los Angeles, San Diego, Honolulu.



For the finest travel, the **LURLINE...**
for the finest freight service, the
Matson Cargo Fleet... to and from Hawaii

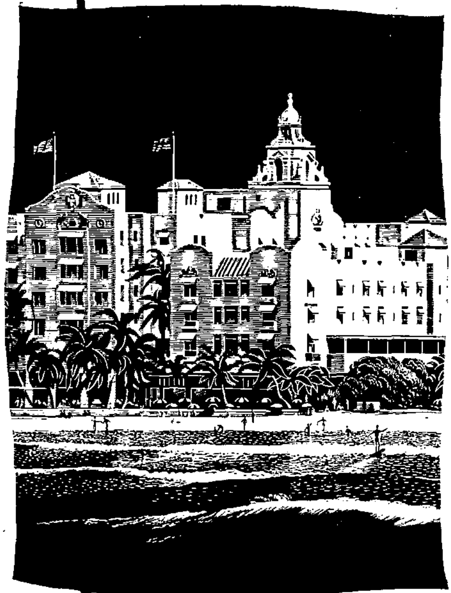
*Matson Lines*

**THE LURLINE SAILS FROM SAN FRANCISCO AND LOS ANGELES ALTERNATELY**

*Royal Hawaiian*
HOTEL

Where Kings of
Hawaii Once Played

Rising in a grove of royal palms, the Royal Hawaiian Hotel carries on its regal tradition with the excellence of its accommodations and service. It fronts on sand and surf and is the glittering center of colorful gaiety along famous Waikiki Beach. Operated on the American plan, its rates, measured by pleasure value, are surprisingly moderate.



*Royal Hawaiian*
HOTEL

ONE OF THE TRIO
OF *Matson* HOTELS
ON THE BEACH AT WAIKIKI.

•

THE ROYAL HAWAIIAN
THE SURF RIDER
THE MOANA

*For reservations see your Travel Agent*
*or any Matson Lines office:*
*New York, Chicago,*
*San Francisco, Seattle, Portland,*
*Los Angeles, San Diego*

claim idea, and it was the idea that elected General Garfield." On March 26th, he wrote to Garfield again:

> (PRIVATE)
>
> GEN. GARFIELD:
>
> I understand from Col. Hooker of the nat. committee, that I am to have a consulship. I hope it is the consulship at Paris, as that is the only one I care to take....
>
> I think Gen. Logan and Secretary Blaine are favorable to this, and wish you would send in my name for the consulship at Paris. Mr. Walker, the present consul, I do not think has any claim on you for the office, as the men that did the business last fall are the ones to be remembered. Senator Logan has my papers, and he said he would see you about this.
>
> Very respectfully,
> CHARLES GUITEAU

As the weeks passed, Guiteau's appearance had less and less resemblance to that of a diplomat. His cuffs were frayed, his shoes were scuffed, he sometimes wore no socks, and he often turned his coat collar up to conceal the fact that he had no shirt collar. By giving the President and the Secretary of State as references, however, he did secure excellent rooms in fashionable boarding houses, leaving each one as soon as his bill came due. Most of his days were monotonously alike. In the morning, he would go to the White House, help himself to a piece of White House stationery, write "Can I have the Paris consulship?," and hand the note and his card to one of the President's secretaries, who would disappear for a moment and then report, "Mr. Guiteau, the President says it will be impossible for him to see you today." Guiteau would next call on, and leave a note for, the Secretary of State. He would spend the rest of his day asking Senators and Congressmen to sign a petition reading, "We recommend Charles J. Guiteau for the Paris Consulship." None of them ever signed it.

In time, he began to play the President and the Secretary against each other. On April 2nd, he sent a letter to Blaine intimating that if he was appointed, he would return from Paris in 1884 to help Blaine get the Presidential nomination. A day or so later, he wrote to Garfield, "I have got a new idea about '84. . . . Strike out right and left. The American people like pluck, and in '84 we will put you in again. . . . I will see you about the Paris consulship to-morrow, unless you happen to send in my name today." When he was asked at his trial to account for this duplicity, he answered, "That is the way politics are run—understand that. You tickle me and I tickle you."

On May 14th, Guiteau encountered

*Dear Merrill Lynch:*

Without obligation, please give me whatever information is available about the following securities which—

☐ I now own (please give number of shares), or which . . .

☐ I am now considering buying

______________________________
______________________________
______________________________
______________________________
______________________________
______________________________
______________________________
______________________________
______________________________
______________________________
______________________________
______________________________
______________________________
______________________________
______________________________
______________________________
______________________________
______________________________

I should like to have your recommendations for the investment of $__________. My objective is

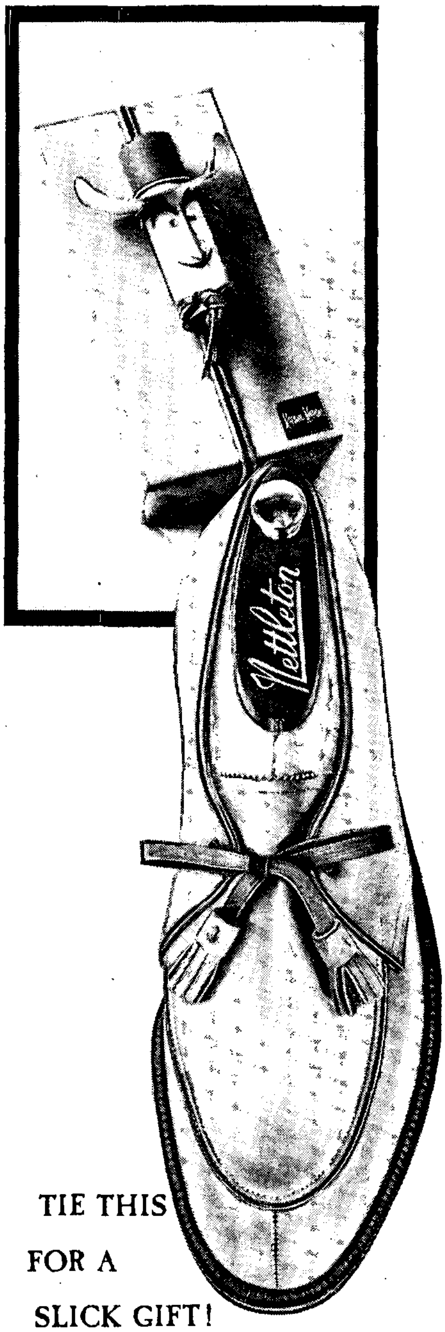
☐ Safety of capital, or
☐ Dividends of 5%-6%, or
☐ Increase in value

Name ______________________
Address ______________________
City & State ______________________

Just fill in and mail to—

WALTER A. SCHOLL
Department 1-SB

**MERRILL LYNCH,**
**PIERCE, FENNER & BEANE**
70 Pine Street, New York 5, N. Y.
*Offices in 106 Cities*



TIE THIS
FOR A
SLICK GIFT!

NETTLETON's new LAZY LACER® is one of those shoes that inevitably starts a trend. It takes the tassels off your casuals and laces them through a single eyelet tie. The result is an easy-going urban shoe—wonderful to give, in our Texas Cowpoke gift wrap. Antique tan aniline calf, with contrasting brown piping. Sizes 6 to 12, AA to E. 24.95.

On mail orders, add 50¢ for gift wrap, 50¢ for postage

Neiman-Marcus
DALLAS

Blaine in a corridor of the State Department building and, as usual, asked about the consulship. "Never speak to me again about the Paris consulship as long as you live," Blaine shouted, in exasperation.

"I am going to see the President about this," Guiteau replied calmly. "I think I can get the President to remove Mr. Walker."

"Well, if he will . . ." Blaine mumbled.

When Guiteau next went to the White House, he found that the guards had been instructed not to let him in.

The same day that Blaine rebuffed Guiteau, the patronage row between the President and the Stalwarts reached an explosive point when the two Senators from New York, Roscoe Conkling and Thomas C. Platt, both of whom were Stalwarts, resigned from office in protest against one of Garfield's appointments. Guiteau was filled with foreboding. "After I saw the President and General Grant and Conkling and that kind of men were wrestling and at loggerheads, I saw that this nation was coming to grief," he said afterward. Early on the evening of May 18th, he went to his rooming house. "I retired about eight o'clock . . . greatly depressed in mind and spirit from the political situation," he said, "and I should say it was about half past eight, before I had gone to sleep, when an impression came over my mind like a flash that if the President was out of the way, this whole thing would be solved and everything would go well. That is the first impression I had with reference to removing the President." This impression was, he said, only an "embryo inspiration," and at first he was not sure whether it was of supernatural origin. Until he was sure, he did not give up hope of coming to terms with the President. On May 23rd, he wrote Garfield a final letter, warning him against Blaine and concluding, "I will see you in the morning, if I can, and talk with you." There was no reply.

Meanwhile, Guiteau was praying, reading editorials, and mulling over the idea of doing away with Garfield. "All that time," according to his testimony, "I was kept horrified. Kept throwing it off. Did not want to give the matter any attention at all. Tried to shake it off. But it kept growing upon me, pressing me, goading me, so, as a matter of fact, at the end of two weeks my mind was thoroughly fixed as to the necessity for the President's removal and the divinity of the inspiration. I never had the slightest doubt as to the divinity of the inspiration from the first of June."

God, Guiteau said at his trial, had left all the details of the assassination to him. The possibility that it would revive interest in his book did not escape him—indeed, he later stated that he was motivated equally by a desire to save the republic and a desire to publicize "The Truth"—and he quickly revised and amplified it. During the next month, he wrote a number of letters, orations, and memorandums explaining the reasons for his decision to kill Garfield. One Saturday, curious about the kind of accommodations he would have after the crime, he went to inspect the District of Columbia jail. Since it was not a visiting day, all he was able to do was catch a glimpse of the interior, but that was enough, he said, to assure him that it was "a very excellent jail."

On June 6th, Guiteau entered John U. O'Meara's gunshop, at Fifteenth and F Streets, and asked the price of the largest revolver on display—a self-cocking .44-calibre British bulldog, with a white bone handle and chambers for five bullets. "That will make a good noise," Guiteau remarked.

"Oh, yes. That will kill a horse," O'Meara assured him.

Guiteau was short of money, and he asked O'Meara to hold the pistol for him. On June 8th, he went to George Maynard, a Washington electrician who was a cousin of his, and borrowed fifteen dollars, which he said he needed to pay a board bill. Then he returned to O'Meara's store and bought the bulldog, a box of cartridges, and, for no known reason, a woman's penknife, all for ten dollars. A similar revolver with a wooden handle cost a dollar less, but Guiteau chose the more expensive model because he thought it would look handsomer in a museum. He had had no experience with firearms, so O'Meara had to show him how to load the revolver. Guiteau asked where he might safely try it out, and O'Meara suggested some woods along the shore of the Potomac, adding that there was a law against carrying a gun, but that it was enforced only against drunks. The next day, Guiteau fired ten rounds at saplings.

Guiteau's first plan was to shoot the President in the White House, but he decided that he would probably have trouble getting in. Instead, he sat by the hour on a bench in Lafayette Square, just across Pennsylvania Avenue from the White House, waiting for Garfield to come out. Sometimes he called over

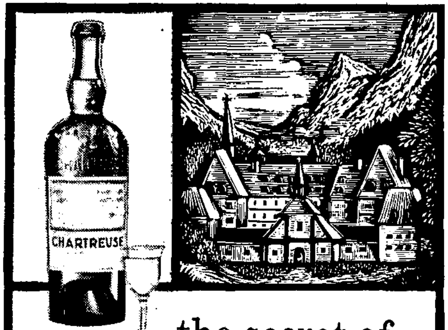
TIE THIS—FOR LAZINESS!

If you ever wonder how you live through the pounding of an average business day, consider the compensations of modern dress. The easy tweeds that are now accepted garb at the office, the soft collar shirt . . . and now, the *urbanized* casual shoe, Nettleton's Lazy Lacer®. Relaxed in line and design, the Lazy Lacer is given a touch of formality by its single-eyelet tassel tie. Nothing could be easier to tie, or more consummately comfortable to wear, the whole day long, in town or out. Like all Nettletons, the Lazy Lacer is made with unhurried craftsmanship. In fact, *it takes four times longer to make than ordinary shoes.* Yet, surprisingly enough, it costs but little more. Once you've worn a pair, you'll agree: it's extravagant to pay less. Other Nettletons are from 22.95 to 42.95. Available at the fine stores listed below or write to the A. E. Nettleton Co., Syracuse 2, New York.

AT THE NETTLETON SHOPS IN NEW YORK, HARTFORD, CHICAGO • NEIMAN-MARCUS, DALLAS
ALSO B. R. BAKER CO., TOLEDO • KLEINHANS, BUFFALO • SCOTT & CO., BOSTON
GREENFIELD'S, ST. LOUIS • MEIER & FRANK, PORTLAND • AND OTHER FINE SHOPS.

Nettleton

A GIFT FOR THE HOSTESS
Our serving bowl of clear crystal and sterling silver is an ideal choice for hostess and bridal gift giving. Use it for sauces, relishes, nuts, mints or jellies. 7 x 5 x 3" high.
$7.25
Also available with glass divider
Add 45¢ for postage and packing. Federal Tax Included
Write or Phone Jean Tree for Mail or Phone Orders PL 7-8100
BLACK, STARR & GORHAM
FIFTH AVENUE AT 48TH STREET, NEW YORK 36, N. Y.
EAST ORANGE MANHASSET WHITE PLAINS



the secret of
CHARTREUSE

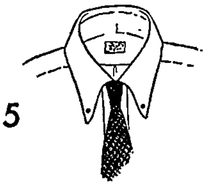
The secret formula for Chartreuse Liqueur was originally given to the Carthusian Monks in 1605 by the Marshall d'Estrees. Through the centuries no one has ever duplicated this rare recipe combining more than 130 different herbs, gathered by the Monks near their Monastery of La Grande Chartreuse in France.

You will find Chartreuse on the menu of every leading hotel and restaurant and at every leading retailer. Try it when dining out, or buy a small bottle to serve at home.

LA GRANDE
CHARTREUSE
Yellow—86 Proof Green—110 Proof

For a beautiful booklet on the story of Chartreuse, write: Schieffelin & Co., Dept. G, 30 Cooper Square, New York, N. Y.

IT'S COOLER INSIDE!
Get into one of our feather-light
BATISTE MADRAS SHIRTS
You'll be cool and look cool on the hottest day!
Button down collar. White, ice blue, pink, yellow.
$5
Also the new English short point collar with stays. White or ice blue.
Sizes 14 to 17
Mail orders: State size and color. Add 35¢ shipping.
Fenn-Feinstein of NEW HAVEN
Tailors and Furnishers
9 EAST 49th ST. NEW YORK
264 YORK ST. NEW HAVEN



Jane Engel
madison at 79th new york 21
THE GIFT SHOP presents the Versatile Egg Cup of fine white porcelain, each 8.50
please add 40c postage no c. o. d.

to the gatekeeper, to inquire where the President was. On Sunday, June 12th, the President rode in his carriage to a church on Vermont Avenue, and Guiteau followed and stood in the rear of the church. "I thought perhaps it might have been a good opportunity," he said afterward. "I could not think of a more sacred place for removing him than while he was at his devotions." From where Guiteau stood, he could have drawn a bead on the back of the President's head, but he let the opportunity pass because, he said, he was afraid of injuring somebody else.

Then he read in the newspapers that on Saturday, June 18th, Garfield was going up to Long Branch, New Jersey, with Mrs. Garfield, who had just recovered from an attack of malaria—a common disease in Washington at the time. Guiteau decided to shoot the President at the railroad station. He rose at five that morning, fired a few rounds near the Potomac, went to the station, and got within close range of Garfield, but, he said later, "Mrs. Garfield looked so thin, and she clung so tenderly to the President's arm, that I did not have the heart to fire on him." On the following Monday, the President returned to Washington alone, and Guiteau was waiting at the station, but he did not feel like shooting because, he testified, it was "a terribly hot, sultry day."

At seven o'clock on the evening of Friday, July 1st, Guiteau was sitting on a bench in Lafayette Square when the President walked out of the White House grounds alone, crossed Pennsylvania Avenue, and strolled down Madison Place, at the east end of the square. Guiteau followed, several yards behind and on the opposite side of the street, and saw Garfield go into Blaine's house, on Fifteenth Street. Guiteau slipped into an alley and drew his revolver, intending to shoot the President when he came out. In a few minutes, Garfield reappeared arm in arm with Blaine, and the two started back to the White House—chatting and laughing, Guiteau said in court, "in the most delightful and cozy fellowship possible, just as hilarious as two young schoolgirls." This, Guiteau added, convinced him that Blaine was using the President as a tool to wreck the Stalwarts. He followed the two men to the gates of the White House, but again he did not shoot. "It was a very hot, sultry night, and I felt tired and wearied by the heat, so nothing was done about it then," he said. He knew from the papers that at nine-thirty the next morning—Saturday, July 2nd—

the President was to start off on a two-week vacation in the East.

On Saturday morning, Guiteau, who was staying at the old Riggs House, a few blocks from the White House, got up at five, wandered over to Lafayette Square, and thumbed through a morning paper. At about seven, he returned to the hotel, where he had a leisurely breakfast. Then he went to his room and wrote a couple of letters, picked up his revolver and put it in his right hip pocket, and, taking along a small package, walked out on his last hotel bill. He strolled over to Lafayette Square and sat on a bench until shortly before nine, when he took a horsecar to the station.

It had occurred to Guiteau that a mob might gather after the shooting and take the law into its own hands. The first thing he did at the station was to strike a bargain with a hackman, who, on the promise of two dollars, which Guiteau did not have, agreed to wait ten minutes for him and drive him to the Congressional Cemetery, in the southeast section of the capital. The jail was only a short distance from the cemetery, and Guiteau meant to sprint over and turn himself in. Once his arrangement with the hackman had been made, he had his shoes shined, which left him with twenty cents. Then he went to a newsstand and asked an attendant to take care of his package, which he correctly presumed would fall into the hands of the police. This contained his writings: the embellished version of "The Truth;" a brief autobiography; "An Address to the American People," accusing Garfield of treason and madness; a note bequeathing his papers and revolver to the State Department library; and a letter granting the New York *Herald* permission to serialize his book. The package also contained a note, signed C. G., which began:

> JUNE 20, 1881
>
> The President's nomination was an act of God.
> His election was an act of God.
> His removal is an act of God.
> (These three specific acts of the Deity may furnish the Clergy with a text.)
> I am clear in my purpose to remove the President. Two points will be accomplished. It will save the Republic, and create a demand for my book, "The Truth."

In his pocket Guiteau had one of the letters he had written earlier that morning. It read, in part:

> WASHINGTON,
> JULY 2, 1881
>
> TO THE WHITE HOUSE:
> The President's tragic death was a sad necessity, but it will unite the Republican party and save the Republic. Life is a fleet-

Sleep Your Way to Europe-
VIA THE ATLANTIC
SUPER-SWISS

THESE HANDS
SERVE YOU
DAY AND NIGHT

Faster... Better... more time there

Begin and end your business or pleasure trip to Europe with the luxury of complete relaxation. See how refreshing you'll find the comfort of sound sleep in Swissair's *Slumberettes*★ at no extra cost . . . full-length berths available at small surcharge. You enjoy the traditional Swiss hospitality of a grand-hotel aloft. This incomparable service assures leisurely cocktails . . . specially prepared foods . . . vintage wines and champagne . . . and, of course, the confidence you feel in Swissair's record for precision flight. Remember, by flying you save a whole vacation of time. The "Atlantic Super-Swiss" every Sunday from New York.

Surcharge of $35 on deluxe fare for berth

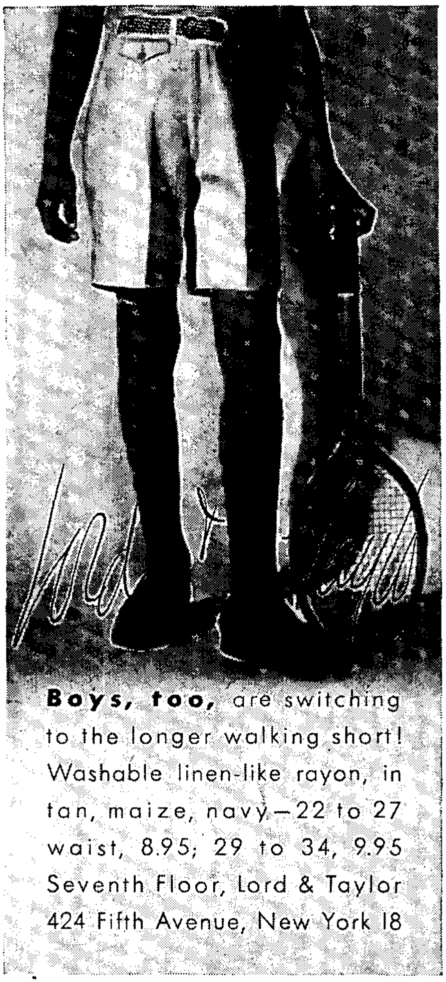
**FREE** on request • New Color Folder "3 CONTINENTS ARE YOURS"

CONSULT YOUR TRAVEL AGENT OR:

THE AIRLINE OF SWITZERLAND
SWISSAIR
TO EVERYWHERE

★TRADE MARK

10 WEST 49TH STREET ON ROCKEFELLER PLAZA • NEW YORK 20 • PLAZA 7-4433



**Boys, too,** are switching to the longer walking short! Washable linen-like rayon, in tan, maize, navy—22 to 27 waist, 8.95; 29 to 34, 9.95
Seventh Floor, Lord & Taylor
424 Fifth Avenue, New York 18

VIP HEADQUARTERS IN BALTIMORE

LORD BALTIMORE HOTEL

*If you're trying to locate a prominent visitor to Baltimore—save time—try the Lord Baltimore first.*

FOR A GREAT OCCASION

Krug

CHAMPAGNE

...from France

Sole U. S. Importers
Seggerman Slocum, Inc.
Long Island City, N. Y.

ing dream, and it matters little when one goes. A human life is of small value. During the war thousands of brave boys went down without a tear.

I presume the President was a Christian and that he will be happier in Paradise than here.

It will be no worse for Mrs. Garfield, dear soul, to part with her husband this way than by natural death. He is liable to go at any time any way.

I had no ill-will toward the President. His death was a political necessity.
I am a lawyer, theologian and politician.
I am a stalwart of the stalwarts.

I was with General Grant and the rest of our men in New York during the canvass....

I am going to the jail.

CHARLES GUITEAU

After disposing of the package, Guiteau went to a men's room, where he examined his revolver and found it in good order. He put it back in his pocket and walked into the ladies' waiting room, nerving himself for the task at hand.

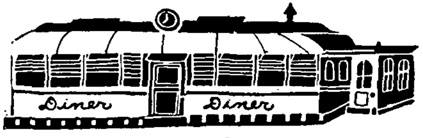
◆

PRESIDENT GARFIELD, too, was up early that morning. What with office seekers and the Stalwarts, he was tired out after his four months in office, and he was looking forward eagerly to his holiday, which was to include a little yachting on the Hudson and a visit to Williams College, his alma mater, where he was to deliver the commencement address. Two days before, in a melancholy mood, he had asked Robert Todd Lincoln, his Secretary of War, to describe the circumstances of his father's assassination, sixteen years before, but on the morning of his departure Garfield's spirits were so high that, on a challenge from one of his sons, he jumped over his bed. At about nine o'clock, the President and Blaine, who was going along to see him off, started for the station in a State Department coupé. The Garfield boys followed in a White House carriage.

The coupé reached the depot at nine-twenty—ten minutes before train-time—and the President and the Secretary headed through the ladies' waiting room on their way to the track. There were only a few people in the room. Guiteau was one of them. Not surprisingly, those who noticed him said afterward that he had had a sinister look, although he was dressed respectably enough, in a clean white shirt, a black coat, a black vest, black trousers, and a broad-brimmed black felt hat, which he had pulled rather low over his eyes. When Garfield and Blaine came in, he was standing behind a bench. He watched them go about three-quarters of the way down the room; then he drew his revolver, walked up to within a few feet of the President, and shot him in the back.

"My God, what is this?" the President gasped, flinging up his arms and staggering. Guiteau stepped closer and fired again. The second bullet passed harmlessly through the President's sleeve. Then Guiteau bolted for the hack, but a policeman named Patrick Kearney, who had followed Garfield and Blaine into the station, intercepted him. "Keep quiet, my friend, keep quiet," Guiteau said. "I wish to go right to the jail." In his left hand he was holding a letter to General William Tecumseh Sherman, the Commander of the Army, requesting that troops take over the jail at once, to prevent violence. "Now Arthur is President of the United States," Guiteau told Kearney. "I am a Stalwart of the Stalwarts." Shouts of "Lynch him!" arose in the depot, but nobody made any attempt to do so, and Guiteau was taken off to jail and put into a cell just vacated by a grave robber. There he settled down placidly—for a time he seemed to be convinced that Grant, Arthur, Conkling, and other Stalwarts would not allow any harm to come to him—and started a new book, to be called "The Life and Theology of Charles Guiteau. Prepared by Himself."

The President was rushed to the White House in a horse-drawn ambulance. The Cabinet gathered in horror, and Secretary Lincoln said, "My God, how many hours of sorrow I have passed in this town!" The doctors reported that Guiteau's bullet had fractured Garfield's eleventh and twelfth ribs; bored through the backbone, fracturing the first lumbar vertebra; severed a large artery; and stopped behind the pancreas. At the point where the artery was cut, an aneurysm, or temporary sac, formed, which permitted the blood to continue circulating and thus kept him alive. The President had a bad night, but the next morning—to the relief of the country, which had been buzzing with rumors that he was dead—the doctors announced that he was somewhat refreshed. What remained of Garfield's life consisted of a series of crises and comebacks. On July 17th, he seemed so well that the doctors let him have beefsteak for breakfast. On July 23rd, his



temperature went up to 104 degrees. On August 10th, he was strong enough to sign an official paper—the first since the shooting. (It authorized extradition of a Canadian forger.) Within a week, his strength was declining rapidly and his mind seemed clouded. At the end of August, the *Tribune* reported that government business was nearly at a standstill. On September 6th, the doctors, who had been worrying about malaria, permitted him to make a trip, on a bed that was carried into a special train, to Elberon, a town on the Jersey shore, where a friend of his had offered him the use of a twenty-room house. The salt air seemed to be doing Garfield good until September 19th, when he awoke with a chill. As the day passed, he grew progressively weaker. Shortly before ten o'clock that night, he fell asleep, only to be awakened a few minutes later by a piercing pain over his heart, caused by the breaking of the aneurysm. He died at ten-thirty-five.

"I COME here in the capacity of an agent of the Deity in this matter," Charles J. Guiteau declared to Judge Walter S. Cox of the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia on November 14, 1881, at the opening of the first trial in American history for the assassination of a President. (President Lincoln's assassin, John Wilkes Booth, either was killed trying to escape or committed suicide—historians are not certain which.) It was also one of the most chaotic trials in American history. For the ten and a half weeks that it lasted, Guiteau repeatedly threw the courtroom into disorder by delivering a running commentary on the proceedings and breaking into impromptu speeches. The marshals could hardly make him sit down, let alone keep quiet. He called on President Arthur and everybody else whose political career had been advanced by the assassination to show their gratitude by contributing money for his defense, and he abused witnesses, the prosecuting attorneys, and his own lawyers, who were headed by his brother-in-law, George Scoville. Guiteau referred to the district attorney as "an old hog," "a fraud," and "a low-lived whelp;" to the witnesses as "low, dirty liars" and "villains;" and to Scoville as "a consummate jackass." He suggested that the members of the jury be taken for walks to improve their digestion, exclaimed, "Here is a quartet—the Lord, the jury, the court, and me," and warned that "an act of God will blow this court and jury out of that window if it is necessary." Once or twice,

*The world's largest airline invites you to...*

FLY IN LUXURY BEYOND COMPARE

You *would* pay more—but you needn't!—for the silken luxury, the solid dependability, the incomparable prestige of flying via Air France. Wherever you go, choose the luxury world-wide airline . . . magnificently equipped Air France. You will be making the choice of the world's air-wise travelers!

**COMPARE THE CONVENIENCE!**
You pay no more for greater itinerary choice . . . with the world's largest airline, serving 211 cities in 76 countries.

**COMPARE THE SERVICE!**
You pay no more for fine French cuisine . . . superbly served . . . with champagne or vintage wine, after-dinner liqueur.

*The Parisian*—Super-Constellation luxury service from New York and Montreal to Paris. "The Chicago-Parisian" direct from Chicago to Paris.

*The Golden Parisian*—Super-Constellation with Private "Sky-Rooms" . . . extra fare . . . nonstop overnight to Paris every Friday.

*Lafayette Tourist Service*—by new-type Constellations from New York, Boston and Chicago to Paris, Milan and Rome.

AIR FRANCE
THE WORLD'S LARGEST AIRLINE

SEE YOUR TRAVEL AGENT, OR AIR FRANCE:
New York, Boston, Chicago, Cleveland, Dallas, Detroit, Los Angeles, Miami, Philadelphia, San Francisco, Washington, D. C., Havana, Mexico City, Montreal, Puerto Rico, Toronto.

The "man" from Cunningham & Walsh

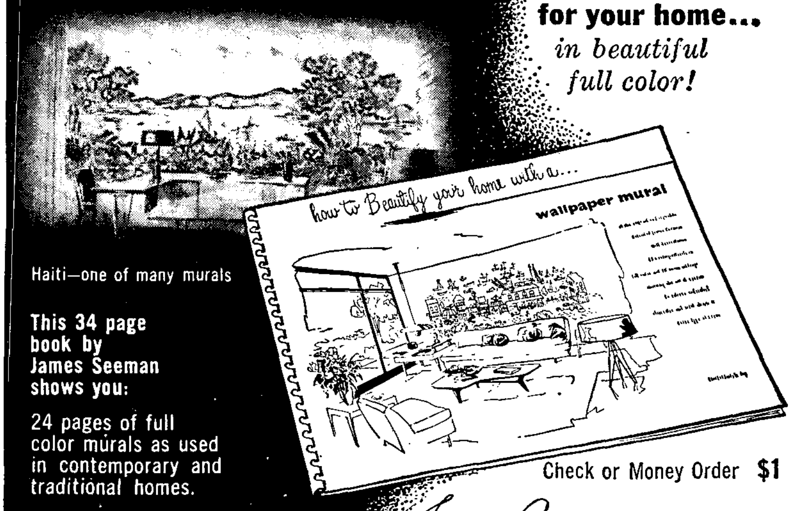
*. . . selling films on 42nd Street*

Meet *Miss* Joan Keene. Here's a girl who knows that in public relations the accent should be on the "public."

During the week she worked in a camera store Joan met lots of people. She found out what made them *want to buy*. That knowledge will come in mighty handy now that she's back at her desk again at 260 Madison Avenue.

Like Miss Keene, the other creative people in our advertising agency get out from behind their desks at least once a year and get behind retail counters. Often it's hard work, but we find that it pays off the rest of the year in harder-working advertisements.

Cunningham & Walsh, Inc., 260 Madison Ave., New York 16, N. Y.


how to Beautify your home with a... wallpaper mural

a book about HAND PRINTED **MURALS**
for your home...
*in beautiful full color!*

Haiti—one of many murals

**This 34 page book by James Seeman shows you:**

24 pages of full color murals as used in contemporary and traditional homes.

More than 50 ideas and sketches including how murals can correct interrupted walls, narrow hallways, low ceilings, etc.

Check or Money Order **$1**

James Seeman STUDIOS
134-12 Atlantic Avenue, Dept. NY44
Richmond Hill 19, New York

The Golden Couch
DUNBAR
Write: Dunbar of Berne, Indiana
for Book of Modern Furniture, $1

Around the World
Duraclean
keeps furnishings NEW
Phone Your Duraclean Service Dealer

the Judge threatened to have Guiteau gagged or tried *in absentia*, but even that did not silence him.

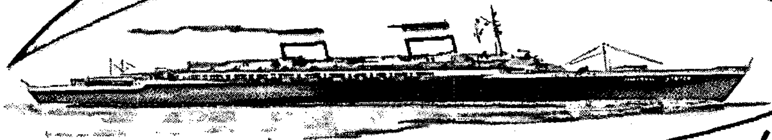
At one point, Guiteau demanded that subpoenas be issued for Whitelaw Reid, editor of the *Tribune;* George Jones, editor of the New York *Times;* Charles A. Dana, editor of the New York *Sun;* William Henry Hurlbert, editor of the New York *World;* General Grant; and President Arthur. None of these men appeared as witnesses, but, in a written reply to a set of questions, Arthur testified that he had seen Guiteau about ten times at the Fifth Avenue Hotel the previous summer and fall, that they had discussed Guiteau's request for an assignment as a stump speaker, that he had seen Guiteau a few times in Washington, and that he had never encouraged Guiteau to think he would get a government job. Early in the trial, Guiteau put forth the argument that the doctors who had treated Garfield were responsible for his death. He said, "The syllogism to prove it is this: Three weeks after he was shot, his physicians held a careful examination and officially decided that he would recover. . . . Therefore, according to his own physicians he was not fatally shot. The doctors who mistreated him ought to bear the odium of his death, and not his assailant."

Most Americans, appalled by Garfield's long and wretched illness, had developed a deep loathing for Guiteau, and many thought he didn't even deserve a trial. One of his guards shot at him through the window of his cell, grazing his head, and a drunk shot at him while he was being taken back to jail from court in a van, grazing his arm. A resident of North East, Maryland, suggested in a letter to the Washington *Evening Star* that each day Guiteau be forced to consume two ounces of his own flesh, "until he *eats* himself up." A number of people, however, took Guiteau's side. On some days, he received as many as two hundred sympathetic letters and wires. One telegram, signed by "A Host of Admirers," read, "ALL BOSTON SYMPATHIZES WITH YOU. YOU OUGHT TO BE PRESIDENT." On New Year's Day, 1882, a Philadelphian sent him a poem containing the lines,

All Philadelphia speaks in your praise;
To be chief of our nation your honor they'd
  raise.

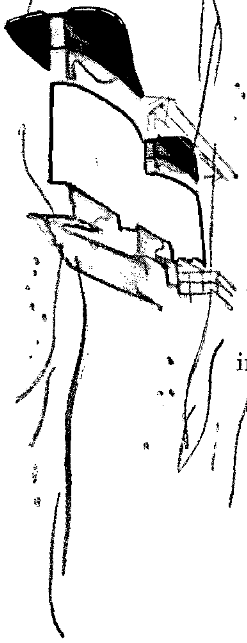
Guiteau's feelings about his political future were mixed. One day, he told the Court, "I shall get the nomination just as General Garfield and President Lincoln did," but a few seconds later,

# 5 red letter days on the blue ribbon ship



**Their Majesties King Paul and Queen Frederika** of Greece chose the s.s. UNITED STATES for their recent crossing to this country. They are shown here in the ship's romantic coral and crystal ballroom.

**Europe** is only 5 gay days away
on the new **s.s. United States**
You have extra hours of leisure
at sea on the popular **s.s. America**



*"Anyone who's unhappy on this ship will be miserable in heaven,"* one widely traveled couple says of the s.s. UNITED STATES. Here are some of the high spots that make your days aboard the Blue Ribbon liner *red letter* ones:

*Your lap-of-luxury living*—spacious staterooms, each with individual climate control, ample drawer space, closets tall enough for evening clothes, world-wide phone.

*Your choice of favorite American and Continental dishes . . .* caviar, pheasant and grouse in season, crêpes suzettes . . . inches-thick steak, real American coffee.

*Service that foresees your wants*, from a staff of close to 800—many with 20 years or more of experience at sea.

*Hours of solid rest and relaxation*—or a non-stop whirl of games, sports, pre-release films, dancing to Meyer Davis orchestras . . . with a real "Who's Who" of companions.

*That 4th of July feeling* when you see those big red-white-and-blue funnels and realize that the world's fastest, most modern liner flies the Stars and Stripes.

**Mr. and Mrs. Ogden R. Reid** and their son, Stewart, on the UNITED STATES: "Her performance is only matched by her service and delicious cooking. It was great fun to be on board." Mr. Reid is President, N. Y. Herald Tribune, European Edition.

**Dr. James P. Baxter III**, the President of Williams College, and Mrs. Baxter: "We enjoyed the trip on the AMERICA so much I'm rapidly running out of superlatives. We're delighted with everything. Never saw a more spotless or better-run ship."

CONSULT OUR AUTHORIZED TRAVEL AGENTS OR

**United States Lines**

ONE BROADWAY, NEW YORK 4, N.Y. Tel. Digby 4-5800

## s.s. United States

Sails from New York 12 noon, arrives Havre early morning 5th day, Southampton same afternoon: Apr. 30, May 14, May 28, June 11, June 25, July 8, July 24, Aug. 6, Aug. 20, Sept. 3, and regularly thereafter. *First Class $350 up; Cabin $220 up; Tourist $165 up.*

## s.s. America

Favorite of experienced travelers, sails from New York to Cobh in 5½ days, 6½ to Havre, 7 to Southampton, 8 to Bremerhaven: May 15, June 4, June 26, July 16, Aug. 5, Aug. 27, Sept. 18, and regularly thereafter. *First Class $295 up; Cabin $200 up; Tourist $160 up.*

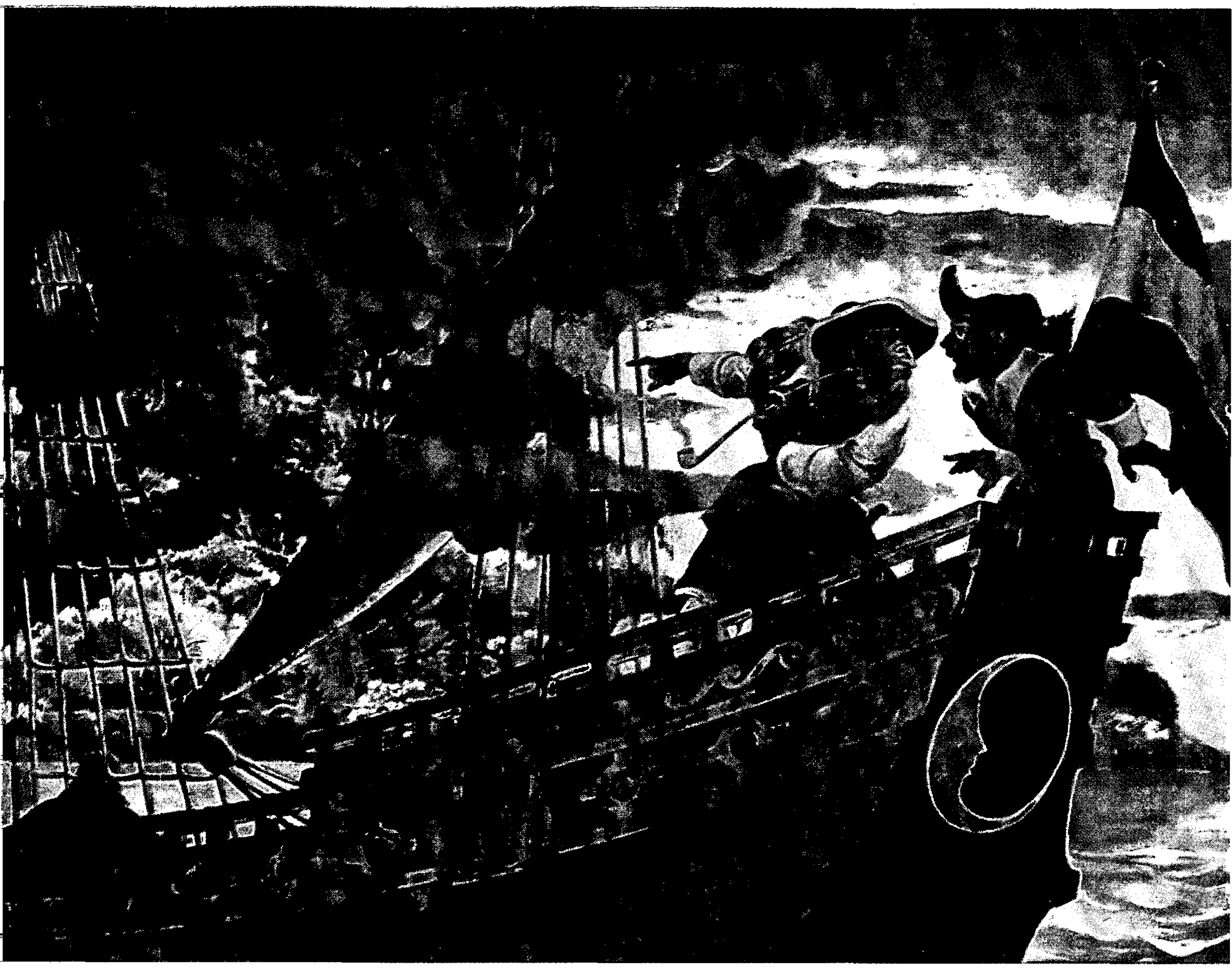
*No finer food and service afloat or ashore*

**Offices also in:** Baltimore, Boston, Chicago, Cleveland, Los Angeles, Montreal, Norfolk, Philadelphia, St. Louis, San Francisco, Seattle, Toronto, Vancouver, Washington, D. C.

# FAMOUS NEW YORK TRADITIONS

# *OF FATHER KNICKERBOCKER*

*(no. 2 in a series)*



*Painted by Lumen Martin Winter for the* JACOB RUPPERT COLLECTION

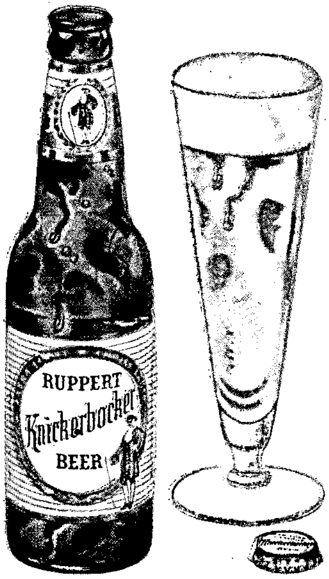
## *HUDSON SIGHTS MANHATTAN*

When the great navigator, *Hendrick Hudson,* first sighted this enchanting island from the deck of the *Half-Moon,* in his astonishment and admiration he did puff out such clouds of dense tobacco-smoke that in one minute the vessel was out of sight of land. When the winds had dispersed this impenetrable fog, the island of *Mannahata* spread wide before them, like some sweet vision of fancy or some fair creation of industrious magic.

Book II., Chapter I., KNICKERBOCKER'S HISTORY OF NEW YORK,
*(Washington Irving)*

NEW YORK'S FAMOUS

**Knickerbocker Beer**



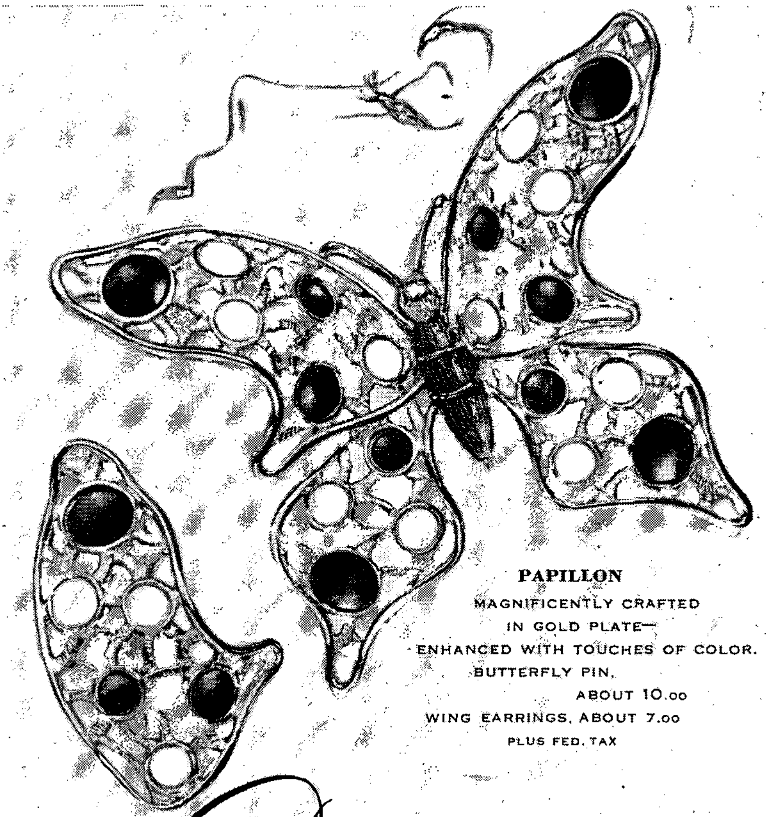
©1954, JACOB RUPPERT, NEW YORK 28, NEW YORK

he declared, "I don't care a snap about being President of the United States, and I don't know as I should take it if I was elected."

THE government's case was based on the contention that Guiteau was a disappointed office seeker, with a morbid but not lunatic craving for notoriety, who had acted purely for the sake of revenge. D. McLane Shaw, a New York lawyer who had once rented office space to Guiteau, quoted the defendant as having said years before that he would achieve fame even if he had to achieve it the way John Wilkes Booth had, and this, although Guiteau vehemently denied it, counted heavily against him. A host of people who had known Guiteau at one time or another, including his former wife, testified that he was sane. The prosecution argued that it was not until well after the shooting that Guiteau had first mentioned inspiration. In his "Address to the American People," written on June 16th, two weeks before the attack, he had said, "I conceived the idea myself." Even on July 18th, in a second "Address to the American People," he had announced, "It was my own conception and execution, and whether right or wrong, I take the entire responsibility of it." One of the most effective points in the government's case was a statement Guiteau had made, in jail, to an alienist: "I knew from the time I conceived the act if I could establish the fact before a jury that I believed the killing was an inspired act, I could not be held to responsibility before the law."

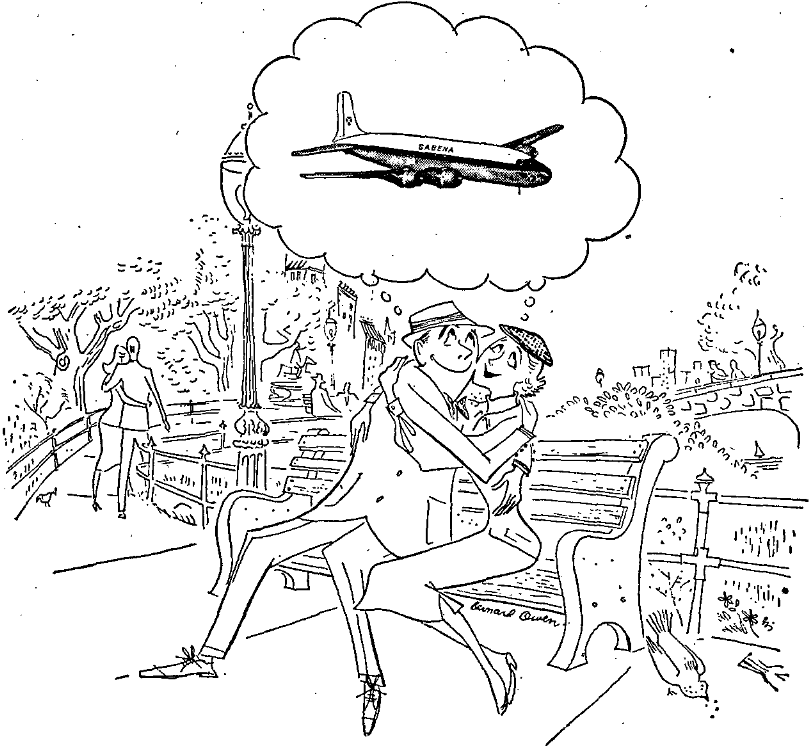
The alienists who testified for the prosecution agreed that Guiteau had known the difference between right and wrong when he shot the President, that he was in good health and had none of the deformities that sometimes accompany congenital insanity, and that he had a clear memory, was self-possessed, and expressed himself readily and coherently. One of them said that Guiteau had conceived and carried out the assassination "with self-control, self-direction, and self-guidance."

For the defense, Guiteau's sister, Mrs. Scoville, testified that she had long considered Charles insane, and, as evidence, described how one day in 1876 he had brandished an axe at her after she had asked him to do her a simple favor—moving some wood off a driveway to let a delivery wagon get through. She produced a letter that her father had written her in 1875, which said that Charles was "a fit subject for a lunatic asylum." The chief



**PAPILLON**
MAGNIFICENTLY CRAFTED
IN GOLD PLATE—
ENHANCED WITH TOUCHES OF COLOR.
BUTTERFLY PIN,
ABOUT 10.00
WING EARRINGS, ABOUT 7.00
PLUS FED. TAX

AT ALL FINE STORES OR WRITE
Castlecliff
THE TALKED-ABOUT JEWELRY
366 FIFTH AVENUE
NEW YORK 1, N. Y.



*Just can't get their SABENA flight out of mind.*

The SABENA system reaches the 81 principal cities of Europe, the Near East and Africa. See your Travel Agent, or SABENA Belgian Airlines, 422 Madison Ave., New York 17. Chicago, Washington, San Francisco, Los Angeles, Detroit, Dallas, Miami.

(*Advertisement*)

medical witness on the side of insanity was Dr. Edward C. Spitzka, of New York, a twenty-nine-year-old neurologist who later became president of the American Neurological Association and editor of the *American Journal of Neurology*. Luther Guiteau's family, Dr. Spitzka said, "was strongly drenched with the hereditary taint and . . . the prisoner might or might not, but very likely would, have inherited such a taint." He added that the assassin struck him as a man who had "always been of a morbid mind" and who had "the insane manner as well marked as I have ever seen it in an asylum." The ingredients of Guiteau's madness he described as "a marked element of imbecility of judgment," "a tendency to misinterpret the real affairs of life, especially those of a complex nature, and to interpret these affairs in some way as having a connection with [himself], the starting point being the exaggerated self-feeling of the morbid egotist," and "a tendency to delusive or insane opinion and to the creation of morbid and fantastical projects"—one of which was the assassination of the President.

On January 21, 1882, as the trial was drawing to a close, Guiteau received the Judge's permission to address the jury, and he did so in a fashion alternately melodramatic and lachrymose. The Lord had chosen him, because of his brains and nerve, as the agent to remove the President, he said, and "nothing that the Deity directs a man to do can violate any law." At the time of the shooting, he went on, he had been suffering from what he called the Abrahamic form of insanity, by which he meant a state of mind similar to that in which Abraham set out to slay Isaac at the command of the Lord. "To hang a man in my mental condition on July 2nd, when I fired on the President, would be a lasting disgrace to the American people," he warned. Then he threw back his head, sang the first line of "John Brown's Body," and recited the rest of it. "Let your verdict be," he concluded, "that it was the Deity's act, not mine."

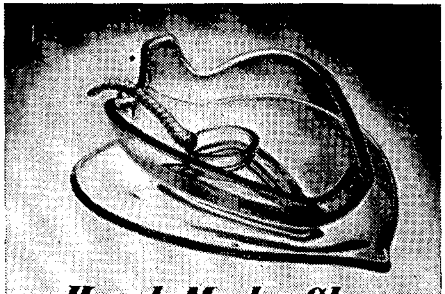
Four days later, after deliberating for an hour and five minutes, the jury delivered its verdict—that Guiteau was sane, and guilty. He was sentenced to death. "My blood will be on the heads of that jury, don't you forget it—that is my answer!" Guiteau shouted. "God will avenge this outrage!"

AT twelve-twenty-seven on the afternoon of June 30, 1882, the prisoner, now forty years old, was

DON'T STIR WITHOUT NOILLY PRAT

The Vermouth that made the Dry Martini . . . and makes the Dry Manhattan.

Sole U. S. Distr., Browne Vintners Co., Inc., N.Y. C.
NOILLY PRAT
DRY
NOILLY PRAT
VERMOUTH


Hand Made Glass
MAYONNAISE SET $5.00*

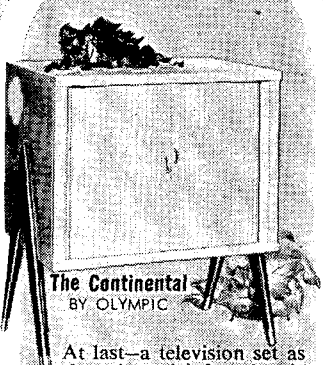
Brilliant contemporary glass in polished tones of Teakwood Brown, deep shadowy Biscayne Green, or smoky Avocado. Use the bowl alone for nuts or jelly; the plate for mints or cakes . . . From Duncan's beautifully hand made Laguna group. At good stores.

flame Duncan polished

* Price is approx. retail. Slightly higher in the West and Southwest.

The Duncan & Miller Glass Co.
Washington, Pennsylvania

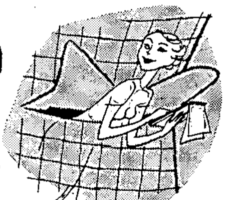
Exquisite craftsmanship...


The Continental BY OLYMPIC

At last—a television set as charming as it is functional! The Continental is an especially beautiful Swedish Modern design with graceful Tambour sliding doors that make it an outstandingly lovely piece, open or closed. Illustrated in Bleached Mahogany with Cordovan Mahogany legs. Available in Limed Oak and traditional ribbon striped Mahogany. Happy viewing with Olympic's 21" Opticlear picture.

Olympic Custom line models are displayed by leading dealers from $299.95 to $795.00.

Dollar for Dollar Your Best TV Buy!
Olympic
OLYMPIC BLDG., LONG ISLAND CITY 1, NEW YORK


minifon
lives in your pocket

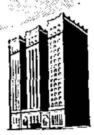
Goes anywhere unseen. Hears everything. Records and plays back dictation, conversation, notes, interviews, etc. 2½-hour recordings may be mailed as letters, edited, or erased and used over. For details, write to Dept. N, GEISS-AMERICA
Chicago 45, Ill.

WORLD'S ONLY
POCKET RECORDER

a tradition of
Comfort • Fine Food
Gracious Service

THE Vanderbilt HOTEL
Park Avenue and 34th St., N. Y. C.

Near all terminals and shopping district. Big, beautiful outside rooms, many with air conditioning and Television. Four famous restaurants. Very friendly rates


Thomas J. Kelley II
Managing Director
TELETYPE NY1-3265
A Manger HOTEL

led to a gallows in a long, narrow, cavernous room on the first floor of the Washington jail. More than two hundred and fifty persons—some of them, according to the *Evening Star*, had paid as much as three hundred dollars for the privilege—had been admitted to watch the execution, and a far larger crowd had collected in the street outside, where lemonade and cake were being sold at makeshift stands.

While the executioner was preparing his equipment, Guiteau read a prayer that he had written for the occasion, in which he reviewed his reasons for shooting the President and reasserted his divine inspiration. It ended, "I therefore predict that this nation will go down in blood and that my murderers from the Executive to the hangman will go to Hell." Then, for the most part bravely, but breaking into sobs several times, he recited a poem he had written in his cell that morning. He told reporters, with perfect composure, that it would sound better if it were set to music. Part of it went:

I saved my party and my land
Glory Hallelujah!
But they have murdered me for it
And that is the reason
I am going to the Lordy.

Guiteau kept talking even after the black hood was put over his head. His last words were "Glory, glory, glory . . ." —ROBERT J. DONOVAN

•

"The noise from the machine has been checked and rechecked at Mr. Troychak's insistence to the extent of having experts from the manufacturer work on it. -broo--pn-abaw.

—*Ossining Citizen Register*.

Well, keep after it.

•

EAST DETROIT, MICH. (UP)—A citizens' censorship committee has been appointed to keep risqué books and magazines out of East Detroit.

No one has ever been able to raise sea otters in captivity.—*Holland (Mich.) Sentinel*.

Or good books, either.

•

**OUR OWN BUSINESS DIRECTORY**

The Wee Wash Well, Brooklyn.
The Speak to Mr. Peake Employment Agency, 35 West 53rd Street.
Tickwell Watch Hospital, 886 Eighth Ave.
Non-Fluid Oil Co., 292 Madison Ave.
Elastic Rail Spike Corp., 420 Lexington Ave.

THE NEW COMBINED "MY TRIP" BOOK AND PASSPORT CASE
Leathersmith®
MY TRIP
Made in England
Styled for Americans!
Leathersmith®
LONDON NEW YORK
516 FIFTH AVENUE NEW YORK
The new and perfect combination for her travels. The slim and flexible "My Trip" book is moire bound with real gold edges and refillable into the soft Morocco Passport Case which has roomy gussetted pockets on each side, indexed and neatly lettered in gold for easy reference. Colours: Scarlet, Jade, Brown, Black and Black or Navy with Scarlet facings. Price $10.0* at **BETTER STORES**
*Excluding Fed. Tax

the Royal Viking means
Regal Luxury to SCANDINAVIA
You're always "somebody special" on a Royal Viking . . . welcomed with friendly hospitality . . . wined and dined in regal fashion . . . your every wish anticipated. Sound sleep comes quickly in your air-foam berth or comfortable dormette. While you sleep your dependable American-built DC-6B, flown with Scandinavian skill, puts the ocean behind you.
SEE YOUR S-A-S TRAVEL AGENT
Visit any or all of these extra-cities for only the STOCKHOLM fare
LONDON
PARIS
BRUSSELS
AMSTERDAM
GOTHENBURG
OSLO
STAVANGER
COPENHAGEN
MALMO
GLASGOW
EDINBURGH
S·A·S
SCANDINAVIAN AIRLINES SYSTEM
30 Rockefeller Plaza, New York 20, N.Y.
S-A-S serves more cities in Europe than any transatlantic airline

MUSIC
FOR MIXES

WQXR concocts a fluffy, appetizing dish to whet the palates of sales-seeking advertisers. Flako Mixes rise to new heights in the New York market by using the selling power of good music on America's Number One Good Music Station. Flako's recipe is simple: tasteful commercials well mixed into a tried and tested program format. This might be your dish, too. Ask to see the score.

WQXR

*The Radio Station of The New York Times*
*229 West 43rd Street • LA 4-1100*

# A VERITABLE JAPONESITO

WHEN I was travelling through Spain, in 1933, I went on the second of July to see the Posada de la Sangre, in Toledo—an inn at which Cervantes once stayed. There were other visitors at the time, and while looking around the courtyard I fell into conversation with a Spanish woman and a young Japanese art student whose head was bandaged. He told me, speaking in French, that he knew neither English nor Spanish, that his name was Takeda, and that he had just been in a train accident. "The train bringing me here from Madrid," he added.

The Spanish woman asked what he had said, and when I told her, she nodded grimly. "The *políticos* will have derailed his train, Señorita," she said. "There was bound to be trouble today, with the enthroning of the new archbishop. The crowds near the cathedral are fighting over the nameplate of the Calle de Carlos Marx. Some are trying to tear it down and put up the pre-Republican one, which is Calle del Arco del Palacio del Arzobispo. Others are preventing them. Poor Spain!"

"In Japan, we have trouble, too," Mr. Takeda said when I had translated for him. "A strong war party, active even among students. That's why I came to Europe."

It turned out that Mr. Takeda and I were staying at the same hotel. During the few days left of my stay, we greeted each other whenever we met, but actually I saw very little of him, so I was astonished that he should burst into tears when I wished him goodbye the night before I was to leave. "You are the first person to smile at me just out of friendliness in the two years I have been away from home," he said apologetically when he had recovered himself.

He asked me where I was going next, and when I said to Guadalupe, I could see the hunger of the tourist come into his eyes. "Would you mind very much if I were to accompany you?" he asked. "As I speak no Spanish, this would be my only chance of seeing such an interesting, out-of-the-way place."

Looking at his pale face and his bandages, and thinking of his outburst, I asked, "But shouldn't you be careful of your health, after your accident?"

"My overstimulation can safely be ascribed to Toledo and El Greco," he said.

I felt far from sure that he was right. "We mayn't even get there," I said. "We reach Oropesa after several hours' train journey, and we may or may not find a way to go on to Guadalupe. The tourist agency at Madrid says that an Oropesa-Guadalupe bus service exists, and that it connects with the train, but I'm not so sanguine. I used to know the old Ford that sometimes acted as bus between Oropesa and Guadalupe. Its movements depended solely on the driver's whim."

"That is the kind of journey I like best," said Mr. Takeda, smiling.

WHEN I joined Mr. Takeda for breakfast, at four the next morning, he looked far from well. "How hot it was last night!" he said. "How hot and airless it is now!"

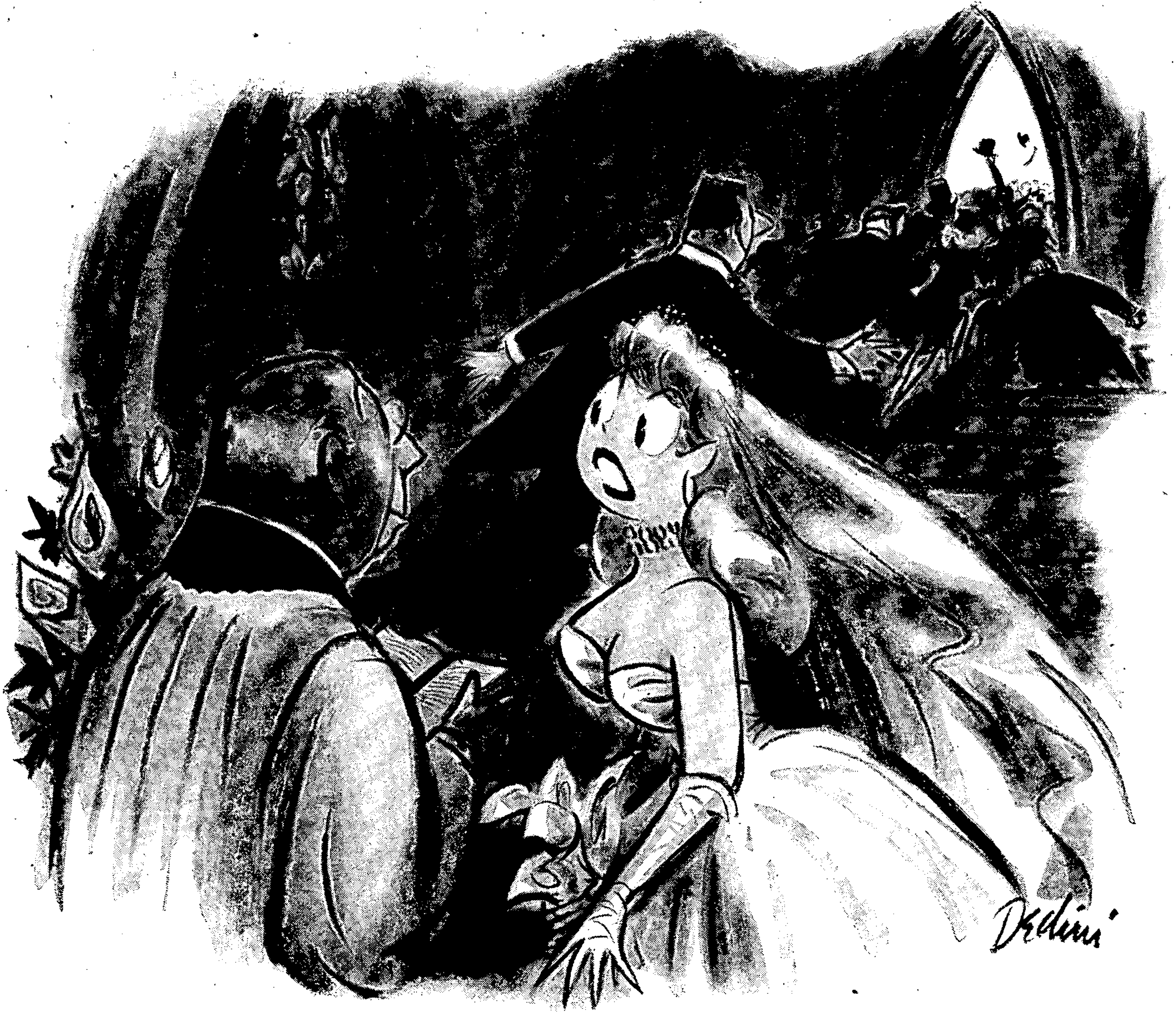
But our taxi-driver was already waiting outside and I could see no good way of dissuading Mr. Takeda, so in a little while we set off. We drove out of Toledo and through barren country until we reached the Torrijos station, where we found we had some time to wait for our *mixto*—a train made up of both freight cars and passenger coaches. Just before it was due to arrive, the stationmaster put up a notice saying that it would be delayed twenty minutes. When a great deal more time than that had gone by, I asked him if he had arbitrarily made the delay twenty minutes. He nodded. I asked him why. He shrugged and said, "There must be some hope in life."

"When do you think the *mixto* will come?" I asked.

"How can I know? I am not God," he said.

The heat increased. The long concrete platform was shimmering with it. Other would-be passengers only now began to join us, and with them, in Sunday clothes, the youth of Torrijos, to whom—as to most other Spanish villagers near railway stations—trains were still an event, and their arrival and departure social functions.

Finally, hours late, the train appeared, a long, decrepit contraption. Its three passenger coaches were bulging with people, but Spaniards are generous about adding to their own discomfort. They helped us in, and room was made



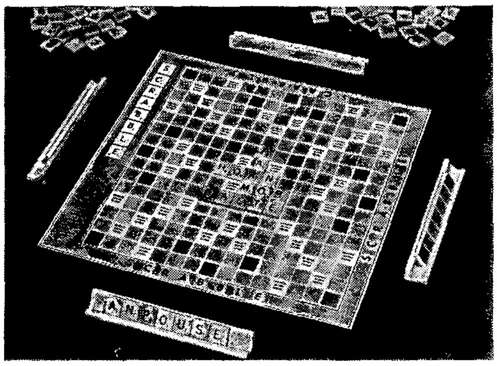
*"Somebody made an announcement that the store next door has Scrabble®!"*

Up to now, trying to find a set of *genuine Scrabble* has been almost as much of a game as playing *Scrabble* itself. This sensational new word-game became such a national craze overnight that we simply couldn't supply the tremendous demand.

But we tooled up as fast as we could. And the happy result is that more and more stores are getting larger and larger supplies of *Scrabble*.

L
EVERYBODY
V
E
SCRABBLE

So don't, in desperation, take one of the many imitation versions of *Scrabble*. Ask for the one, the only, the *original Scrabble* at your favorite game counter or stationery store. If the man doesn't have it today, you can be sure he'll have it soon. $3.



SELCHOW & RIGHTER COMPANY • 200 Fifth Avenue, New York 10, N.Y. • *Makers of Parcheesi® and other fine games*

Sea Island
GEORGIA

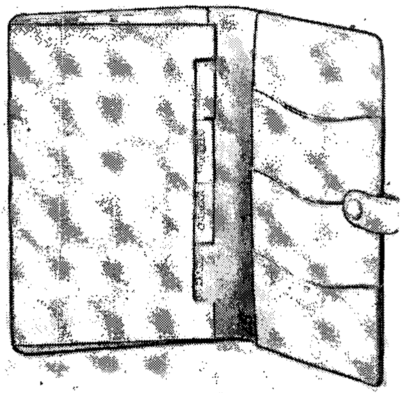
IT'S LOVELY HERE...
IN THE SUMMER

. . . sunny days and pleasant nights for play and rest. Come and enjoy the five miles of private beach, Beach Club and pool, golf, tennis, fishing, dancing and entertainment. Congenial clientele. Most rooms air-conditioned. Superb food. American Plan.

THE CLOISTER
SEA ISLAND, GEORGIA

*Write direct for Booklet W, see travel agent or N. Y. Reservation Office, 630 Fifth Ave., Tel. CIrcle 5-8055.*

MARK CROSS
Fifth Avenue at 55th, N. Y. 22.



Our Far-Famed
Foreign Money Passport Case

Indispensable to the seasoned traveler—an even wiser idea for innocents abroad. Marked pockets keep passport, luggage checks, tickets, Foreign and American money all neatly accessible.
4½ x 7". Red, brown, green, black morocco, $8.50; tan pigskin, $10.50. plus 10% excise tax
Initials stamped without charge.
Mail and Phone Orders. SU 7-4000.

for me at a window seat. Mr. Takeda stood.

"*Un Japonesito!*" exclaimed a woman after peering at him in amazement.

"*Un Japonesito! Un Japonesito!* Come! Look! *Un Japonesito!*" The cry rang through our coach, then through the other passenger coaches. The news must have travelled as far as the engine. We were still at the station, and the engineer walked back in the sweltering heat to take a look at Mr. Takeda, now being touched as well as stared at by the curious Spaniards. The more courageous felt his hair, so sleekly different from their own, and drew their fingers over his elongated eyes.

"See, he smiles!" one woman said, and her words were taken up and repeated over and over again.

"If he smiles, he must be a Christian," another woman deduced, and many who had been too timorous to approach a heathen pressed forward to look at him more closely.

"See, he takes a handkerchief from his pocket and wipes the sweat from his forehead," said a man.

"He has no beard," said another.

"Then the Japanese are not virile," a third said.

"If that were so, there would be no Japanese," replied a more educated man, "and there are millions of them."

The engineer returned to his engine, and the train started jerkily. I tried to distract Mr. Takeda by pointing out on the horizon, beyond the sun-bleached, ochre earth, the refreshingly cool snow-capped Sierra de Gredos, but he failed to respond. His face was a pale green. "I think I am going to faint," he groaned through clenched teeth. "I must have air."

I made him take my seat. I had a bottle of mineral water with me, and I poured him out a glass. The crowd's interest soared.

"He is sitting in the señorita's place. He can then sit and breathe at the same time."

"He has asked for a glass of water."

"He is drinking a glass of water."

"Perhaps the Japanese drink a lot of water."

"Of course they do," the educated man said. "Their country is made up of a lot of islands surrounded by water."

MOST of the train's passengers had got out by the time we reached Talavera de la Reina, four hours later. The quiet and the better air did Mr. Takeda good. He took his Baedeker out of his pocket and studied it. At

JAEGER

Classic Twin sets

Exquisitely hand fashioned in
- the finest of wool
- the softest of lambs wool
- the purest of cashmere

So appropriate with that typically Jaeger Tartan skirt.

Available at better stores or contact
**F. A. MacCluer Inc., 160 E. 56th St., N. Y. C.**

In
CHICAGO
There Is
Really Only One Address
The
AMBASSADOR
Hotels—East & West

Relaxed Comfort, Charming Decor
Television and Radio

*The World Famous*
Pump Room
and THE BUTTERY

Frank Bering, Chairman
James A. Hart, President
Eugene Barrett, V. P.

North State Parkway
at Goethe
Chicago 10, Illinois

about three o'clock, we pulled into Oropesa, and while I went to inquire about the bus, Mr. Takeda found a small patch of shade near the ticket office, put his suitcase on end there, and sat down.

"Bus to Guadalupe?" the ticket collector said to me. "There is no bus to Guadalupe."

"Are you sure?" I asked. "There used to be one."

"Never!"

I asked to see the stationmaster, and after a short wait I was shown into his office. The ticket collector introduced him as Don Ramón, and I told him that the tourist agency in Madrid had said there was a bus from Oropesa to Guadalupe. "Madrid," he said, "which knows nothing about anything and thinks it knows all, because it is for the moment the capital of Spain, though personally I prefer Toledo, or even Valladolid, has told other people besides yourself that there is a bus service from here to Guadalupe. It is very inconvenient for the passengers who expect a bus, and very sad for us to have to disappoint them. Perhaps if you wait at Oropesa a few days, a private car may agree to take you."

I began to protest. "My companion, a *Japonés*, is sick, and—"

"A *Japonés* here? A *Japonés*, you say?" Don Ramón interrupted. He jumped from his chair in excitement. "I have never seen a *Japonés!*"

I had to run to keep up with him as he shot out onto the station platform and made straight for the speck of shade in which Mr. Takeda was resting on his suitcase.

"*Caramba!*" said Don Ramón, pulling up before him. "It is indeed a *Japonesito!*" There was a good humor and kindliness about Mr. Takeda that seemed always to call forth this affectionate diminutive.

Don Ramón now suddenly remembered that there was a man in Oropesa who owned a car and would sometimes accept passengers. He shouted to the ticket collector to fetch the car owner. "And bring my children back with you," Don Ramón said, "so that they may see the *Japonesito*. It will be good for their education." Turning to me, he added, "I would like my wife to inspect him, too, but she has grown so fat that she cannot fit into her corsets, and is ashamed to be seen without them. What a pity, for she would dearly have loved so fantastic a sight. Nothing ever happens in Spain, but when it does, it is unexpected." And, determined to miss nothing, he walked around and around Mr. Takeda, who stood up politely, hat

The HI-FI-ET
PORTABLE PHONOGRAPH
$98.95

For music lovers who want "Hi-Fi" quality in a compact portable!

All you have to do is listen for two minutes — and you'll realize how wonderfully the HI-FI-ET lives up to Stromberg-Carlson's unique reputation for finest tone quality!

The HI-FI-ET's thrillingly realistic tone comes from a combination of features not usually found in a portable phonograph:

- Extended range amplifier giving up to 7.5 watts output
- Audio frequency response from 50 to 15,000 cycles per second
- 8-inch concert-type permanent magnet speaker

Fully automatic 3-speed record changer. Bass, treble, tone control. Luggage style case in durable two-tone pigskin finish with contrasting trim.

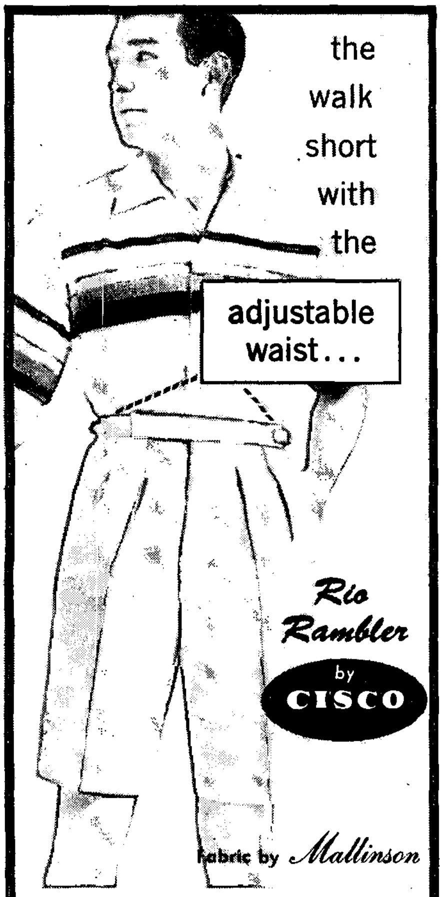
"there is nothing finer than a STROMBERG-CARLSON®"

STROMBERG-CARLSON COMPANY, ROCHESTER 3, NEW YORK

In Naples--and New York--it's
"CINZANO ON THE ROCKS"

**IN ITALY**—and at New York's Colony Restaurant, Mr. and Mrs. Igor Cassini—he's the celebrated columnist Cholly Knickerbocker — enjoy "Cinzano on the Rocks." It's the drink famed in all capitals of the world — indeed, Cinzano means vermouth on the Continent. If you like your drinks full-bodied — with a subtle after-taste that's perfect with a smoke — order Cinzano Sweet. For a drink that's light and bright as sunshine — order Cinzano Dry. Cinzano Sweet or Dry "makes" your favorite cocktail. Established 1816. Imported by Cinzano, Inc., New York, N. Y.

Sweet from Italy CINZANO Dry from France



**Dashingly cut and tailored, these Bermuda length walking shorts feature the extended waistband, hook clasp closing and adjustable side buckles found only in fine British slacks. The cool, wrinkle-resistant cotton and rayon blend has a luxurious linen-like weave and comes in 7 solid shades; black, navy, ruby, beige, light blue, gold, toast. Even sizes 28-44. $10**

**Use the coupon below to order from any of these fine stores; B. Altman, New York; Garfinckel's, Wash., D.C.; Bonwit Teller, Phila.; Levy's, Jacksonville, Fla.; Jos. Horne, Pittsburgh, Pa.; F. & R. Lazarus, Columbus, O.**

**Please send me these Cisco Rio Rambler Walk Shorts:**

Quantity________ Color________ Size________

Name________________________

Street________________________

City____________ Zone____ State________

☐ Check enclosed ☐ C.O.D. ☐ Charge

A CAMERA STUDY BY FABIAN BACHRACH

*And direct colour photography too.*

**Bachrach** 54 East 52nd Street, New York PLaza 5-6233

in hand. "Would you believe it?" Don Ramón muttered to himself. "A *Japonesito* at the station of Oropesa. A veritable *Japonesito*."

When the car arrived, and Don Ramón's children had admired Mr. Takeda, Don Ramón put our problem to the car's owner. The man pointed out that he had several passengers in the car already and that they were going in the opposite direction. He discussed the matter with them, and, for the sake of the *Japonesito* and a free excursion, they agreed to alter their plans. They would accompany us to Guadalupe, he said, come back the same twisting seventy-five kilometres to Oropesa, and then, late at night, proceed to their own destination.

A PRICE was arranged, and we started off. We drove through New Castile and into Estremadura, two hot, arid, and magnificent provinces. We passed high mountains, and dry river beds in burning valleys. At last, evening approached and gave us relief from the fierce glare of the day. The landscape, too, became more friendly. There were trees along the road. Foothills with white, winding paths through olive and chestnut groves rose in gentle curves against the lower slopes of the mountains. We turned a bend in the road and drove through the patterned shadow and brittle rustling of eucalyptus trees, and between their tall, slender, pale stems we glimpsed a monastery on a hillside, its gray walls and towers like those of a fortress. It was the great Jeronymite monastery that looms above Guadalupe.

We entered the town a few minutes later. Granite steps rise from its triangular cobblestoned plaza to a terrace that lies in front of the high doors of the monastery. Men were sitting on the steps talking; women, sitting on small, locally made rush-bottomed chairs, chatted at the doors of the houses on the plaza. With a tinkling of bells, the village goats trotted in from pasture. Pigs roamed about picking up scraps of food. In one corner, children were acting out a bullfight.

We rattled over the cobbles between the granite steps and the fountain in the center of the plaza, and drew up at the small doorway of the monastery's guesthouse, which is below the hill on the level of the town. Mr. Takeda and I went to the door and knocked. The evening was still very hot; when the door was opened, the cold blast from behind the six-foot-thick walls almost blew us backward.

A Franciscan monk who introduced himself as Father Jerome, and explained that he was serving as host in the guesthouse, greeted us and showed us to our rooms. He explained that in 1908 his order had been entrusted with the restoration of the monastery, which had been abandoned by the Jeronymites in 1835, when Mendizábal, a Liberal, secularized church property throughout Spain. Later, Father Jerome escorted us through the monastery. First, we saw the beautifully proportioned sacristy, where the windows and paintings are of identical size and identically framed. (Zurbarán spent a year in Guadalupe painting these brilliant scenes from Saint Jerome's life.) In other rooms and halls we saw fine illuminated manuscripts and embroidered vestments that had been worked by Jeronymite Fathers. Finally, we were led up to a small room—almost a closet—into which the dark little wooden statue of the Virgin of Guadalupe is turned through a hatch from her place in the Church, and is adorned in the robes sewn, embroidered, and bejewelled throughout the centuries by devout and wealthy women.

"I am glad I came," said Mr. Takeda as we returned to the guesthouse for dinner. "It has been worth everything just to see Guadalupe."

We were introduced to the monastery's guests, of which there were several—an Argentine family who had been searching for records of their ancestors at Trujillo, and a middle-aged couple from Madrid. We were to be cooked for and waited on by a woman named Caridad. The friars, except those with special duties, were in retreat. As we were about to sit down to dinner, Father Jerome asked all of us our first names, and it was by these that he introduced us to one another. Mr. Takeda's given name, I learned, was Itiro.

As we all spoke French, conversation soon became general, and we talked easily and freely of many things. By the time dinner was drawing to an end, a glow irradiated Itiro Takeda's face. "Until now, my two years in Europe have been a wilderness," he said. "I was not an individual, a person of heart and thought. I was labelled a Japanese. But here we call each other by our first names, like brothers and sisters, and sit at this intimate table, sensitive to every thought and feeling. By your gentleness, you have dispelled for me worldly pretensions and racial boundaries. We speak about anything that comes into our minds, confident that it will be sympathetically interpreted."

"The ways of God are indeed

strange, to bring you to this distant monastery to find peace," said Dolores, the woman from Madrid.

"It is with other people that a person is most peaceful or most lonely," Itiro said.

THE next morning, I went to the village, but the heat was so intense that I soon started back to the monastery to escape it. On the way, I met Itiro, who had come out to find a place to sketch, and I urged him to return with me. "The heat here is nothing compared to the heat in Japan," he said, and walked on.

At midday, I was sitting contentedly with Dolores and Pedro, her husband, in the patio of the guesthouse, shaded by trees and aromatic shrubs. Geraniums and carnations grew about us and hung in baskets from the walls and pillars. Dolores was sewing. We sipped iced lemonade from tall glasses opaque with condensation. Suddenly we heard a scream, and a moment later Caridad came running toward us. "Señorita! Señorita!" she said to me. "The *Japonesito!* The *Japonesito* has fallen down dead!"

Shock has the merciful quality of being its own anesthetic. "Where has he fallen?" I asked.

"In the cloisters outside his bedroom."

"I saw him out sketching this morning," said Pedro. "I warned him it was madness in this dreadful heat. His reply was 'I want to paint the parched ochre mountains gashing the deep, unvaried blue of the sky.' "

"Would you fetch a doctor, Caridad?" I said. "I'll go to the *Japonesito*."

I ran inside and up the stairs. The pointed-horseshoe arches of the second-story gallery of the cloister threw strong shadows on the stones of the floor. Half in and half out of one of these lay Itiro, pathetic in his neat black suit and white shirt. With some difficulty, I pulled him completely into the shadow, and then undid his tie, opened his collar, took off his shoes, and loosened his belt. I was not sure whether he was dead or not. In a little while, the prior, accompanied by several friars and a man I later learned was the only doctor in Guadalupe, turned in to the gallery and came toward us, the doctor's nailed shoes clattering and the friars' sandals tapping softly.

"He's not dead yet," the doctor announced after cursorily feeling Itiro's pulse and heart. "A matter of minutes, however. A very bad heart."

"Then we shall wait," said the prior. He stared at Itiro. "So that is what a

*The most desired watch of all*

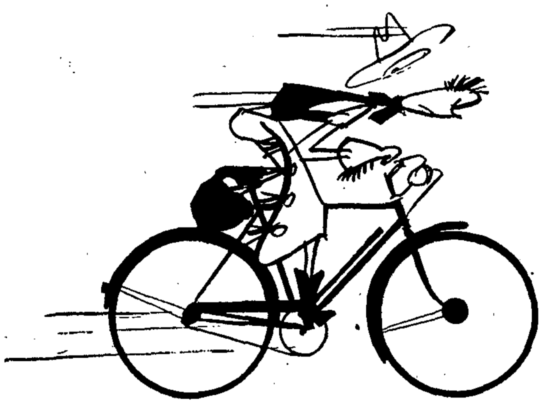
14k gold,
FULL CUT diamonds.
Slightly higher prices
in yellow gold with
diamonds set in Palladium.

MOVADO

These exquisite diamond and bracelet watches reflect the master craftsmanship that is exclusively Movado. To own a Movado is to possess the best; to give a Movado is the finest compliment you can bestow.

Fed. Tax Incl.

WINNERS OF 168 OBSERVATORY AWARDS... SOLD AND SERVICED BY LEADING JEWELERS ALL OVER THE WORLD
Copr. 1954 Movado Watch Agency, Inc., 610 Fifth Ave., N.Y. • 44 King St. W., Toronto, Canada



*Master is travelling light today!*

Travelling light and easy on his handsome lightweight Raleigh, of course! It's more fun to ride a Raleigh wherever he goes... and it's a matter of pride, too. His Raleigh... is the true royalty of English bicycles.

And small wonder! Raleigh has the Tri-Coaster Hub, combining the famous Sturmey-Archer 3-speed gear with safety coaster brakes in one compact mechanism. Traditional handbrake, too... and sturdy, lightweight Raleigh construction.

*Ride a* **RALEIGH** *...and ride with pride!*

For free catalogue and dealers' names, write to:
**Raleigh Industries of America, Inc. • Dept. N • 687 Boylston St. • Boston, Mass.**

WITTY BROTHERS
Makers of Fine Clothes Since 1888

PHOTOGRAPH BY FABIAN BACHRACH

Unsurpassed for travel!

ALLDAC®
100% Dacron Tropicals

The functional *proven* tropical ...pioneered and perfected in our famous workrooms. Out-performs all others:—holds its press indefinitely; throws off wrinkles quickly; keeps you cool in hot, humid weather. Quantities limited.

$95

100% DACRON SHIRTS • TIES
PAJAMAS • SHORTS • SLACKS

WITTY BROTHERS
550 FIFTH AVENUE
•
BROADWAY AT 38TH

*Japonesito* looks like." We had not met the prior before.

"What wonderful teeth he has," the doctor said admiringly. "I shall take them when he dies."

"Have you a match, Don Fernando?" the prior asked the doctor, offering him a cigar and then giving one to each of the friars. He lit one himself, puffed it a few times, and said, "*Bueno. Bueno*. Let us be comfortable while we wait."

I knew nothing of medicine, but the words "camphor injection" floated up from some vague memory.

"Not worth the expense," Don Fernando replied when I uttered them. "Nothing can save him."

"Could a camphor injection do him any harm?" I asked.

The Doctor shook his head. "But who would pay for it?" he asked.

"Don't worry about that," I said.

He shrugged, and took a syringe and capsule from his case. "If it's a comfort to the señorita . . ." he said.

Two of the friars took off Itiro's jacket and rolled up his shirtsleeve. I asked them to move him off the hard stone onto the bed in his room. They did so, and Don Fernando gave him the injection.

We all waited. The friars stood around the bed, smoking their heavy cigars. The room was dark, the shutters closed against the sun. Cigar smoke hung in the airless heat. Flies settled on Itiro. He stirred. Don Fernando felt his pulse, and chided me for having interfered. "Now it may be a matter of hours, or even days," he said.

"If he lives for several days, he will need nursing," I said.

"The friars will see to that," replied Don Fernando.

"I'm afraid not," said the prior. "We happen to be in retreat. But Caridad will be able to help." He nodded to me and led the friars away.

Caridad, I knew, worked from five every morning until midnight.

"Is there a nurse in Guadalupe who could look after him at night?" I asked the Doctor.

"We have a very good trained nurse," he said.

"Can you arrange it, then?"

"Impossible," Don Fernando said. "She is engaged to be married to the monastery's night watchman. If she spent the night here, people would talk."

"I could nurse him at night, and she in the day," I said.

"Impossible," said the Doctor. "She isn't here, you see. She's staying for a few weeks at Plasencia, with her brother

It's easy to make a better MANHATTAN!

Simply add required liquor to Holland House Manhattan Mix and—time after time—you'll taste the mellow smoothness of a balanced drink! *Other* Holland House Mixes: Dry Martini, Tom Collins, Daiquiri, Old Fashioned, Whiskey Sour, Side Car, Bronx.

MANHATTAN MIX
Holland House Cocktail Mix

HOLLAND HOUSE
MANHATTAN MIX
Full pint—enough for 32 cocktails,
85c
Slightly higher west of the Mississippi

Free cocktail & canape recipes. Write Dept. N
Holland House Sales Co., New York 11, N. Y.

PERSONALIZED GOLF BALLS
Each ball imprinted with your name for positive identification . . . no "lost" balls on the fairway. Numbered in sets of 3 . . . from 1 to 4 for foursome play.

- UNCONDITIONAL GUARANTEE AGAINST CUTTING. If at any time a ball is cut . . . no matter how . . . return it to us for FREE replacement. . . no questions asked.
- FIRST QUALITY. Liquid center of pure rubber . . . fully vulcanized Balata cover . . . 2 coats of finest enamel. Click- and flight-tested.

$6.00
BOX OF 12
POSTPAID
IDEAL GIFT!
Order several boxes today!

Print plainly name desired on balls . . . Limit: 17 letters
No C.O.D. Send check or money order to
JERICHO SALES CO., Dept. Y-4, New Hope, Pa.

THE MARSHALL HOUSE
York Harbor, Maine
Maine's Top Notch Luxury Resort
Write E. W. Marshall or call Longacre 5-1115.

who sings in the cathedral there. It is a pity, for she is an excellent trained nurse. Well, do not let the *Japonesito* eat anything. Keep his feet warm and, if possible, his head cool. Send for me if he dies; otherwise I shall call tomorrow."

Don Fernando, as I understood later, had long since been beaten in his attempts to fight ill health. His patients, the poverty-stricken peasants of the surrounding country, could not afford the simplest remedy, so it did not occur to him to prescribe medicaments.

A few minutes after the Doctor had left, Itiro feebly muttered something in Japanese. A little later, he whispered, in French, "I'm cold. I'm frightened."

"It's all right, Itiro," I said. "There is nothing to be frightened of. You will soon be well."

"I don't want to die," he said. "To die far away from my mother and my own country is very sad."

"You will not die," I said. "You are not ready to die yet."

I put my hand on his forehead and stroked his hair.

Pedro came to see if he could help. He and I composed a telegram to the Japanese Legation in Madrid, asking them to send a nurse, and Pedro took it off to the post office.

Caridad brought a pair of hot-water bottles for Itiro's feet. He remained motionless most of the night. The barking of hounds and the moonlight pouring through the open window did not seem to disturb him. I sat beside him, listening to the distant murmur of the friars' praying and chanting in retreat.

THE short, gentle dawn was quickly consumed, and the sun rose gorgeously above the mountains. Flies buzzed about Itiro's face, and I tried to keep them off. He opened his eyes and shaded them immediately with his hand. "The light," he said. "It hurts my eyes."

I drew the curtains over the window, darkening the room but also shutting out air. Exhausted by his effort, Itiro lay still again, his eyes shut. I decided to go to the kitchen and refill the hot-water bottles. As I left the room, I heard him mutter, "I don't think I will ever be warm again."

In the kitchen, Caridad was fanning the charcoal stove. "How's the *Japonesito*?" she asked.

"Cold," I replied.

"Dead?" she asked.

I shook my head. "I'll refill his hot-water bottles and give him some orange

*Knowing globe trotters appreciate the wonders of*

LAUNDEL

...the fragrant,
delicate-as-a-toiletry
easy-to-use preparation for
sudsing stockings, undies,
shirts, everything that thrives
on frequent washings.
Created by and
exclusive with Henri Bendel.

For traveling...plastic bottles:
4-oz., 1.50...8-oz., 2.00...16-oz., 3.75.

For home use...glass bottles:
4-oz., 1.00...8-oz., 1.50...16-oz., 2.75
quart, 5.00...½ gallon, 9.00
gallon, 16.50.

Henri Bendel
10 WEST 57
NEW YORK 19 NY

ONE OF A SERIES OF FAMOUS EUROPEAN TRAINS

The BLUE TRAIN

The BLUE TRAIN carries First and Second class sleeping cars from Calais on the channel to the glorious Cote d'Azur along the Mediterranean. For those who demand and expect Superior Service, this train, leaving Paris at 8 P.M. daily, combines punctuality with the latest in comfort.

Secure your rail accommodations before you leave. Tickets may be purchased and advance reservations made at any of our three offices or through your travel agent.

323 Geary St., San Francisco, Cal.
1231 St. Catherine St., W., Montreal: P.Q.

French NATIONAL RAILROADS

FRENCH NATIONAL RAILROADS, 610 FIFTH AVE., N. Y. Dept. NY 5

Please send me free illustrated "Railroad Map of France and Europe."

Name________________

Address________________

City__________ State__________

WEDGWOOD
A LIVING TRADITION

KINGCUP ON FINE BONE CHINA

Don't be afraid to use your fine white Wedgwood bone china every day. It will withstand hard usage without easily chipping or cracking. What's more, you can buy a five-piece place setting of the Kingcup pattern for only $14.00. Write for names of stores. For additional patterns, send 10c for Folder R.

**Josiah Wedgwood & Sons, Inc.**
24 East 54th Street New York 22, N. Y.
*Wedgwood is made at Barlaston, England.*

**Seasoned Traveller**
Our classic raincoat that never stays home. All cotton—in long-wearing poplin with a checked lining. Cravenetted, of course. Natural only. Sizes 10-18 **$25.00**

The Bermuda Shop
554 Madison Ave. at 55th St.
New York 22, New York

"juice, and he will feel better," I said.

Caridad put a pan of water on the stove and fanned the glowing embers more vigorously. "Only orange juice!" she said. "He'll die of starvation. How can anyone get well without food? *Pobrecito!* How can you treat him like that? And he a Catholic! I saw his prayer book." I was puzzled by this remark until I remembered that Itiro's Spanish-French pocket dictionary lay on his bed table. "It would not be so sad if he died, for his soul is saved," Caridad said.

The Doctor was at Itiro's bedside when I returned there, and his first words were "Ask the *Japonesito* how he keeps his teeth in such fine condition. What does he use to clean them?"

I translated the question to Itiro.

"I can see a little speck of blue between the clouds," Itiro said.

"What did he say?" asked Don Fernando eagerly.

"I don't think he understood me, Don Fernando," I said.

"I am lying at the scraped steel bottom of my long, sacklike head," Itiro went on, "and in the space between me and the top of my head a torrent of pain is pouring. From pain, I bathe in despair, until I make of despair a friendly companion."

"What does he say?" the Doctor asked again, and I translated.

He looked baffled for a moment, then enlightened. "He's delirious," he said, and, with self-satisfaction, "Yes, that's it. He is delirious. In falling yesterday, he struck the stone pavement with his head, and he is now suffering from concussion."

"Can we do anything about it?" I asked.

"A heart attack and concussion," said Don Fernando. "That is interesting. Ah, very interesting! You will see that he will complain of headaches, of exhaustion. Or he may even talk very much."

"He was in a railway accident. Might that be responsible?" I asked.

"Nothing to do with it!" Don Fernando bellowed. "It was the fall yesterday."

"That noise hurts my head," said Itiro.

"How is he today?" I asked.

Don Fernando felt Itiro's pulse. "A little better," he said with surprise. "Keep him quiet."

"Can he eat today?"

"He hasn't the strength to digest."

"Would strained orange juice do him any harm?" I asked.

"No, but what good would it do?"

The portly prior, smiling his good will, came into the room. He seated himself, with a sigh, on a chair beside Itiro and greeted him. "*Qué tal*, Itiro? How goes it?"

Itiro smiled at him.

"*Bueno. Bueno,*" murmured the prior.

He stayed for ten minutes, and at frequent intervals repeated "*Bueno. Bueno.*" And daily thereafter, the whole time Itiro remained in the monastery, the prior visited him, following precisely this routine.

ON the fifth day of Itiro's illness, a reply came to the telegram Pedro had sent. The Japanese Legation inquired simply, "WHAT IS THE NUMBER OF TAKEDA'S PASSPORT?"

We wired it immediately.

Four days later, another telegram reached us. This one asked, "WHAT ARE THE CONTENTS OF TAKEDA'S SUITCASE?"

I wondered how long I could go on nursing Itiro in the pitiless heat. I got very little rest, as day and night I had to attend him and keep a constant watch to prevent Caridad from feeding him. Her kindness was a greater menace than everybody else's indifference. From the moment she mistook his dictionary for a prayer book, she had conceived an attachment to the strange Christian. Twice, I found her sitting beside his bed with a bowl of stew, forcing spoonfuls of meat and chick-peas into his unwilling mouth.

We again wired to Madrid. This time, the Doctor worded it, "UNLESS NURSE ARRIVES WITHIN TWENTY-FOUR HOURS TAKEDA WILL DIE."

Forty-eight hours later, a heartening reply came from the Japanese Legation: "EXPECTED PERSON ARRIVING ABOUT NOON TOMORROW."

At a little before noon the next day, the prior, several friars, the Doctor, and I gathered in the gallery near Itiro's room. The brown habits of the friars, the white cords about their waists, their sandals, and their tonsured heads were in keeping with the space and agelessness of the medieval cloister, and their attitude, too—their calm meditation as they stood waiting, arms folded in their wide, pendulous sleeves—was centuries away from the lay impatience of the Doctor and me.

After half an hour, the prior sent a friar for a chair, and when it was brought, he sat down. We waited. Even the friars began to shift their weight from foot to foot. At last, the silence was broken by the sound of approaching footsteps. And then, instead of the nurse we so eagerly awaited, a diminutive Japanese diplomat entered the gallery. His pale-gray, perfectly tailored suit showed no trace of his dusty eight-hour drive over the torrid high plateau of central Spain. Incongruous in the crumbling elegance of the cloister, next to the long brown habits of the friars and the carelessly dressed, open-collared, unshaven Doctor, he might have been an expensive mechanical doll freshly removed from a bandbox, wound up, and set down to walk toward us for our amusement.

The little man introduced himself and abruptly asked, "Where is the body?"

"Where is the nurse?" I asked. I thought she was probably changing into her uniform in some room Caridad had put at her disposal. I even looked down into the cloisters below, in case she was on her way.

"I am sorry to seem impatient," said the diplomat, his Castilian as polished as his appearance, "but could I please have the body, so that I can start without delay on my return to Madrid? The hearse is waiting at the entrance."

Though it was clear to me now that no nurse had been brought, I said, "Your telegram told us 'Expected person . . .' "

"That is right," agreed the diplomat. "When somebody dies, you expect a hearse or an undertaker." He spoke with the inflexible obstinacy of the official who, having been instructed by his superior, cannot be moved by reason or feeling.

"Mr. Takeda is still alive," I told him.

"Then your telegram lied," he said coldly.

I began to understand. The Doctor's wire had said Takeda would die unless a nurse arrived within twenty-four hours. To make absolutely sure of the death of someone who would be less of a nuisance dead than alive and ill, the Legation had waited forty hours or so before answering. And, itself innocent of good faith, it had believed so implicitly in ours that its emissary's instructions were limited to what to do with a corpse. The diplomat now sidestepped the awful chasm of personal decision. "If he is alive," he said, "I shall return immediately to Madrid."

He started away, and I ran around in front of him. He hesitated, then came closer to me and began to speak in English, quickly and conciliatingly. "My dear young lady, why do you make all this bother about Mr. Takeda? He is a person of absolutely no account. We have made inquiries. Only a poor art student, not worth any sacrifice. Leave him to die here, and go lightly about

Before dinner, enjoy a refreshing Cointreau Sidecar

Cointreau
LIQUEUR

*for 103 years a world favorite*

After dinner, sip Cointreau Liqueur with your coffee

On your favorite fruit dessert, Cointreau adds a tempting, exotic taste

A time-honored formula gives Cointreau Liqueur the superb flavor that is preferred by *all* who instinctively choose the finest.

*Cointreau also produces Cordials in 18 other distinctive flavors.*

80 PROOF • PRODUCED AND BOTTLED IN U.S.A. BY COINTREAU LTD., PENNINGTON, N. J.
SPECIALTY
COINTREAU
LIQUEUR
COINTREAU
THE WORLD RENOWNED AFTER DINNER LIQUEUR
ALCOHOLIC STRENGTH 80 PROOF · CONTENTS 4/5 QUART

Custom Tailors Chipp Furnishers

SUMMER SHIRTS

Sensible clothing goes far in beating the heat and that's why we go all out in recommending our White Oxford Mesh Tropical-Weave button down......$5.50

Also our sheer batiste shirts which come in white, pale blue, pink and yellow and are full cut, with box pleat back, full roll button-back and button down collar. Also barrel cuffs, breast pocket and cut in coat style 5.00

Bright or subdued Indian Madras four-in-hand ties...... 2.00

Adjustable Indian Madras String bow ties (slim shape, bat ends)...... 1.50

2" Gold filled safety pin (tax included) 2.75

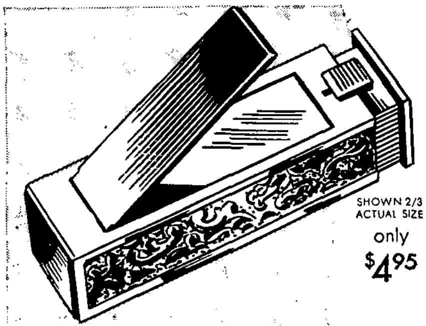
Sizes 14½ to 16½; 32 to 36 sleeve.

Mail Orders Filled Add 25c for Postage

Chipp Travelers are now on the road. Upon request, we will be happy to furnish our itinerary.

Chipp

14 East 44th Street
New York 17, New York



SHOWN 2/3 ACTUAL SIZE
only $4.95

Elgin American
MIRROR LIPSTICK

Like magic, this Elgin American exclusive! Pull out the lipstick, and presto...a mirror appears! Replace the lipstick...the mirror clicks closed, automatically.

*A wide variety of designs and finishes, at your favorite counter.*

Elgin American
FASHION ACCESSORIES
So easy to choose... so sure to please... so proudly owned

your own affairs. I shall give instructions to the prior, and tell him what we Japanese would like done with the body." He saw I was about to speak, and held up his hand. "Or, if you are determined to stay," he went on, "then please do the following. When he dies, cut his hair and his nails, and send the body to us in Madrid."

"You must not go away," I insisted. "We have looked after Itiro to the limit of our endurance. Now it is your turn to have him properly cared for. You must drive him back with you."

"Never!" the diplomat said. He spoke to the Doctor. "Tell me, what would happen to Mr. Takeda if we tried to drive him to Madrid?"

"He would die on the way," said the Doctor.

"You see?" said the diplomat blandly. "The Doctor says the drive would kill him."

"Don Fernando, if Itiro stays here, what will happen to him?" I asked.

"He will die."

"And if he should *not* die on the journey," I went on, "wouldn't we have a better chance of keeping him alive in Madrid, where nurses, medicines, and electric fans are available?"

"He won't get there," replied the Doctor.

"Well, let's leave Itiro out of it, for the moment," I said. "A man has a heart attack in Madrid. Can more be done to save him there than if he'd had the attack here in Guadalupe?"

The Doctor smiled. "Naturally," he said. "Without doubt."

"I refuse to take Mr. Takeda," the diplomat began, and stopped. A more diplomatic solution had occurred to him. His voice took on an appealing note. "I wouldn't dare to travel alone with a dying man," he said.

"My assistant could accompany you and give camphor injections when necessary," the Doctor volunteered.

"Your assistant, Don Fernando!" I said. "You never told me you had an assistant! He could have helped nurse Itiro."

The Doctor only grinned. "He would enjoy a trip to Madrid," he said. "What does a village like Guadalupe offer a young man of twenty?"

The diplomat's alleged fear of travelling alone with a dying man was merely his way of offering what he thought was an unacceptable solution. He now offered another. "I will agree to take Mr. Takeda with me to Madrid on one condition—that this lady accompany us," he said.

To his surprise, I accepted. I felt that I wanted to see Itiro through the jour-

*When it's noontime...*

*you're sun-lazing*
AT THE CARIBE HILTON

After the morning's dip in the sparkling blue pool or a swim in the clear, calm ocean waters from our private beach come golden moments of pleasant relaxation, a quiet interlude before a round of gaiety.

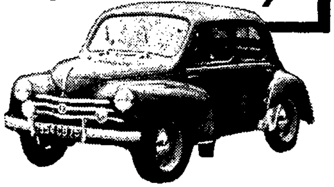
*European Plan*
*Single $9 to $17 • Double $12 to $21*

Caribe Hilton
SAN JUAN • PUERTO RICO • U.S.A.

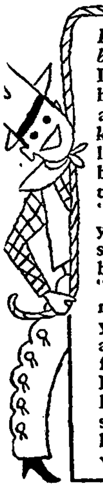
For reservations or information contact your Travel Agent, or Caribe Hilton Reservation Office: The Waldorf-Astoria, New York, Tel.: MUrray Hill 8-2240 or call any Hilton Hotel.

EXPLORE EUROPE
in carefree luxury!

driving your own



RENAULT
4 door 4 CV Sedan Delivered in Paris
ONLY $995 (7 other models to $1995) RECOVER MOST OF COST by re-sale for dollars.
Direct Factory Branch
RENAULT OF FRANCE, Dept. N5
270 Park Ave., N. Y. C. 17 • PLaza 5-8700



*Even though he has to be roped* into using Lexol, this chap really has nothing to kick about. Guess he doesn't know "Lexolized" leather looks so much better (lasts longer too). And the best "steer" we can give you in caring for saddles, belts, boots, luggage is to "Lexolize" the whole range often. This way you'll lasso the flex and glow of fine leather for keeps. Bar nothing, Lexol is top brand for leather care . . . at sports, shoe repair and luggage dealers everywhere. Try Lexol.

(*Advertisement*)

ney myself. Besides, the lift to Madrid would enable me to see friends there, and, best of all, it would take me nearer the coast and away from the worst of the heat. "We could leave this evening," I said.

"In the meanwhile," the prior said, taking the diplomat by the arm, "come and meet our dear friend Itiro. A person one knows means more than a name, a passport number, or the contents of a suitcase. Spend the afternoon with us here in our monastery, see our works of art, and take some refreshment."

I wired a hotel in Madrid, asking for a room, and got ready to leave.

"NO wonder the Pope feels seasick when they carry him along the aisle of St. Peter's in Rome," Itiro said, laughing feebly.

The chair in which he was being carried swayed as the Doctor's assistant and Pepe, the chauffeur of the hearse, took him downstairs to the ground floor. It was about eight o'clock that same evening. More than twenty friars were gathered to wish us Godspeed or, more likely, to catch a glimpse of the *Japonesito*, whom most of them had not been able to see before. Each one insisted on shaking hands with him. And, summoning a few shreds of vitality, Itiro seemed exhilarated by the effort he had to make. Catching sight of the Doctor, he asked me to say to him, "Don't be too disappointed about losing my teeth, Don Fernando. Maybe in your mouth they would have continued to speak Japanese."

When I had translated, the friars marvelled, and repeated the remark to each other, adding, "*Qué ingenio!* What wit!" and "Did you hear what he said? *Hombre! Qué ingenio!*"

The chauffeur and the Doctor's assistant laid Itiro on a mattress in the hearse, and I got in with him. The diplomat sat in front, next to the driver, and the Doctor's assistant sat with Itiro and me.

"What do you think of my compatriot?" Itiro asked me.

"What do *you*?" I countered.

He looked grave, and replied, "He is a person of no conscience, no humanity, and no wisdom. He will go far in our diplomatic service."

FOLLOWED by shouts of "Good-bye and good journey!" from the still hilarious friars, we set out toward Madrid. Most of the time, we rode in silence. Now and then, I tried to make Itiro more comfortable. The movement of the car tired him, and I

Outdoor living in style means
Salterini, of course!
Club Chair (E2605), $132.
Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Dining Table (569), $125.; Side Chair (769), $43.; Arm Chair (769A), $48.50; Double Chaise (659), $315.; Sta-Out Arm Chair (0663), $46.50. Protected by the famous NEVA-RUST* process. Available in 9 decorator finishes. Sold at fine stores everywhere or through your decorator. All prices approximate retail.

JOHN B. SALTERINI CO., INC., 510 EAST 72nd STREET, NEW YORK 21

...a wee bit **smoother**

...a wee bit **mellower**

...a wee bit **tastier!**

**Peter DAWSON Scotch**

*The "Spirit" of Scotland*

Let this seal be your guide to quality
Imported by JULIUS WILE SONS & CO., INC., N.Y.
BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY • 86.8 PROOF

we fooled him!
TOM DAVENPORT
with simulated pearls by TRIFARI

You can fool the experts, too, with simulated pearls by Trifari . . . the finest quality you can buy!
© 1954 Trifari, Krussman & Fishel, Inc., N.Y.C.

Out of the most handsome cabinet ever made... comes the magnificent music of the KRANICH & BACH piano

KRANICH AND BACH
The Aristocrat of Pianos · Founded 1864
327 Walnut Avenue, New York, N. Y.
Canadian Factory: 52 Osler Avenue, Toronto, Canada

slid open the glass panel back of the driver's seat and asked Pepe to drive more slowly.

"The faster I go, the smoother," replied Pepe, accelerating.

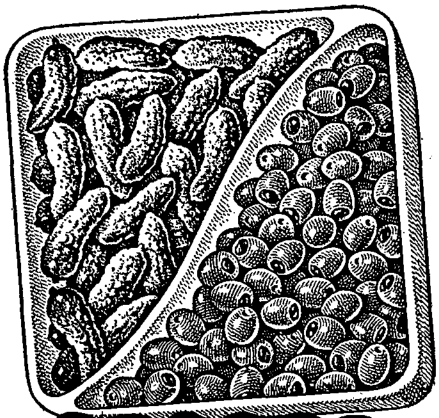
Soon our road became precipitous, and the diplomat's rigid mask of correct behavior cracked. He was scared, and suffered from vertigo. I offered him the brandy I had brought, on the doctor's advice, for Itiro, and he gulped it all. "That will only make him worse," Pepe said, and it did. I must grant, though, that a certain nervousness was justified; our cumbersome hearse was no vehicle for that mountain road. The road was narrow, and frequently at the curves its outside edge sloped toward the hungry precipice instead of toward the safe inner side. Other traffic was scarce, and therefore, when it did appear, frighteningly unexpected.

Pepe gradually became rattled by the diplomat's hysteria, which grew more and more evident, though he did not actually scream until, on the highest shoulder of the Sierra, we came face to face with a steamroller. Pepe roared round it, and I had the momentary illusion that we were hanging over the edge of the road, balancing somehow on the two inside wheels. The diplomat did scream then, and Pepe, turning around to look at me instead of continuing to look at the myriad dangers of the road ahead of him, said, "If this man continues to display his nerves, we'll find ourselves hurtling down the mountain! *Qué derrumbamiento!* What a hurtle that'll be! What an omelet we'll make at the bottom!"

The last, faint glimmer of daylight faded, and we sped on in darkness, following the tunnel of our headlights. The road passed between olive groves, and the lights picked the ancient trees out of the shadow—the ribbed dark-silver bark of tormented trunks, the pale-silver halo of brittle leaves, pierced by predatory branches that had been contorted and gnarled by years of struggle to survive.

Ahead we saw at last the dim lights of Talavera twinkling like a feeble cluster of stars low in the blackness, while above them a multitude of real stars sparkled brightly. When we reached the town, I asked the diplomat to telephone his colleagues in Madrid and arrange with them to have a bed ready for Itiro at a hospital or nursing home. He agreed and went into a café, where he remained half an hour.

Then we were once more speeding along the road to Madrid. We drove on hour after hour. Itiro's pulse weakened. He had already had three camphor in-


Sexton Quality Foods

It's the little things that mean so much to the great chefs of America . . . including Sexton Quality pickles and olives that garnish their *chef-d'oeuvres.* You, too, can grace any occasion with select-quality Sexton pickles and olives. They come in all varieties and sizes. At your better independent grocer's.

John Sexton & Co., Sexton Square, Chicago, Ill.

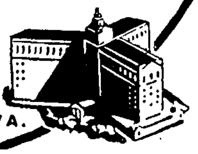
The Cavalier
A RESORT CLUB

Springtime is Cavalier time

The tease of spring is in the air—famous nearby gardens are open, golfing is at its finest and the weather is glorious for day trips to Williamsburg.

Your inquiry is invited.

VIRGINIA BEACH, VA.



HAVE YOU TASTED
Bigelow's "Constant Comment" Tea
the finest Tea, flavored for you, your friends and guests, with bits of Oranges and Sweet Spice. At Epicure and Gift Shops. Write for free sample and names of nearby Shops.
R. C. BIGELOW, Inc.
5-N Hoyt Street • Norwalk, Conn.

Exclusive Perfumes
blended in the French Tradition
The Perfume Shop of
MICHEL PASQUIER
7 W. 46th St., New York 36, N. Y.

jections, and we wanted to hold out as long as possible before giving him a fourth, which would be the last he could safely have. It was three o'clock in the morning before I distinguished a faint glow in the sky ahead. "I see the lights of Madrid," I said to Itiro. "We can't be very far now."

A few minutes later, he asked me, "Are we nearly there?"

"Very nearly," I said.

Soon there were lights along the road. At the first crossroads, Pepe stopped the hearse. "Where do we go now?" he asked the diplomat.

"Ask the señorita," the diplomat replied.

Pepe asked me.

"What did you arrange with your colleagues?" I asked the diplomat.

"I did not telephone them," he said.

"Good God!" I burst out. "You only pretended?"

"I did not pretend," he said. "I did not say to whom I spoke. I spoke to my wife. I didn't want her to worry. Anyway, I knew it was useless to try to arrange for a bed for Takeda. Before I left for Guadalupe, I knew that all the hospitals were full."

"If you'd only told me, I could have rung up friends in Madrid myself," I said.

"I hoped that Mr. Takeda would not reach Madrid alive," the diplomat replied.

"*Caramba!*" Pepe exclaimed, shocked. "These Japs have no blood in their veins."

I asked Pepe, who was a Madrileño, if he knew of any hospital or nursing home that might admit Itiro.

"One," he said. "But it's on the other side of Madrid."

I said we would go there, and about half an hour later we pulled up at a gray, shuttered house standing back from the main road among plane trees. It was surrounded by a high blue wall, in which there was an ironwork gate with a bell beside it. Pepe got out of the hearse and pulled the bell, which let out a mournful clank.

After some delay, the door of the house opened and a man came out, wearing a pajama coat and street trousers.

"Can you take in a patient?" Pepe asked.

"For diseases of the heart only," said the man.

"That is right," I called. "A heart attack."

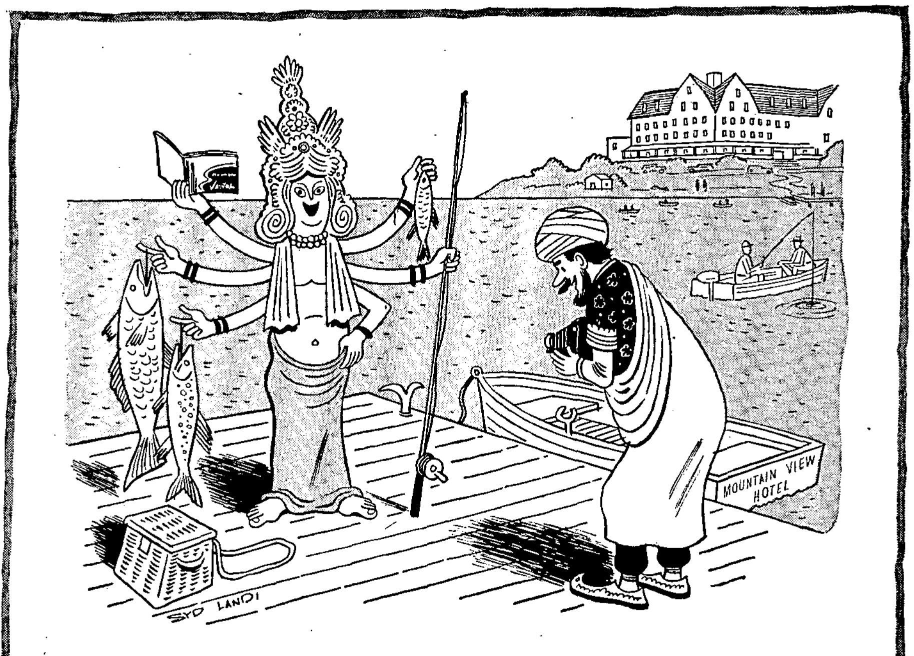
The man went back indoors and fetched a doctor, who came out to the hearse. He got in and took one look at Itiro. "Just a moment," he said, and,

BY APPOINTMENT GIN DISTILLERS TO THE LATE KING GEORGE VI • BOOTH'S DISTILLERIES, LTD.

The essential ingredient of a perfect MARTINI or a supreme GIN & TONIC

BOOTH'S "HOUSE of LORDS"
The World's Finest DRY GIN
Imported from England

*Imported by* PARK & TILFORD DISTILLERS CORP., NEW YORK • DISTILLED FROM 100% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS • 86 PROOF



*"The man was right—all roads lead to fun in New York State!"*

FREE!
1954 VACATION GUIDE TO N. Y. STATE
196 pages, fully illustrated. Information on 550 resorts in 15 regions, accommodations, routes. 100 maps, drawings. 81 color photos.
MAIL COUPON TODAY! ▶

New York State Dept. of Commerce
Room 297, 112 State St., Albany 7, N. Y.
Send me free copy of 1954 New York State vacation guide.
Name ______ (PLEASE PRINT)
Street ______
City ______ Zone ______ State ______

Choose Royalty

The jugs Royal Doulton makes today for your bar, den or curio shelf are direct descendants of quaint English jugs popular in the 18th Century.
Falstaff, large $10.00. Small size, $5.00

Choose
Royal Doulton

SEND FOR JUG AND FIGURINE BOOK IN FULL COLOR, 25 CENTS
DOULTON & CO., INC., DEPT. J-19, 11 E. 26TH ST., N.Y.C.

Countess Mara
AT STORES OF DISTINCTION ONLY

...NEL MONDO MASCHILE
(... in the masculine world)

Countess Mara

AFTER-SHAVE LOTION 3.50
COLOGNE 5.00

338 PARK AVENUE—NEW YORK 22 N Y

climbing out, beckoned me back to the entrance gate with him.

"We do not accept the dying," he said.

"Where shall we take him, then?" I asked, in desperation. "Is there no humanity in the medical profession?"

"You are young and emotional, Señorita, and do not see things clearly," the doctor said. "When there is a shortage of beds for the sick, should these be occupied by the incurable?"

"What would you advise me to do?" I asked.

"To leave this godforsaken country as soon as possible," he said. "Escape the slaughter, if you can. Before long we'll be having civil war."

"But what shall I do about my sick companion? Where shall we take him?" I said.

"No hospital or home will accept him in his present condition," said the doctor. "My only suggestion is that you try to get him into a hotel. Demand diplomatic privilege. Good night. Remember my warning. I have sent away my wife and children." He went back through the gate, and it clicked shut behind him.

"At what hotel do you usually put up your guests in Madrid?" I asked the diplomat. He held out his hands in a gesture of helplessness belied by the obstinate set of his face.

I told Pepe to drive to the center of the city, where there were several hotels close together. The doctor's assistant and I gave Itiro the fourth camphor injection. A little later, Pepe stopped the car outside a hotel. The diplomat got out and disappeared into the entrance, but soon he rejoined us, shaking his head. We drove on to another hotel and another refusal. As the diplomat was about to take his seat once more, Pepe pointed out three or four hotels on the opposite side of the street. The diplomat crossed over. We watched him enter, and emerge from, each hotel. When he left the last one, I got out of the hearse, crossed over, and joined him. I was sure he wasn't doing all he could, and I thought perhaps I could bully him a little.

"Let's go back there together," I said. "I want you to ring up a colleague and ask for help."

"The whole thing's impossible!" he cried, but he followed me.

Inside the hotel, I persuaded him to telephone the Japanese Legation. After he had talked a while, his expression changed from surly indifference to radiant pleasure. He replaced the receiver and went haughtily to the hotel clerk. "You must put a room at my disposal,"

The most convenient location in New York

On the smart East Side,
with theatres, fine shops and
other attractions nearby.

HOTEL New Weston
MADISON AT 50th • NEW YORK 22, N. Y.
JAMES T. McTIGHE, Manager
A Knott Hotel

THE Pearson CHICAGO

A distinguished address
in the heart of the Near
North Side's Famous
Gold Coast.

Just a
whisper
from the
Lake!

Hotel PEARSON
190 EAST PEARSON STREET
CHICAGO 11, ILLINOIS

♣ replaceable ♠ washable
♥ guaranteed ♦ won't chip

give her KEM CARDS
for MOTHER'S DAY
she'll treasure them for years!

KEM
two decks
$7.50

the original pure plastic playing card
KEM PLASTIC PLAYING CARDS, INC.
595 Madison Ave., New York 22, N.Y.

he said. "My Minister is returning from San Sebastián and will raise the matter with your government if you make any difficulties."

"We have a nice room on the third floor," the clerk said.

"We shall need help to carry Mr. Takeda to his room," said the diplomat. "Put hot-water bottles in his bed without delay."

"*Pronto! Pronto!*" The clerk was obsequious. He clapped his hands until the night porter and two pages appeared.

I went out to Itiro. "We have a room for you," I told him. "You'll be all right now." I do not think he heard me.

The diplomat came out and blandly explained his change of attitude. "They've found out that Takeda's father is a person of importance in Tokyo," he said. "How fortunate we took such good care of him."

"Did you ask for a doctor?" I said.

"Unnecessary, my dear young lady," he said. "The Legation has been waiting for us since yesterday, and they have had a doctor on call all the time. He'll be here any minute. The Legation sent a telegram to Guadalupe about the new official attitude, but we had left before the wire arrived."

Itiro was put to bed in his room, and I sat beside him, holding his limp hand. Several garrulous Japanese burst in presently. The diplomat spoke to them in Japanese, and they thumped him on the back and shook his hand repeatedly, obviously congratulating him. A nurse followed, and then a doctor. I gave the doctor a brief outline of what had happened to Itiro.

"You can leave now," he said kindly. "I'll do all I can. And as for these Japanese, they've been in such a panic about letting an important compatriot die that they'll do or pay anything to get him back to Tokyo alive."

I prepared to leave. "Can our chauffeur drive you anywhere?" the diplomat asked me.

I realized afterward that this was his way of finding out the name of the hotel I was going to, but at the moment I took the offer as a considerate gesture and accepted it gratefully.

THE next morning, the telephone beside my bed awoke me, but I must have slept through most of its ringing, for the line was dead by the time I answered. After the silence of Guadalupe, and my preoccupation with Itiro, it was pleasant to hear below my window the roar of traffic, the hooting of horns, and the cries of the *churreros* and the other street venders. These vital

DUBONNET
SHOULD ALWAYS BE SERVED
WELL CHILLED
DUBONNET
T.M. REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
Dubonnet
An Aperitif Wine
MADE SINCE 1846
MADE AND BOTTLED IN U.S.A.
BY DUBONNET CORPORATION
PHILADELPHIA, PA.
PREPARED BY AUTHOR
DUBONNET, 7, Rue Mor
Paul Rand
Beyond your mildest expectations!

Dubonnet

With Dubonnet, you have all the pleasure of your usual cocktail... but with much more mildness! Dubonnet is tangy. Satisfying. Yet so light you can safely enjoy it any hour of the day.

For a free copy of Dubonnet Drink Guide (in states where legal) send name and address today to Dubonnet Corp., 31st & Jefferson Streets, Phila., Pa.

MERRY WIDOW
one-half Dubonnet
one-half dry vermouth
serve well chilled,
add twist of lemon peel.

Dubonnet STRAIGHT
served well chilled
add twist of lemon
peel, no ice.

Dubonnet COCKTAIL
one-half Dubonnet
one-half gin
stir with ice, strain,
add twist of lemon peel.

Dubonnet ON-THE-ROCKS
Pour Dubonnet over
two or three cubes of ice,
add twist of lemon peel.

Dubonnet Aperitif Wine, Product of U.S.A. © 1954 Dubonnet Corp., Phila., Pa.

sounds, and the inevitable smell of cooking oil, together with the strong sunlight, seeped into my bedroom between the slats of its green blinds. The telephone rang again, and this time I picked it up immediately.

"Is that the lady from the monastery of Guadalupe?" a voice inquired.

"Yes," I said.

"Just a minute, please."

The familiar voice of my companion, the Japanese diplomat, now addressed me. "My Minister would like to present you with a Japanese Order," he said.

"How is Itiro?" I asked.

"I was asking whether you would accept a decoration," he said.

Afraid that he was deliberately avoiding my question, I asked, "Is he dead?"

"Is who dead?" asked the diplomat.

"Is Itiro Takeda alive or dead?" I asked.

"Alive," he answered.

"Then how is he? What does the doctor say?"

The diplomat did not know. "The specialist's report has been translated and sent on to his relatives," he told me, an impatient note creeping into his voice. "About this decoration—"

"It's very nice of you," I interrupted, "but one would try to do as much for anybody. I'd rather not."

"Perhaps you're tired after the journey," the diplomat said. "My Minister could make the presentation at your hotel. You have the choice of the Order of the Rising Sun, the Order of the Chrysanthemum, the Order of the Precious Crown . . ."

"What lovely names!" I said, and I was sincere. "But I don't want to be decorated for nursing a sick man."

The diplomat's smooth tone changed to his hysterical one. "How can I tell my Minister you have refused!" he screamed. "Think of my position! It is an insult to Japan! After all I have done for you!"

"The heat of Madrid in July is too much for me," I said. "I'm travelling to the coast by the first train today."

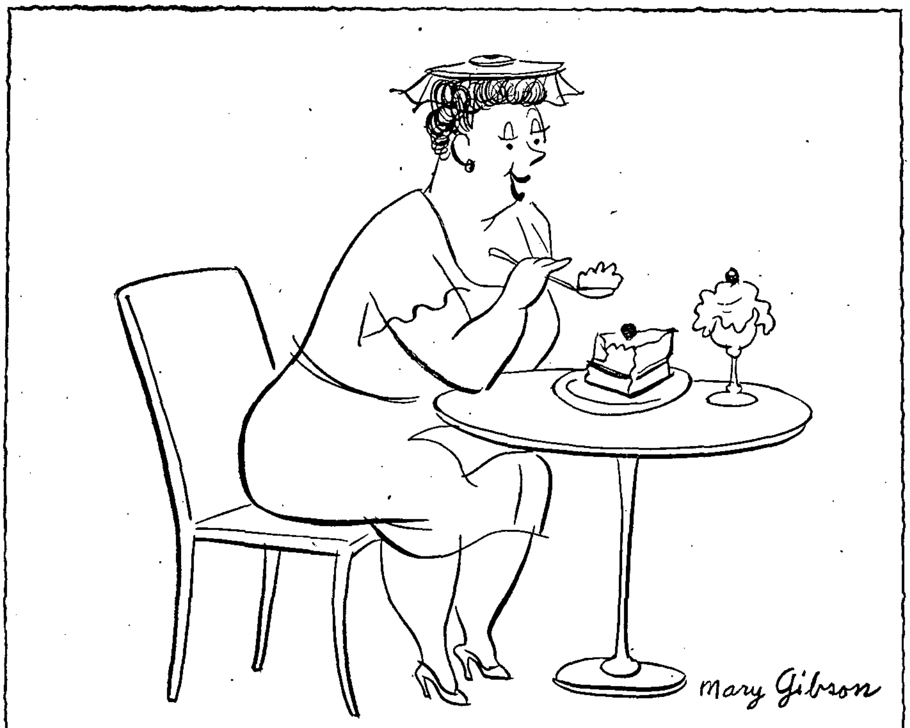
A FEW months later, I received a letter from Itiro. He had reached home safely, and he said he thought it would amuse me to hear that the diplomat had been promoted for his able and humane handling of the incident.

—PHYLLIS PEARSALL

•

STEADY TONE
IN BOSTON EGGS
—*Boston Herald.*

Peep, peep?



*This little picture tells you why*
*Her hubby has a roving eye*

**DON'T GET LEFT . . . GET RY-KRISP**

Filling, far more hunger-satisfying than soft, quickly eaten breads. Whole-grain-rich in proteins, minerals and B-vitamins. Delicious!

Famous Ry-Krisp Reducing Plan on Package

**COMPARE THE CALORIES:**

| | |
|---|---|
| Ry-Krisp, 1 double-square wafer | 20 |
| Bread, 1 slice | 63 |
| Plain roll or bun | 118 |
| Biscuit or muffin | 129 |

*Make your bread RY-KRISP*

Reg. $24.00

NOW $17.95

Postpaid

**GOLF OXFORD:** Take strokes off your golf score and enjoy all-day comfort—by wearing our famous HAND-MADE Golf Oxford. They're genuine moccasins, and made here in Maine by fussy, particular bootmakers. For lightness, support, and downright comfort, you'll find they have no equal—and spectacular is what you will say about the waterproof, non-clogging vinylite sole.

*All sizes for men and women in brown or brown with white tip. Also in blue with white tip for women only.*

CASCO BAY TRADING POST
ROUTE 1
FREEPORT, MAINE

Please ship me............prs. @ $17.95 ea.
Size..............................Color..............................
Check one: ☐ Men's ☐ Women's
☐ Send me free catalog.
Name..............................
Address..............................
City..............................State..............................

"It's ELECTRONIC MAGIC!"

Privat-ear RADIO

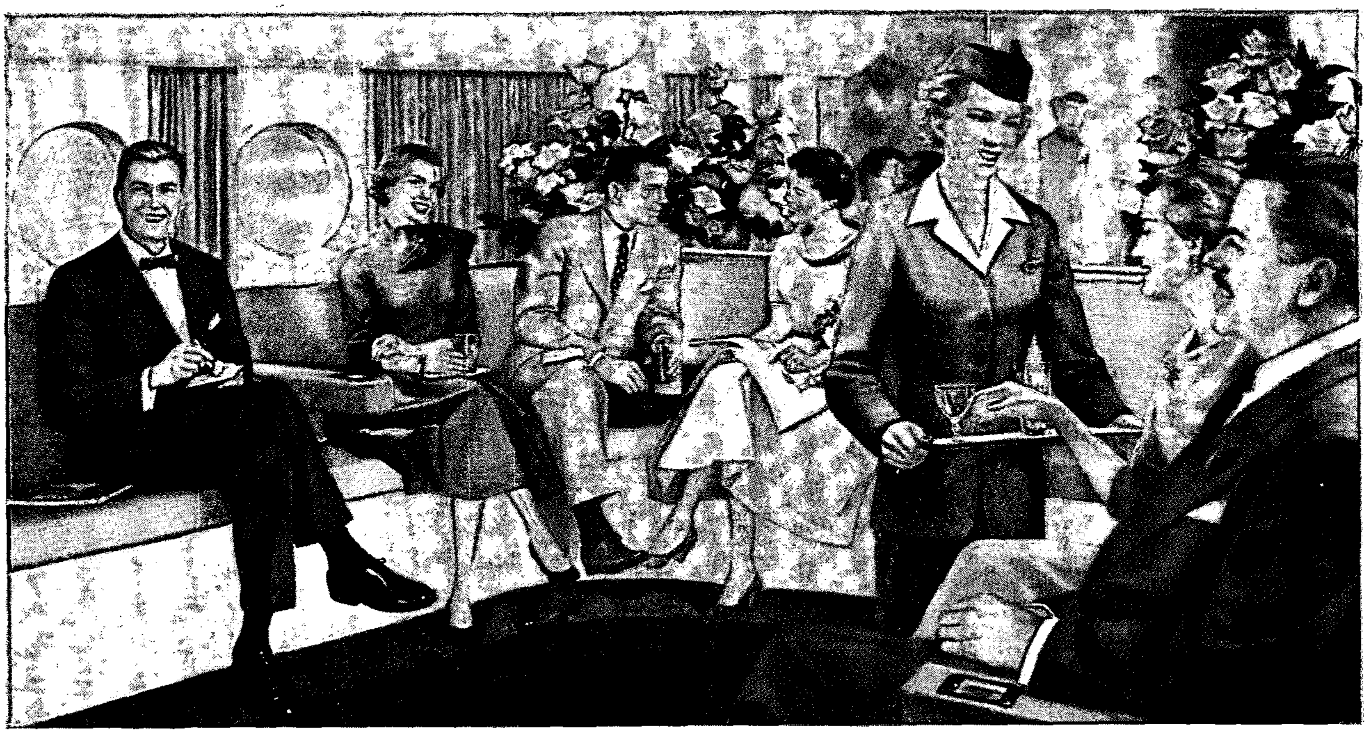
The amazing pocket portable —YOU ALONE CAN HEAR!

Enjoy your favorite broadcasts in complete privacy! Ideal for hunters, fishermen, convalescents, the hard-of-hearing and for use at sports events. Superb tone, easy 50 mile daytime reception. Weighs only 8 oz. with telescope antenna and batteries. Only $25.95 complete. Choice of red or maroon.

In New York—ABERCROMBIE & FITCH CO.
In Chicago—VON LENGERKE & ANTOINE
or send check or money order to:

**PRIVAT-EAR CORPORATION**
BLACKSBURG, VIRGINIA

Division of the INSTRUMENT CORPORATION OF AMERICA
—Suppliers to the Electronic and Aviation Industries



**Relax in** the luxurious lower-deck lounge on *The President.*
*All President* flights are in double-decked "Strato" Clippers.

# You're on the most popular airline to EUROPE when you choose Pan American

**10 times every day giant Pan American Clippers span the Atlantic**

**They've carried more passengers, 650,000 —and made more crossings, 44,500— than any other airline**

You get the feeling the moment you board your Clipper* that Pan Am knows how to run an airline.

It's not alone the snap and precision of ground personnel, the superb airmanship of U.S. crews, the luxurious Clippers themselves, the frequency and convenience of flights — it's also the sure, understanding way in which you are treated, with hospitality, with friendliness, and with attentive consideration.

*Attention to each passenger's needs, plus an unmatched record of air pioneering and leadership—that's what makes Pan Am the choice of experienced travelers.*

Call your Travel Agent or Pan American.

*Trade-Mark, Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

**No change of plane to EUROPE from**

New York, Boston, Philadelphia . . . and from Chicago and Detroit, starting April 30

| Typical one-way fares from New York | RAINBOW | PRESIDENT |
|---|---|---|
| SHANNON | $261 | $371 |
| LONDON | 290 | 400 |
| PARIS | 310 | 420 |
| ROME | 360 | 487 |
| STOCKHOLM | 356 | 466 |
| LISBON | 310 | 406 |

Fares, shown to nearest dollar and subject to government approval, are slightly less from Boston, slightly more from Phila., Chicago and Detroit (Chicago and Detroit, *RAINBOW* only)

***More people fly to Europe by* PAN AMERICAN**

***World's Most Experienced Airline***

# Hathaway presents a collector's item, from Paris

THIS IS probably the most exciting shirt HATHAWAY has made in a hundred years. The fabric is a very rare cotton voile, spun and woven in France. Very few people realize that the French lead the world in men's shirtings; the Place Vendôme is generally five years ahead of Piccadilly. But the only trouble with these exquisite French shirtings is that they are produced in such very small quantities. We talked the owners of this glorious red and blue stripe into selling us a few precious pieces, which we have made up into wonderful sports shirts. You can buy this collector's item ready-made at a few top stores for $25.00. Write a card to C. F. Hathaway, Waterville, Maine, for the name of your nearest store.

# THE ART GALLERIES

## *Look at All Those Roses*

WELL, this week we're again confronted with a group of big shows. One of these, the Vuillard retrospective, at the Museum of Modern Art, is a really massive undertaking, with some hundred and fifty oils, water colors, drawings, and other items; and the others—a loan showing of paintings of flowers, for the benefit of the Lenox Hill Neighborhood Association, at the Wildenstein, and a selection of oils from the Brooklyn Museum's American collection, at Knoedler—though not in this impressive category, are still sizable. I found the Wildenstein affair, to begin with it, a little disappointing. An exhibition of flower paintings seemed just the thing for the cajoling spring weather we were having the day I went up to the gallery, and I'm not entirely sure why the show didn't live up to my expectations. I think the size is one factor, however. An array of no less than eighty-five pictures all on one subject, and that a restricted one, can easily become monotonous, and the effect is heightened in this case by the fact that the selection is unimaginative, or at least circumscribed. With a seriousness that is at times almost grim, it's held to flowers and nothing else—no figures, not even subsidiary ones, and little background relief of any other kind; in short, just flowers. And as these are capable of only a limited variety of arrangements, in vases, in jugs, on tables, on shelves, against a wall, against a window—well, you see what I'm getting at.

The range in time is wide, however, from a tiny, immaculate "Vase of Flowers," by the sixteenth-century German artist Ludger Tom Ring, to a group by Derain, Dali, Rouault, and other contemporaries, and if one skips, or flits, about one can find plenty of appetizing pieces. I was charmed by Gauguin's large, calm "Flowers of Tahiti," Cézanne's "Vase of Flowers," Monet's blue "Nympheas," and, going farther back, the Abraham Breughel "Spring Flowers" and the Adriaen Van der Spelt "Flowerpiece," both of the seventeenth century. I was also, I must admit, delighted by some of the big set pieces that have thoughtfully been included. I'll cite only two, the early-eighteenth-century "Flowers in Vase," by Gaspar Verbruggen—a riot of blooms, tendrils, sprigs, fallen petals, and whatnot—and the even more luxuriant "Vase of Flowers in a Niche," by a follower of the seventeenth-century Jean-Baptiste Monnoyer. There's a whole roomful of these wonderful creations for your enjoyment.

THE Brooklyn Museum, in its quiet way, has been steadily amassing one of the finest all-round collections of American painting, and I've occasionally wondered how many people in the rest of the city know about it. The Museum has apparently been wondering, too, and—possibly on the theory that if Manhattan won't come to the Museum, then the Museum must go to Manhattan—it has generously decided to give us a kind of home demonstration at Knoedler. It's a fairly large sampling, too, of seventy-odd pieces, and as these represent the cream of a notable collection, the result is an extraordinarily handsome showing. Familiar as the course of American painting is, this new survey casts a fresh glow on it by the very excellence of its selection. How better could one see the Hudson River School highlighted than by the brilliantly panoramic Thomas Cole "A View of the Two Lakes and Mountain House, Catskill Mountains, Morning," the Henry Inman "Picnic in the Catskills," and, for contrast, Martin J. Heade's small, bland "Summer Showers," or the genre painters be summarized than by George Caleb Bingham's cheerful "Shooting for the Beef" and William Sidney Mount's lively, sly "Boys Caught Napping in a Field"? Among the realists, there are two fine Eakinses—"Home Scene" (of a young girl watching a child playing on the floor) and the well-known "William Rush Carving His Allegorical Figure of the Schuylkill River"—in addition to an outstanding study of a Victorian walking party called "In the White Mountains," by Winslow Homer. And the other phases of our artistic development, both early and late, are recorded with an equal economy and clarity. It may be that the show is a bit too "refined," for there's a lusty, grandiloquent strain in our art that—except for such pieces as John Quidor's Hogarthian "Wolfert's Will" and the quirky "Art Versus Law," by David G. Blythe—goes unnoticed in it. But apart from that

Probably . . . the very finest
ties in the world

BRONZINI

*Photographs of our newest
ties on request*

5 EAST 52nd STREET
NEW YORK CITY

A Gift to Gladden Any Fisherman's Heart

Eight assorted deep sea game fish, exquisitely done in natural colors, decorate your choice of these glasses. All are nice clear crystal of sturdy quality and all with platinum edge and sham base. Choice of 14 oz. Hiball, 7 oz. Old Fashioned or 3½ oz. Cocktail. So attractive you will love them for your own use . . . *they make exceptional hostess gifts.* Really unusual value. Set of 8 in your choice of style, $5.00.

*Add 60c for delivery east of Mississippi; $1.00 west of Mississippi.*

*Mail Orders Filled*

Plummer LTD

734 Fifth Ave., at 57th St., N. Y. C.

Mother's Day memo to yourself

EXQUISITE VICTORIAN CLOCK BY

CYMA

sterling silver frame by Gorham

*finer by far because it's made by a watchmaker*

What a wonderful gift combination — a clock of CYMA watchmaking precision, framed with patrician elegance! Jeweled lever escapement (found only in better watches) . . . CYMA 7-jewel movement, soft bell-tone alarm. Mother never received anything more beautifully enduring! $29.25, plus tax. At better jewelers.

CYMA WATCH COMPANY, INC.
FIFTH AVENUE NEW YORK · MONTREAL, CANADA

there is nothing to cavil at, and if the exhibit succeeds in getting more gallery goers over to Brooklyn to see the rest of the collection, it will have served an extremely useful purpose.

I THINK a good many people will find, as I did, that a large part of Edouard Vuillard's career is unknown territory. Vuillard, born in 1868, had his greatest success around the turn of the century, and for most of us his paintings of that period, with their outlineless, unsubstantial figures, half emerging from and half melting into shadowy backgrounds, still characterize his art. But he departed from that style more than is realized, and the show at the Modern Museum (the first really big exhibition of his ever held in this country) does a good deal to broaden our concept of the man by outlining the variations. At the start, as is true of most artists of his period, his painting was conventional. (See the small "Still Life with Apple" and the larger, more atmospheric "Vuillard and His Friend Varocquez," both done around 1890, before the new styles then evolving had fully caught up with him.) Yet at almost the same time, in such pieces as "The Wood," with its bold yellow background, and the blockily pink-and-blue "Lilacs," he was experimenting with a tentative Fauvism, and later on, in "Au Divan Japonais" and the curiously Lautrec-like "The Natanson Brothers," one finds him touched by other contemporary influences. In the very late portrait series, such as "Dr. Louis Viau in His Office," "Portrait of Sam Salz," and the exceptionally handsome "Mme. Kapferer," all done when he had sunk into partial obscurity, he displays an unexpectedly strong capacity for vivid and exact realistic painting.

But all through his career he fell back intermittently on that "melting" style of his, and while it, too, had its linkages with other current modes (its sacrifice of depth and perspective to a more or less uniformly flat pattern of design seems, for instance, definitely to ally it with Cubism), it was so purely personal a development that it probably will always constitute his particular trademark. Here again, though, one discovers that there have been misconceptions about the character of his work, and when his paintings are viewed en masse, they no longer appear to be quite the fond, gentle portrayal of French middle-class family life they are often supposed to be. That's their subject, right enough—plump old ladies read-

METAXA
SPECIALTY LIQUEUR

Known the World Over!

IMPORTED FROM GREECE

92 PROOF
SOLE U. S. DISTRIBUTORS
Austin, Nichols & Co. Inc.
Brooklyn-New York

SI! SI!
SEE C-O-O-L SOUTH AMERICA THIS SUMMER

Two luxurious tours offered by American Express . . . the world's foremost travel organization . . . Escorted throughout.

TOUR NO. 1
38 days. By steamer from New York, July 15 via South America's East Coast. Fly via the West Coast to New York. $1,975 up.

TOUR NO. 2
31 days. Air cruise around South America. From New York, July 30. $2,227 up.
(Connections from Miami, New Orleans & Houston.)

Ask your Travel Agent or mail the coupon today!

AMERICAN EXPRESS TRAVEL SERVICE
65 Broadway, New York 6, N. Y.
Attention: Travel Sales Division

Amigos! Please send me information on your summer Escorted Tours to South America . . . today!

NAME......................................
ADDRESS......................................
CITY.................. ZONE.... STATE.......

ing or sitting chatting together, a girl sewing, or a family, heavy and solid as the red plush furniture that surrounds them, sitting back from the table after a meal. I have no desire to try to read deep, hidden meanings into these paintings. Yet when one sees them in the aggregate, they've a brooding, sombre atmosphere that is vaguely disquieting. It's a calm world that Vuillard portrays, but not necessarily a peaceful one. No sun shines there, no one laughs, the air seems heavier than normal, and it may be this quality of austerity and restraint, almost of repression, that gives his work its peculiar power—and also makes it, perhaps, a far more honest representation than it might have been of the milieu he dealt with. Certainly, when he strayed from that field, he had a tendency to falter badly. There are few landscapes in the collection, and these (such as the large, poorly organized "Le Square Vintimille" and the awkward and cluttered "View from the Artist's Studio, Rue de la Pompe") are mostly undistinguished. Oddly, too, in view of Vuillard's penchant for interiors, there are hardly any still-lifes or studies of flowers. But in his chosen field he was nearly incomparable, as, to name only a few canvases, "The Conversation," "Missia at the Piano," and the dark and dramatic "Woman Seated in a Room" amply demonstrate.

—ROBERT M. COATES

•

### THERE'LL ALWAYS BE AN ENGLAND NOW THAT APRIL'S THERE

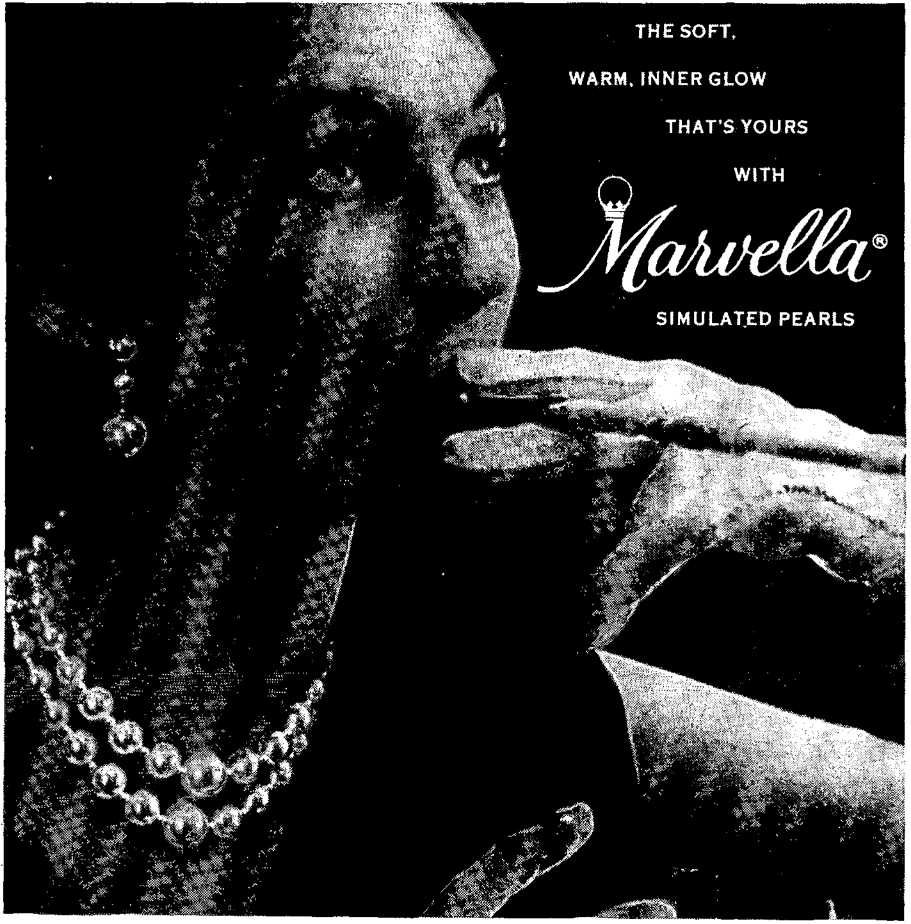
*[From "Biology and Language," by J. H. Woodger, Cambridge University Press]*

The literature of psychological medicine abounds in examples of the consequences of the prevailing view [of body-mind dualism]. The authors just quoted describe the case of a girl who developed an abdominal pain and consulted a surgeon. He recommended an operation for appendicectomy which was accordingly performed. But after recovery and convalescence the girl again complained of abdominal pain. This time she was advised to consult a surgeon with a view to treatment for adhesions resulting from the first operation. Fortunately, the second surgeon referred the girl to a psychiatrist from whose investigations it transpired that the girl's education had been such that she believed it to be possible to become pregnant by being kissed. The first abdominal pain had appeared after the experience of being kissed by an undergraduate during his vacation. After the recovery from the operation this girl was again kissed by the same undergraduate with a similar result. When the relevant facts about human reproduction had been explained to her the girl had no further trouble and when last heard of she was rowing in a women's eight.

*Higher in the West

Oomphies

**frosted denims** and champagne
are two things you can't have enough of!
Cool denim, iced in white, on turquoise, pink,
yellow, faded blue, charcoal, brown or navy.
About $6* (low wedge) or $7* (higher wedge).
At Arnold Constable, N. Y.; Hess Bros., Allentown, Pa.
Maison Blanche, New Orleans;
Sommer & Kaufmann, San Francisco.
Or write Oomphies, Inc., 350 Fifth Ave., N. Y.


THE SOFT, WARM, INNER GLOW THAT'S YOURS WITH
Marvella®
SIMULATED PEARLS

NATURAL OR PINK, SPACED WITH SILVER-TONED BEADS
JUMBO, LIGHTWEIGHT ADJUSTABLE CHOKER, $6. EARRINGS, $3. PLUS FED. TAX

# THE WAYWARD PRESS

## A COW IN CUSTODY

WHEN I first went out to India a few years ago, one of the things I carried with me was a firm conviction that animals and Indian life were inextricably linked. Before I arrived, I imagined myself shaking scorpions out of my shoes before I put them on in the morning and seeing deadly cobras being charmed in my back yard. In daydreams, I saw myself sitting in a machan or in a howdah and waiting for a fierce tiger to draw closer, so that the Maharajah and I—or sometimes it was the Governor General and I—could bag it. I also thought a great deal about domestic animals in India. "The cow is your mother," an orthodox Hindu lady at a cocktail party in New York had once said to me somewhat cryptically but sincerely. On another occasion, I had been told by an expatriate Briton who wore Indian dress that all philosophy "starts with the cow." And he did not mean it as a pejoration.

My first visit to India, then, was an anticlimax, at least in respect to getting in touch with the animal life there. I saw some horses when I went to the races in Bombay. I also saw a hairy poodle on a leash panting down a blistering street, with its sari-clad mistress lagging along behind. And I saw lots of cows. I found them no better or worse than the mother I already had, and no matter what aspect of them I speculated over—milk, butter, cheese, dung fuel, fertilizer, hides, hoofs, plow-and-cart hauling, and even lawn cropping—I never got any more philosophical than I had been at my lowest ebb in college. In a few of the larger cities I went to there were zoos, but I felt that it was shameful and somehow nasty to pay money to see an animal in India.

At one time, I thought that at last I was going to be rewarded. I was invited to go on a hunt. Our prey was particularly dangerous—a wild water buffalo and his cow that together had been terrorizing the countryside. (Wild water buffaloes look just like their domesticated brethren but are murderously ferocious.) My host and I spent the day sitting in a sort of dugout in the middle of a whole lot of trees, silent as church mice. Fortunately, I had brought the morning newspaper and could do the crossword puzzle to pass the time. Not once did we even hear a telltale trample of wild hoofs in the distance. And that's the way it went.

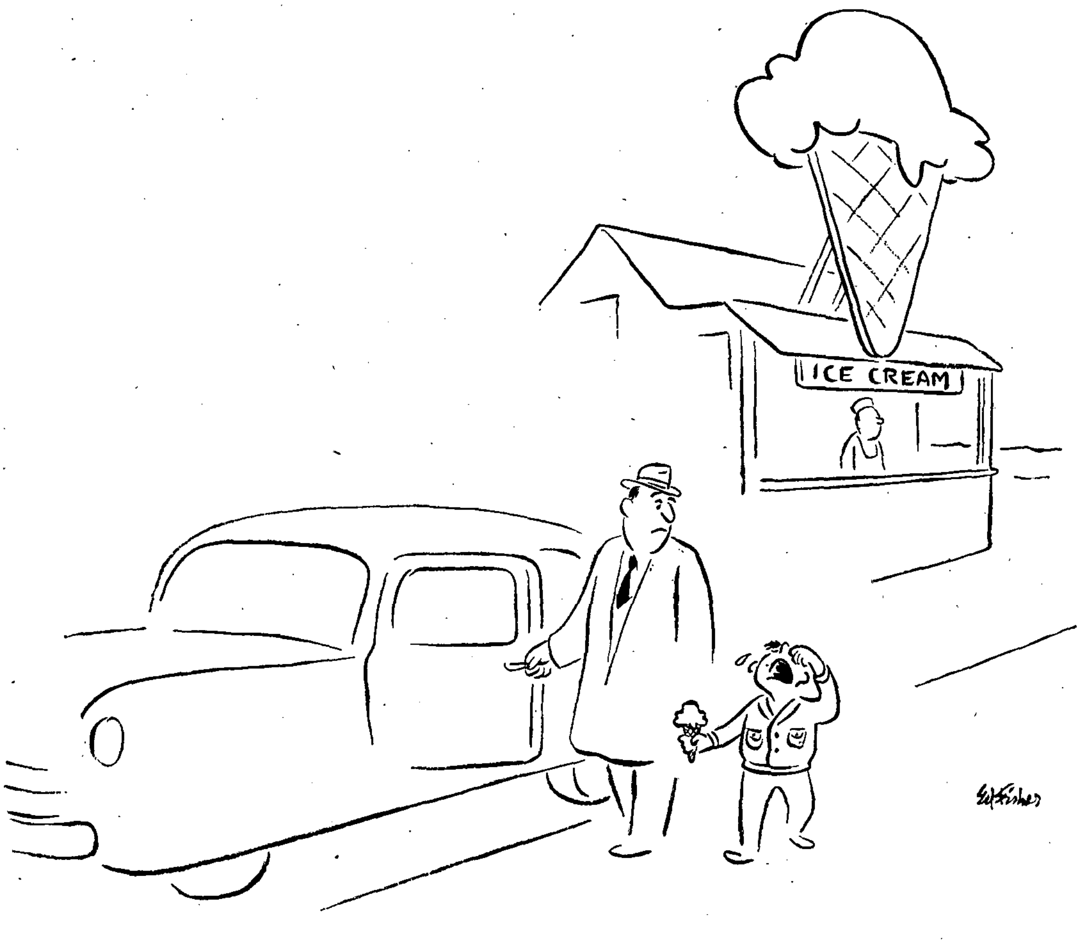
I spent a year in India that time, and the only wildlife I ever got close to was a duck that was given to me as a present and a flamingo that had been shot by mistake and was given to me as a joke.

WHEN I went back to India recently, I was not in an expectant mood. I had long since put away all thoughts of animals, and was concentrating on my proper business and pleasure there. But I began to notice many references in the daily newspapers to animals and I admired the generally newsy way the stories were written. During my last month there, I belatedly started a file of clippings on the subject. In rereading them now, I see that while some report truly singular happenings in the animal world and others say little of moment, it is their bulk that is impressive. In the course of the entire month, never more than four consecutive days passed without the appearance of an animal story, and on some days there were two or more. While I confess that my file gives a misleading picture of the place of animals in Indian life, I still think that I should share my findings, if for no other reason than that they may prompt the visitor to India to start his own file immediately upon arrival.

My first clipping was inescapably noticeable. The *Times of India* had boxed it in black and placed it at the top center of page 3. Under the headline "Cow Arrested," it read:

> Among the beggars arrested in New Delhi during the seven-day municipal drive is a cow.
>
> At a signal from its owner, the cow starts following a person and does not leave him until a coin is placed on its head.
>
> The owner abandoned the cow and ran away when the municipal squad arrived to arrest him. The cow was "taken into custody" and put in the cattle pound. The police are now searching for its owner.

This highhanded treatment of a cow seemed doubly grave in a country where I knew all cows are held sacred. Two days later, I was shocked to read that another cow had run afoul of the law. This time the notice was short and



enigmatic, but again boxed like a death notice. It read simply:

> A cow yesterday ate up important notices that had been stuck up on a notice board at the Baroda Collectorate.

The dispatch was credited to the P.T.I.—the important Press Trust of India news service, no less.

I could not put this incident out of my mind. What had become of the cow? Had they sent her to join the beggar in that mysterious cattle pound? And what about those important notices? Was the Baroda Collectorate going to be able to carry on? The following day, my fears were laid to rest when I read this announcement:

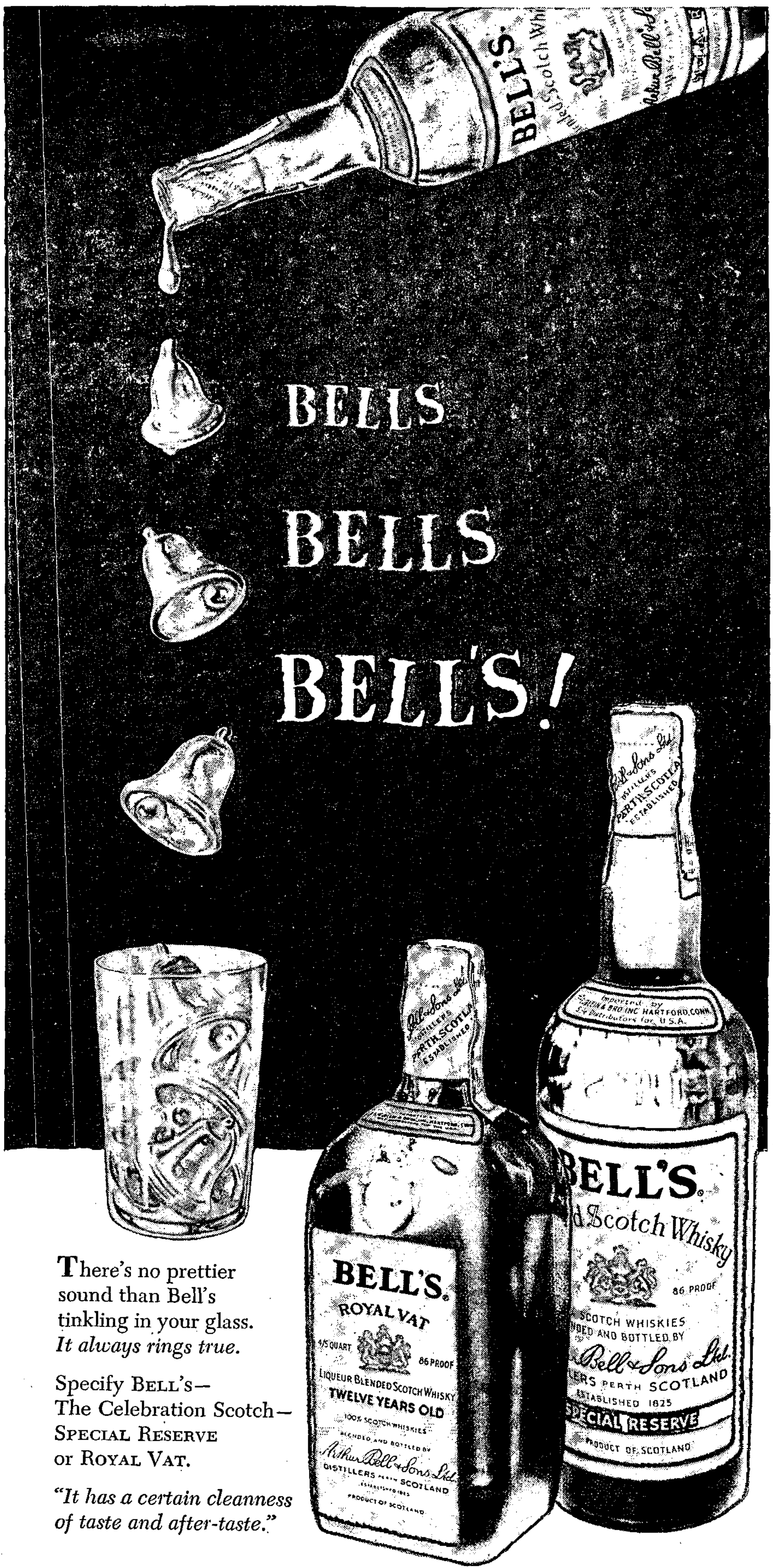
> With reference to a message from Baroda which stated that a cow had eaten important notices stuck on a board at the Baroda Collectorate, it is reported that the board damaged by the cow was the one hung outside the compound of the Kothi buildings. The Collector's notice board, located within the compound of the Kothi buildings, was not involved.

So the matter had been minor and no real harm had been done. Still, I could not help feeling that if Indian cows in general were getting as far out of line as the beggar and the notice-board grazer, the whole country might begin to turn against them. I was therefore relieved to learn, a week later, that the dereliction of these two malefactors had by no means affected the general prestige of the cow. At that time, the following story appeared:

> COWS FED WITH RICH FOOD
>
> More than 50 cows rescued from the butcher's knife had the greatest attention paid to them in Bombay on Sunday, which was observed in the city, as in other parts of India, as "Gosamvardhan [cow protection] Day." Their heads were smeared with *kumkum* [red temple powder], the cows were the object of veneration, hundreds feeding them with grass and even expensive food.
>
> The cows had been kept on view by the Bombay Pinjrapol [old cows' home] at Bhuleshwar, the institution also organizing a public meeting to celebrate *Gopashtami* [the birthday of Krishna, the Cow God].
>
> Mr. Pranlal Devkaran Nanjee, who presided over the meeting, said: "Cow slaughter is an insult to Aryan culture and every effort should be made to stop it."

Mr. Pranlal Devkaran Nanjee was also quoted as saying that "the question of cattle breeding has been neglected beyond conception." I cannot believe that the newspaper's translator did him justice.

ONE of the more sinister clippings in my file concerns some snakes that brought about a reversal of the due



There's no prettier sound than Bell's tinkling in your glass. *It always rings true.*

Specify Bell's—
The Celebration Scotch—
Special Reserve
or Royal Vat.

*"It has a certain cleanness of taste and after-taste."*

**BELL'S...the Celebration Scotch®**

86 PROOF. Blended Scotch Whisky. Arthur Bell & Sons, Ltd., Distillers, Perth, Scotland. G F. Heublein & Bro., Inc., Hartford, Conn. Sole Distributors for the U.S.A.

Sport-lover? At-homer?
The new man-tailored
**TERRY SHIRT**
is just for **you!**

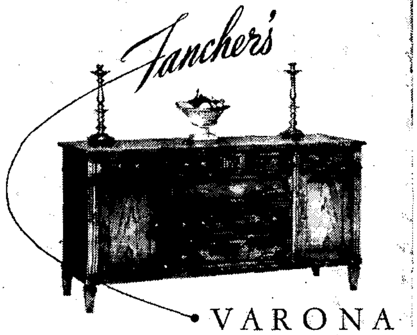
**The newest in terry** — a luxurious man-tailored shirt for every season, every wear! Pairs off perfectly with skirts, slacks, fancy pants or shorts. Ideal for golfing, sailing, after tennis, after swimming — or just casual at-home lounging. A delight to wash, never needs an iron. Small, medium and large. Thick, plush terry, in white — **$5.95** — in flattering pink, turquoise or bold flame red — **$6.95.**

**THE TOG SHOP**
Jackson Street, Americus, Georgia
*Please send me the following:*

| | Quan. | Size | Color |
|---|---|---|---|
| White Terry Shirt $5.95 | | | |
| Colored Terry Shirt $6.95 | | | |

name__________
address__________
city_____ zone_____ state_____
☐ Check ☐ M.O. Add 25c for postage

*Fancher's*



VARONA
BUFFET IN FRUITWOOD
At selected decorators, furniture and department stores.
Send 25c to Dept. N for illustrated folio
FANCHER FURNITURE CO. • SALAMANCA, N.Y.

process of law; so effective were they that they secured the release of their master from jail. This clipping reads, in part:

> A snake charmer, about to be lodged in the Burdwan jail on Sunday last, let loose his king cobras inside the jail office and threatened the Superintendent that he would not put them back into his baskets unless he was released. The Jail Superintendent, warders and sepoys climbed hurriedly on to tables and chairs.

The man and his snakes were immediately released.

Then there were some snakes right in the heart of Bombay—or at any rate right in the heart of the city's Santa Cruz airport—and since I happened to be in Bombay at the time, I thought that here, at last, might be my chance to see some Indian wildlife in the raw. But no. By the time I reached Santa Cruz, the area had been declared cleared of reptiles. The press item that had lured me there read:

> The Santa Cruz airport area promises to be a good hunting ground for snake charmers. One of the fraternity on Monday caught two reptiles in an hour and a half in the presence of a dozen persons.
>
> He extracted "jewels" [the fangs] from the heads of the snakes and sold one of them for Rs. 40 [almost nine dollars] to an employee of an air company.
>
> The snake charmer with his special flute was alone and did not have even a bag with him to keep the serpents, which he tied with a piece of cloth.
>
> On both occasions he was bitten by the cobras, but he had come prepared for such eventualities. He chewed some leaves which he had with him, spat out twice or thrice, and was all right again, though he said he was feeling giddy for some time.

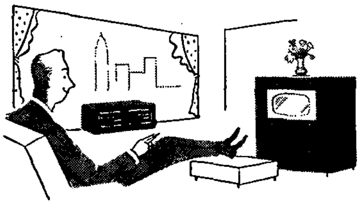
PERHAPS the most terrifying stories among my clippings are those that deal with jungle life in the provinces. On the very day that the cobras were being charmed at Bombay's airport, a python and an elephant in far-off Assam, in northeastern India, were having a fight, which one newspaper described as follows:

> The whole tribal village went to Namchik reserve forest to witness a thrilling tug-of-war between a wild elephant calf and a giant python.
>
> The python swallowed a hind leg of the elephant and used a tree as its support.
>
> The villagers set the elephant calf free, hacking the python with their sharp weapons.

And in Hyderabad, a brave youth pitted himself against a panther in this manner:

> A sturdy 20 year old shepherd, Ramchander Reddy, stood up to and wrestled with a fully-grown panther.
>
> After it had attacked some villagers there, the youth confronted the beast and,

"NEW YORK'S BIGGEST LITTLE HOTEL"
is New York's *only*
All Air-Conditioned *and*
All "Televisioned" Hotel



Every room at least 14' x 22' with individual **air conditioning unit, large screen console TV,** butler's pantry, refrigerator and **bathroom extension phone.** All luxurious hotel services. *Just around the corner from Grand Central, Airline Terminal and convenient to the theatres.*

**New TUSCANY ROOM and MEN'S BAR**
*No finer food and service in New York*

THE Tuscany

*Bertram Weal, General Manager*
39th Street, Just East of Park Ave.
New York 16, MUrray Hill 6-1600, Teletype NY 1-392
P. S.—*May we send you a brochure?*

Knock Knock!

*who's there?*
"FORER"
*Forer who?*
Forer funny greeting card get one by the Forers...
D. Forer Co., Inc., 246 W. 16 St., N.Y.

*for a wonderful change in your MARTINI...*
try a dash of
PERNOD
*liqueur* *100 proof*
Produced & Bottled in U.S.A.
Sole U.S. Agent Carillon Importers, Ltd.

when it pounced, he seized its forepaws. He was badly mauled, however, and fell unconscious. The panther slunk into a vacant house where it was later shot by Maj. Braganza, Garrison Engineer.

This fight, as reported, was most inconclusive, for it did not even hint at who would get the bounty for the panther—Maj. Braganza or Ramchander Reddy.

DURING my last week in India, I began to see animals in their proper focus when a society leader announced Animal Welfare Week, with a parade, even though one newspaper editorialized rather uncoöperatively, "The fact has to be faced that, so far, in this country, we do not know how to treat and behave toward our dumb friends, the dog, the cat, the hyena, the monkey, and the cow." Fortunately, my boat was unexpectedly delayed a day, and I was able to get a few glimpses of the parade as I drove to the docks. Rather than give my own eyewitness account of it, I quote the following day's reports in the papers, which a friend kindly sent me and which were waiting here in New York when I returned. The *Times of India* started out by saying that "the pageant will be remembered for many years to come." Another paper noted that "in one of the carts was Bombay's great animal lover, dressed up as a cat. She was surrounded by her pet monkeys and dogs." (The *Times of India* mentioned a pet pig standing beside her; I had also noticed it.)

> Other items included sheep and goats, monkeys waving to the crowd, and licensed dogs rescued from the Bombay Municipal kennels [the *Times of India* reported]. With them were seen the large-hearted women workers who have been devoting a great deal of their time and energy to this most wonderful work of giving the underdog a new home and a new lease on life. Cows, buffaloes, and a couple of camels brought up the rear.

This second time, I left India satisfied. While I must admit that Animal Welfare Week's dogs, cats, sheep, goats, and pig were not exactly the animals I had gone to India to see, in parade formation they put on a spirited show, and, of course, there were the monkeys and buffaloes. But I think it was really those two camels bringing up the rear that made it all so satisfying.

—FAUBION BOWERS

•

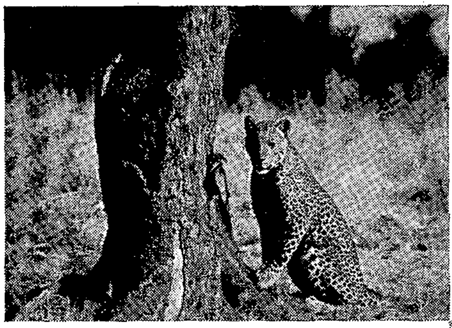
Never forget the power of understatement; it is the greatest unused force in advertising.—*Printers' Ink.*

Beautifully understated, sir.

Traditional...

from our extensive
collection, which
also includes
modern
and provincial groups.
For an illustrated
booklet,
describing the
entire collection,
please write,
enclosing 25¢, to
Heritage-Henredon,
Dept. N44,
Morganton, N. C.
(Name of your
nearest dealer
sent on request.)

Heritage Henredon
fine furniture



LAND OF CONTRAST

It's **your** move . . . through the gateway to high adventure under the year-round sun, where the wonders of age-old Africa brush shoulders with our own times — startling contrasts that will make South Africa your most memorable travel experience. Bring your camera!

See your Travel Agent for information and literature, or write to SATOUR.

SATOUR
SOUTH AFRICA
SOUTH AFRICAN TOURIST CORPORATION
475 Fifth Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

News for Spring!

OUR BASKET WEAVE SHIRT
of finest imported linen

The fabric is a wonderful looking, open weave linen with a fine bold texture. The round point collar and rolled cuff short sleeves are smart touches that give this shirt a rare distinction. In grey, maize, beige and white. Sizes S, M, L, XL. $13.50

*Please add 35c per package on mail orders.*

Whitehouse & Hardy

695 Fifth Avenue (at 54th Street)
New York 22, N. Y. PLaza 9-1225
835 Lincoln Road, Miami Beach, Florida

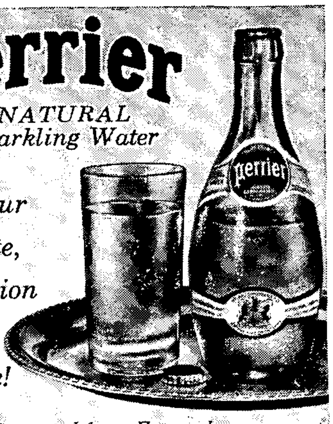
one of the world's
famous eating places...
where one always dines
well and pleasantly...in
the best of company!

Keen's

ENGLISH CHOP HOUSE
72 West 36th Street

perrier
*NATURAL Sparkling Water*

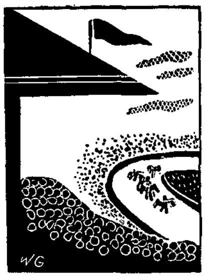
*for your appetite, digestion and pleasure!*



*Imported from France by*
Seggerman Nixon Corp. • Long Island City, N. Y.

# THE RACE TRACK

## *One for the Fisherman*

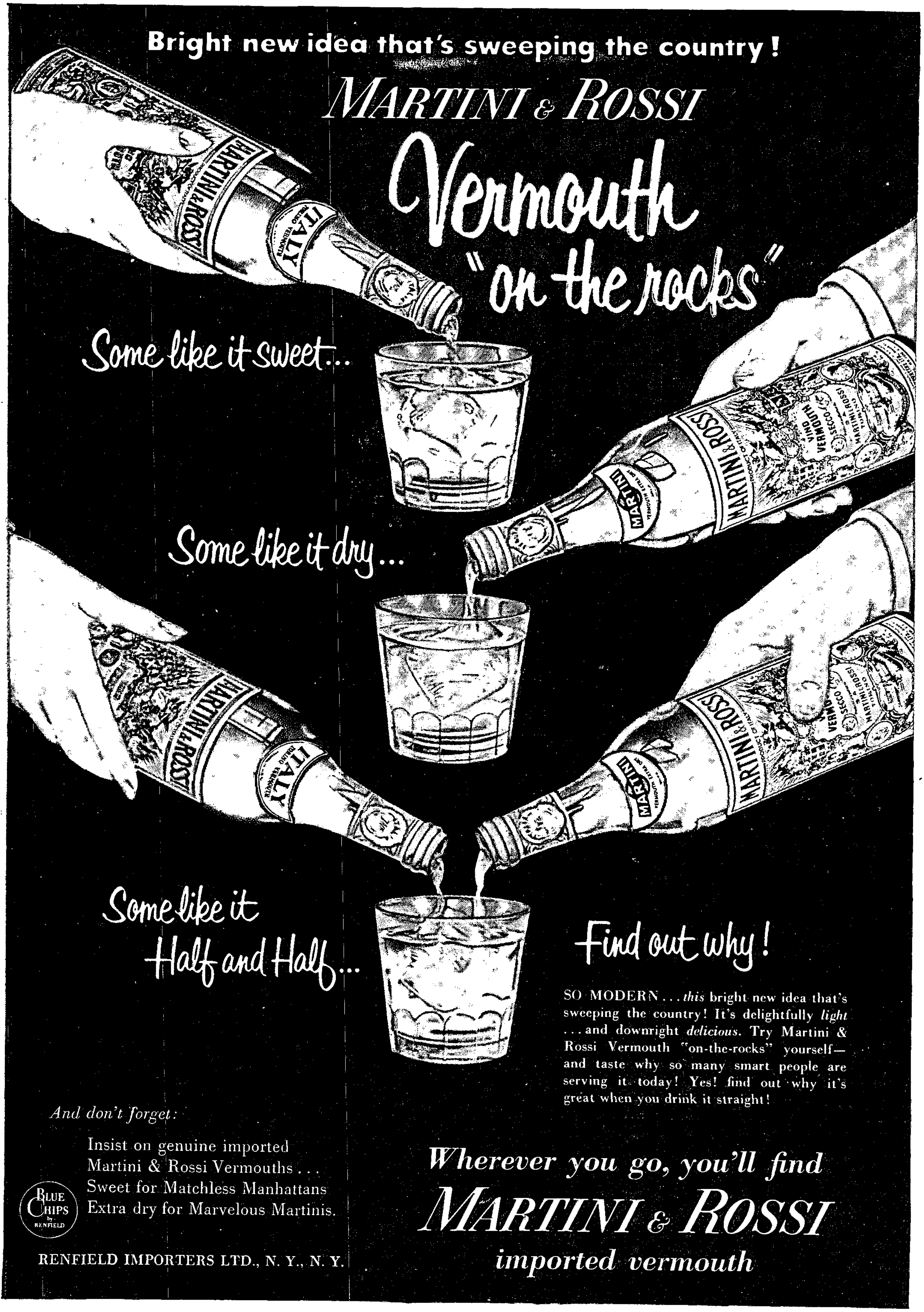


WITH the exception of C. V. Whitney's Fisherman, there really isn't much to be said for the three-year-olds who ran in the Gotham Stakes at Jamaica last Saturday. However, a great deal can be said for Fisherman. He won by four lengths from Galdar, leaving Mel Leavitt and seven others strung out behind. He got away well, dropped back for the first half of the mile and a sixteenth, but moved up fast on the long turn for home, and at the quarter pole he went around the leaders in hardly more than a dozen strides. From there on in, it was easy, although he bore out badly through the stretch. After the finish, most of the spectators were in ecstasies over Fisherman's performance—a feeling I cannot say I shared entirely. I thought he did everything the hard way. Perhaps that was because he wasn't ridden very smoothly. Certainly he was a tired horse when Woodhouse, his rider, brought him back to the saddling enclosure. What I liked least of all was the way he bore out through the stretch. I suppose he'll run for the Wood Memorial this weekend, and then go to Louisville for the Kentucky Derby the following Saturday. That's a large order. But he will do his best, you may be sure, for he's a gallant little fellow.

The events leading up to the Gotham were interesting, too. When the entries were announced, the day before the race, sixteen runners were listed, but rain had turned the course into what Fetlock Deep, my expert on track conditions, called a sea of mud, so trainers got busy with their scratching pencils. (On Saturday, the rain was even worse, but 31,392 aficionados braved it. As my man says, you can't keep a squirrel on the ground.) Among those struck out were Correlation, Palm Tree, Maharajah, and Errard King. The withdrawal of Correlation was something of a surprise, for he was rated a superior mudder. However, he is his stable's Derby hope, and his trainer didn't want to take a chance running him against so many horses in such slippery going. Instead, Correlation worked a mile and a furlong between races. With Shoemaker in the saddle, the big, good-looking bay (he'd almost make two of Fisherman) ran impressively, finishing out the last quarter in twenty-five seconds—faster than the last quarter of the Gotham. As for Errard King, he has never raced in the mud, and his stable decided there would be softer spots for a first go at it. Despite the speed-chart experts, Colonel Martingale believes Correlation will beat Errard King in the Wood, but who else he'll beat, the Colonel wouldn't say.

THOUGH it has never been the custom of this department to gush over jockeys, it's only fair to report that Shoemaker deserves all the praise he got last week, when he came here from the Coast and won his first three tries out of four. (Still, if he were beaten on a couple of 3–5 shots in a row, I suppose horseplayers would boo him as loudly as they do Arcaro.) It's a pleasure—almost a revelation—to watch his easy, seemingly effortless style. He never hurries his mounts away from the gate but allows them to settle into their stride, and makes his move, as horsemen put it, at just the right time. (I'd have liked to see him ride Fisherman in the Gotham.) Horses run willingly for him, too; that's because he has good hands and perfect balance, and, above all, never gets temperamental. Curiously, considering his success, he's immensely popular with his fellow-riders. One boy remarked the other afternoon, "That Shoemaker, he does everything right."

ANY improvements at Jamaica come under the head of big news, so I fancy it will astonish you—as it did me—to learn that the Metropolitan Jockey Club has built an expensive stable of an experimental type on the backstretch. Unfortunately, you can't see it from the grandstand, but I can tell you that it's the last word in fireproof construction. It's a Frank Lloyd Wrightish affair, with concrete-block walls, steel girders, concrete stall ceilings, metal doors, and a metal roof that from the side looks like a capital "M" somebody stepped on. The only wood in the twenty-two stalls is the wainscoting and the duckboard flooring, and that's been treated with fireproofing chemicals. The stable has an elaborate ventilating system (practically air-conditioning), automatic sprinklers in every stall, and all sorts of warning bells, red lights, and so on. It was designed by the Stone & Webster Engineering Corporation. Maybe they'll also build that new wonder race track someday. —AUDAX MINOR



**Bright new idea that's sweeping the country!**

# MARTINI & ROSSI

# Vermouth "on the rocks"

Some like it sweet…

Some like it dry…

Some like it Half and Half…

Find out why!

SO MODERN… *this* bright new idea that's sweeping the country! It's delightfully *light*… and downright *delicious*. Try Martini & Rossi Vermouth "on-the-rocks" yourself—and taste why so many smart people are serving it today! Yes! find out why it's great when you drink it straight!

*And don't forget:*

Insist on genuine imported
Martini & Rossi Vermouths…
Sweet for Matchless Manhattans
Extra dry for Marvelous Martinis.

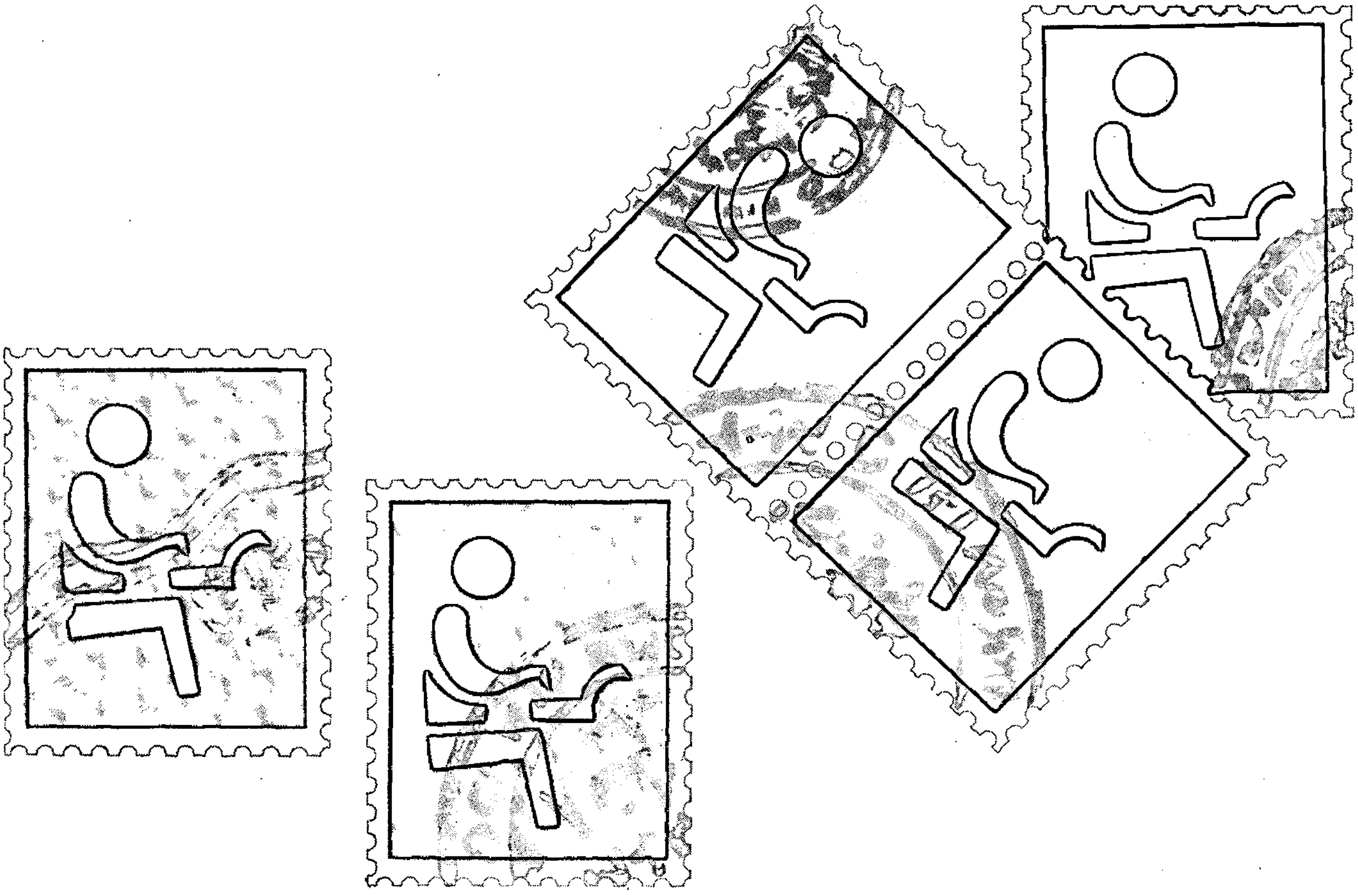
BLUE CHIPS by RENFIELD

RENFIELD IMPORTERS LTD., N. Y., N. Y.

*Wherever you go, you'll find*

## MARTINI & ROSSI

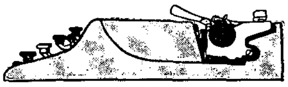
*imported vermouth*



## very truly yours: the Olivetti "Lettera 22"

The "Lettera 22" is always a prized personal possession, for social or professional correspondence while traveling or at home. Weighing only 9 pounds, it is the *portable* portable. Yet it provides all important features of standard typewriters (plus some exclusive with Olivetti), including: automatic keyboard-set tabulator; self-locking basket shift; two carriage releases; full size ribbon spools, with instantaneous reverse; keyboard-controlled paragraph indentation. The specially designed type face is pleasing and distinctive. The machine itself has been featured in many good-design exhibits. In most states the "Lettera 22" is priced at $88 plus taxes, including smart two-tone carrying case. *Europe's largest manufacturer of office machines also makes the Olivetti Fully Automatic Printing Calculator, used by more than 10,000 U. S. firms.* Olivetti Corporation of America, 580 Fifth Avenue, New York 36, New York.

*Half-line spacing permits additions or corrections to be clearly typed* between *single-spaced lines.*

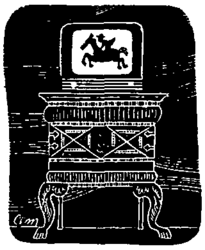


*Correcto-Space, an unusual feature, permits the neat, evenly-spaced insertion of an accidentally omitted letter.*

*The standard keyboard of the "Lettera 22" has a 43rd key with "plus" and "equals" signs.*

# TELEVISION

## *Heart Line*

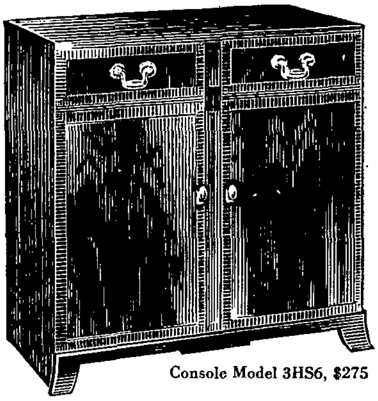


ANY time I feel particularly gloomy, I look in on "Strike It Rich," since I can always be reasonably certain of finding people on the program who feel more miserable than I do. This tends to cheer me up. The other evening was one of the times I was feeling sufficiently gloomy to watch the thing, and within a matter of seconds I felt as gay as a bluebird. On the screen, as I had expected, appeared an extremely sad-looking family—father, mother, and ailing son—and they announced that they needed six hundred dollars in cold cash, and fast. The boy was suffering from a disease that required constant medical care, and his parents, in addition to their other troubles, were trying to raise money for a down payment on a one-story house. A situation like this is par for the course on "Strike It Rich," which provides an opportunity for the needy to win money by answering questions put to them by the master of ceremonies, Mr. Warren Hull. Before the questioning got under way, it developed that the family was still worse off. The mother (her gloom was majestic) said she was expecting a baby, and that there was still another child, a daughter, at home. The family managed to answer some fairly simple questions, having to do with sports, music, geography, and so on, proposed by Mr. Hull, and almost before I knew it, they had amassed a total of five hundred dollars in prize money. A telephone rang onstage, Mr. Hull answered, and a voice, clearly audible, announced that the Heart Line, which is a device that makes it possible for philanthropic listeners to phone in contributions to contestants while the program is on, had provided fifty dollars, bringing the family within fifty dollars of its goal. The family then walked away—still fifty dollars short—and was replaced by another set of unfortunates—this time, a girl and her mother. The girl wanted a hundred and twenty-five dollars to visit her uncle in Poplar Bluff, Missouri. She just *had* to visit her uncle, because he had been almost a father to her and now had tuberculosis. (You can imagine how much better I was feeling by this time.) Mr. Hull asked the mother and daughter a series of questions on miscellaneous subjects, and they came within five dollars of the hundred and twenty-five. The phone rang again and the philanthropic Heart Line provided the needed five dollars. "Well, it worked, anyway," said Mr. Hull, cryptically, as the mother and daughter smilingly took their leave. I suddenly felt gloomy again and turned off the program.

"STUDIO ONE" came along a week ago with a gripping hour-long drama called "Jack Sparling, 46." When I saw the title flash on the screen, I assumed that Jack had gone to Yale or Rutgers and had graduated in 1946, but no, the numeral referred to his age. It was a year of crisis for Jack, for he was suffering from hypertension. He was a successful executive of the Sutton Hainsworth Paving Corporation, and at the time the drama began, he had just arrived home in Westport from a business trip to Chicago, where he had sold sixteen million dollars' worth of paving. This coup, I gathered, had made him more hypertense than he would have been if he had sold only one million dollars' worth of paving or no paving at all. His doctor, who, it happened, was also an old family friend, warned him on his return that if he kept up the mad pace, he would have a stroke. Jack scoffed at this advice. He felt in the pink. He had his fine, modern Westport house, complete with open fireplace and a good deal of elegant furniture. He had a splendid-looking wife and two equally splendid-looking children—a son who enjoyed listening to Hindemith recordings and a daughter who went to Yale proms and visited friends in Greenwich. On the surface, Jack Sparling, 46, was sitting on top of the world.

Well, the night he came back from Chicago and got the news from Doc that he was in line for a brain hemorrhage, he sat up and waited for his daughter to come home from a date. She turned up quite late, and when Jack began to scold her, he became so excited that, by golly, he had a stroke. For most of the remainder of the hour, we saw him as a patient, in bed at home. He was one of the most disagreeable sick men I have ever seen, on television or anywhere else. He screamed at his wife and at his doctor. If someone brought him a plate of buttered toast, he threw it across the room. He carried on relentlessly about what a good provider he was, about how bad the coffee tasted, and about how much he hated to pay the maid four hundred dollars a month. (Westport is expensive.) His only ob-

Double the realism of recorded music!



Console Model 3HS6, $275

RCA VICTOR
HIGH FIDELITY
"Victrola" phonograph

- The only High Fidelity phonograph with the famous "Olson-design" 12-inch speaker and balanced "Golden Throat" High Fidelity Sound.
- Separate bass, treble controls. Mahogany, walnut finish (oak extra).
- Hear it at your RCA Victor dealer's.

Suggested Eastern list price, subject to change.

Only RCA VICTOR makes the "Victrola"
Tmks. ® Radio Corporation of America

FROM FRANCE

Grand Finale
Grand Marnier
Liqueur

80 PROOF

Grand Marnier
LIQVOR
COGNAC A L'ORANGE

FOR SELECTED GRAND MARNIER RECIPES WRITE:
CARILLION IMPORTERS LTD.
693 FIFTH AVENUE, N. Y.
SOLE U. S. AGENT

ject in life, it seemed, was to become vice-president of the Sutton Hainsworth Paving Corporation, and now that goal was beyond his reach. As the hour wore on, we saw Jack reach the point where, with a good deal of effort, he could make it downstairs to the living room and rejoin the family group. His son had a notion that he wanted to open a hardware store, and Jack decided to help him out, and even go into business with him. Just as the store was about to open, word came from Sutton Hainsworth that the vice-presidency was his for the taking, at seventy thousand per annum, plus five thousand shares of preferred stock. The dream of Jack Sparling, 46, had come true at last, but when he announced to the family that he intended to take the job, the look on the face of his son would have melted the Sphinx. It all ended happily, I am glad to report. Somewhere between the commercials, Jack Sparling decided to go into business with his son after all, and the closing scene showed him in the hardware store, with his feet on a desk, behind a sign reading "VICE-PRESIDENT." Chester Morris and Mary Astor were Mr. and Mrs. Sparling. They did the best they could.

—PHILIP HAMBURGER

●

## PERENNIAL FIRES

Willows, in brief spring airs,
burn so in golden sheaths
they snatch our winter stares
with nets of trailing wreaths.

In reds becoming shrill,
the dogwood, twigged and stiff
and like a painted grille,
fences field and cliff.

Soft cottonwoods, discrete
but burning still, provoke
out of that inner heat
their outward tails of smoke.

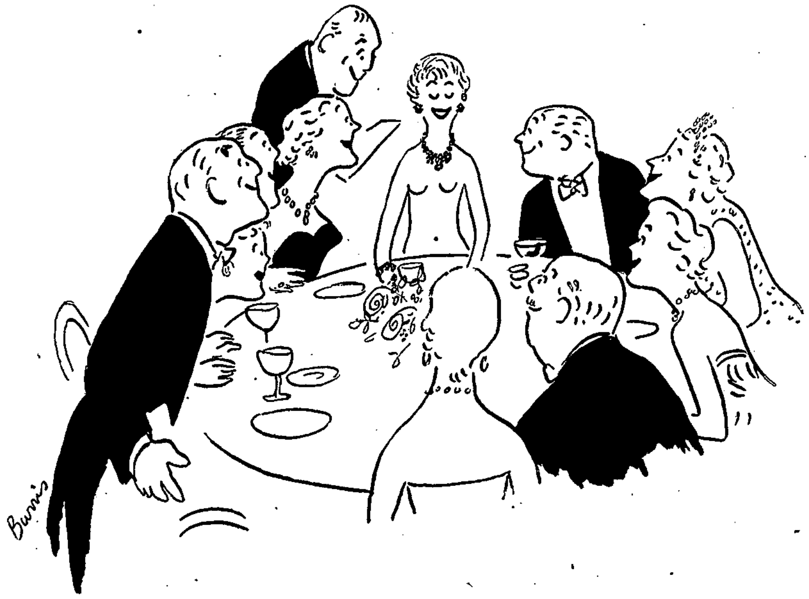
And redbud, smoothly gray,
lets all its buds acclaim
themselves in such array
that over the woods a flame

goes subtly through the trees;
shivering over the ground
in blazing shrubberies,
this fire without a sound

has rituals so astute
they mask what it conceives—
within the flaring shoot
the cool tongues of leaves.

—JOSEPH LANGLAND

"People always stare at my Kramer Jewelry"



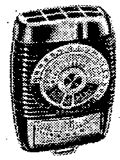
Creators of The Diamond Look® $3 to $30 **KRAMER** Jewelry
New York, Los Angeles, Paris

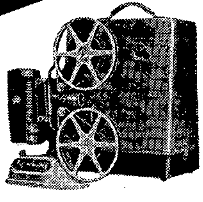
every step of the way

8mm MOVIE CAMERAS from $77.50

With a DeJUR movie camera, you're sure to get professional-looking movies in natural color or black-and-white *from your very first roll of film.* Whether it's the popular-priced CITATION model or the luxurious CALIFORNIAN turret, you will find a DeJUR movie camera easiest to load . . . simplest to operate . . . good for a lifetime of home movie pleasure. For the best in home movies—

you're sure with DeJUR





EXPOSURE METER *$26.95*

8mm MOVIE PROJECTOR *$159.50 incl. case*

*Prices include Federal excise tax*

DeJUR-AMSCO CORPORATION
*Long Island City, N. Y., Chicago, Ill., Beverly Hills, Calif.*

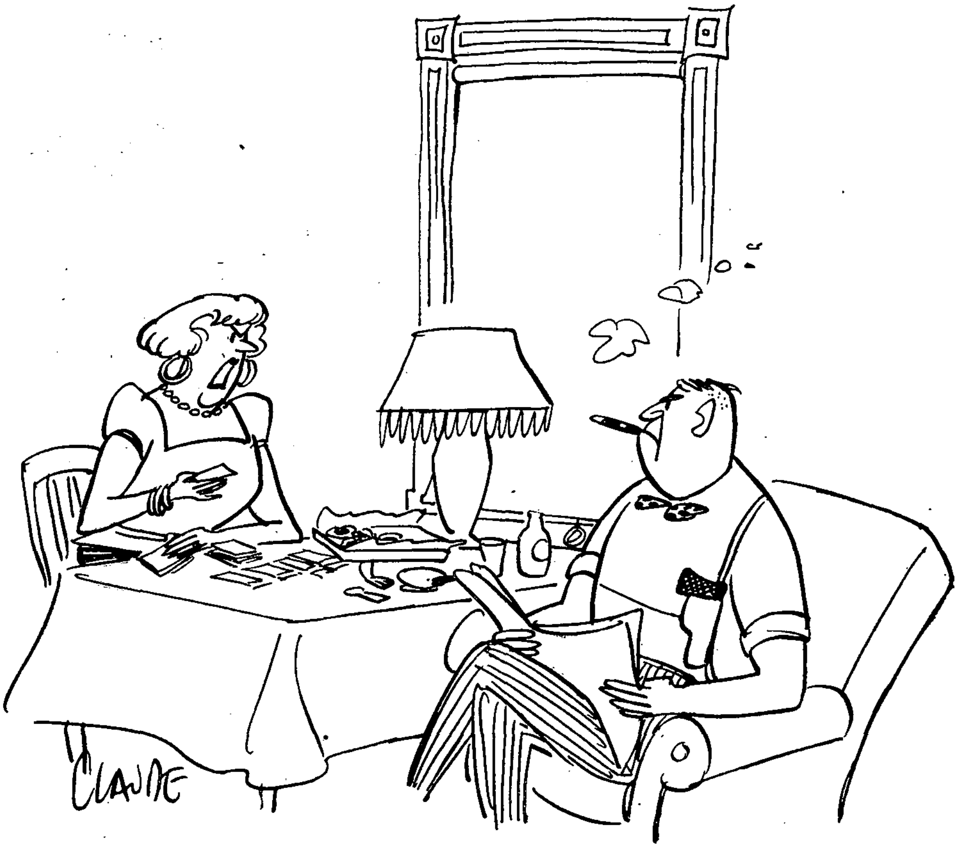
# BOOKS

## *A Serpent's Tooth*

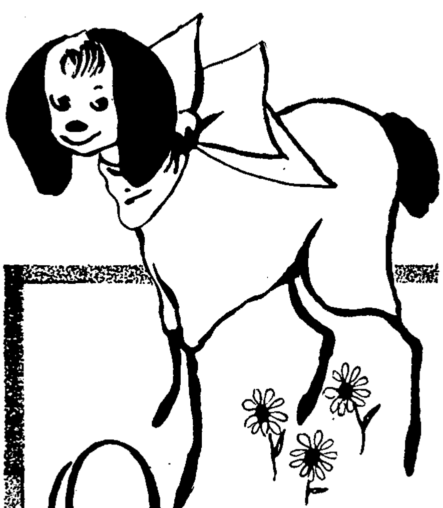
M. ROGER PEYREFITTE, a former diplomat and the author of "Diplomatic Diversions" (Vanguard), brings to mind two related principles of Balzacian psychology—that excessive obligation is the most powerful motive in lives devoted to hatred and revenge, and that kindness is far more intolerable than injury to the unworthy. Balzac illustrated the working of these principles with his du Tillet, who could never come to the end of his malice toward the unhappy César Birotteau. Birotteau's crime was kindness and forbearance. He gave du Tillet a start in life behind his cash desk, and, having caught the young man pilfering the till, made up the missing amount and gave him a second chance. Naturally, when du Tillet had become a successful banker, no one was more loathsome to him than the man who had forgiven him his moment of weakness and dishonesty, and he did all he could to ruin the fellow. M. Peyrefitte, who was once a career diplomat in the French service, has decided to unmask the moral viciousness and the futility of the corps to which he belonged, and to that end he has written two novels, "Les Ambassades," translated as "Diplomatic Diversions," and "La Fin des Ambassades," which is presently to appear in translation. M. Peyrefitte was one of that nosegay of festering lilies who were gathered by Marshal Pétain to ornament his rump Vichy administration, and, as a Pétain diplomat, he had the unusual privilege of being a representative of the French government in German Paris. He remained at his remarkable post, in close association with the conquerors, who were engaged in the transportation of thousands of his fellow-Frenchmen to the miseries of slave labor and in the liquidation of thousands of resistants and hostages, until the hour of liberation arrived. He then reported himself to the Quai d'Orsay, ready to forgive and to forget, and to continue his service to France in the diplomatic corps. Alas, the chiefs of personnel were also ready to forgive and to forget M. Peyrefitte; considering him to have been weak rather than wicked, they contented themselves with separating him from the service and annulling his pension rights. This act of mercy appears to have engendered a Balzacian reaction in M. Peyrefitte.

It would be pleasant to discover that the books M. Peyrefitte has written in response to that reaction were merely tawdry and unpleasant, but, unfortunately for sound morality and poetic justice, both, filled to the brim as they are with ill-natured passages, are extremely entertaining. They make one laugh, and they make one read on. It is scandal of the most deplorable kind, but it is shaped by a rapid mind with a real gift for low comedy and caricature. The author reminds one of that supremely gifted comic draftsman Caran d'Ache, whose enormous gifts were dedicated to the malignant expression of the most repulsive ideas, anti-Semitism amongst them, current in French thought in the nineties and the nineteen-hundreds. The lively invention and the beautiful execution of Caran d'Ache's images are irresistible, even if they become unbearable on second thought, conjuring up the intellectual squalor of the anti-Dreyfusards, of the Action Française, and of the Third Republic's nether world, which produced Charles Maurras as its finest flower.

So it is with M. Peyrefitte. The picture he gives in "Diplomatic Diversions" of the French Embassy in Athens in 1937 and 1938, during the shameful farce of nonintervention, when the sceneshifters were busy setting the stage for the great European tragedy, is perverse and ignoble, but it is also devilishly amusing. The accounts of the feud between the literary Ambassador and the Military Attaché and of the activities of the Ambassador's staff as they pursue advancement, decorations, and the rarer pleasures among the Greeks are first-rate burlesque. The same is true of "La Fin des Ambassades," which deals with the collapse and the mortal sickness of France after 1940. M. Peyrefitte revels in the ineptitudes and the ignobilities of those terrible times, and delights in showing how many people behaved as badly as he did in the shadow of the debacle. It is only after one has laughed at his chronicle of evasions, face-saving absurdities, and bureaucratic tartufferies that one realizes how much ingenuity the author has devoted to dragging those who behaved with dignity and courage down to his level. There is some consolation, though not a great deal, in discovering the Achilles' heel of this aggravatingly gifted devil's advocate. He nourishes a platonic passion for an embodiment of the Aryan ideal of blond



*"You wouldn't dare talk to me like that if you didn't have a gun."*



Ophelia's in a book!

The blithe, irrepressible lamb of the charming St. Marys blanket ads is now a heroine in her own right. She sneaks off to the woods in defiance of all warnings and prances through a thrilling encounter with a hungry red fox. An enthralling story for children of picture-book age.

THE STORY OF OPHELIA

By Mary Gibbons. Illustrated in color by Evaline Ness. $2

... and more enticing books for Summer reading

HEARTS IN TRIM

By Lavinia R. Davis. Jacket by Doris Reynolds. Serena and Cliff find themselves in hot water when they try to make the best of an unexpected legacy. Ages 12-16 $2.75

OUR CHANGING WEATHER

By Carroll Lane Fenton and Mildred Adams Fenton. *Illustrated with 24 photographs and 34 drawings by Mr. Fenton.* A clear and stimulating explanation of the fascinating whys and wherefores of weather. All ages $2.50

ROWENA THE SAILOR

By Ruth Langland Holberg, author of *Tam Morgan* and *Tomboy Row*. Illustrated by Grace Paull. Rowena Carey, the beloved 10-year-old, hurtles through merry sailing adventures.
Ages 7-11 $2.75

*At all booksellers*
DOUBLEDAY Jr. BOOKS

beauty in the person of a young German diplomat, and in the grip of this devotion he is as solemn as an owl and as clumsy as one that has been overtaken by the unkind light of day. But, this important defect apart, M. Peyrefitte has produced as brilliantly funny a *succès de scandale* as it is possible to contrive.

"Moscow" (Doubleday), now translated from the original German, is in time sequence the first of Theodor Plievier's two grandiose battlepiece novels describing the *Götterdämmerung* of the Nazi armies in Russia. The magnificent climax to the tragedy, "Stalingrad," has been in print in this country for nearly six years. This circumstance is to be regretted, because the two books are in effect two volumes of an integral work describing the awakening to the significance of the war of one character, and they lose a considerable amount of their virtue in isolation and presented in the wrong order. Several incidents in "Moscow" are meaningful only in the light of their sequels in "Stalingrad," and a number of passages in "Stalingrad" are almost unintelligible without the keys to them in "Moscow." The principal figure of both novels is Lieutenant Colonel Vilshofen, a member of the General Staff who is transferred to a command of fighting troops as the invasion of Russia begins. He is the son of a merchant family of Ulm, an effectively conceived symbol of the average German middle-class family that permitted itself to drift into becoming a part of the Nazi war machine. The Vilshofens stand for industrial progress and business integrity, for an uprightness that is wholly inadequate as an end in itself, since it takes the short-term view on all questions of ethics and concerns itself rather with what is permitted than with what is right or wrong. The Vilshofens have a brand of decency that amounts to nothing more than conformism; they do what their society does, and do not ask what their society is doing. In the end, they have achieved an innocence in the realm of ethics that allows them to become accessories to any crime that has social sanction. Lieutenant Colonel Vilshofen goes to war with the certainty that it is right, because what Germany does is right. He takes part in the vast battle of encirclement on the Russian frontier, which produced the greatest military victory in history, and goes on to take part in the drive on Moscow, in which sheer incompetence destroyed the finest army Germany had ever raised. Between failure at the gates

*A tale about a girl named Rhoda who presents a problem of such terrifying dimensions that the individual imagination must take over when the story is done.*

A new novel by WILLIAM MARCH

"The unrecognized genius of our time."
—ALISTAIR COOKE

The Bad Seed

*$3.00 at all booksellers*
RINEHART & COMPANY • N.Y. 16

the city and the wave

By JON GODDEN

*"HER ... tale of a handful of simple people in the swarming tenements of Calcutta carries some of the oldest wisdom in the world, the most heartening and heartbreaking...How flawlessly she has chosen her material, how strikingly the city takes life, and yet with what restraint."*
— N. Y. Herald Tribune Book Review

$3.00 at all bookstores
RINEHART & COMPANY • N.Y. 16

SAUL SCHARY
drawings and watercolors
*APRIL 19—MAY 8*
HARRY SALPETER GALLERY
42 EAST 57th ST. N.Y.C.

of Moscow and total defeat in the rat-trap of Stalingrad, Vilshofen realizes that he is not fighting for anything, Germany least of all. The creation of the gigantic war machine has been a monstrous perversion of Germany's industrial gift and has made her creative power an instrument of self-destruction. He sees that he has allowed himself to become a participant in a carnival of nihilism in which Germany is committing suicide in the course of attempting to murder Russia.

Plievier produces a quite astonishing number of convincing subordinate characters to stand beside his excellent portrait of Vilshofen, but the most remarkable thing about "Moscow" is its successful handling of panoramic views of the movements and feelings of vast bodies of men. In the first part of the book, he gives an extraordinary picture of the disintegration of the Russian Army and of the whole civil structure of western Russia under the German assault. But skillfully as this is done, it is eclipsed by the description of the change of morale in the victorious German Army as its offensive lost momentum and petered out, and as it suffered what the German General Guderian has called its first decisive defeat, at Maloyaroslavets and Tula, in the paralyzing December cold of 1941. One shivers as one reads Plievier's account of the freezing to death of the exhausted German troops, dressed for summer victory, as the fresh Russian forces, transferred from Siberia, begin their counterattack. All this is the terrible preliminary to the tragedy of Stalingrad, in which an army of three hundred thousand Germans went to destruction like sleepwalkers, for nothing, and knowing it was for nothing. It is possible to say that in his two volumes Plievier exhibits in some degree the German tendency to luxuriate in thoughts of death and annihilation, but for once the scale of the disaster is in tune with the Wagnerian mood, and Plievier does not overdo it. His novel brings to mind David Rousset's "Les Jours de Notre Mort," another of the few books that give the essence of the individual experience of the great mass movements of the late European war.

—ANTHONY WEST

## BRIEFLY NOTED

### FICTION

SILENCE FOR HIS WORSHIP, by Bernard Ash (Knopf). This bulky life history of the fortunes of an orphan boy in nineteenth-century London runs down badly about halfway

(*Advertisement*)

THE
**Minneapolis Star *and* Tribune**
COLUMN

by **CEDRIC ADAMS**
MINNEAPOLIS STAR AND TRIBUNE COLUMNIST

YOUR BEDROOM MAY BE the next place you'll have a refrigerator. Some cosmetics and medicines keep better under refrigeration, the baby's formula belongs there, refreshing drinks for babies and the sick and aged would be more readily available if refrigerated in the bedroom, say the experts on such matters. No more sneaking downstairs to raid the icebox is another feature . . . This will surprise you women. The average husband in the United States has three times as much hosiery as his wife. But it's the wife's fault, because she buys at least 80 percent of her husband's sox . . . The average American woman over 30 weighs more than 130 pounds.

★

**EVER NOTICE WHEN a man starts to tuck in his shirttail he invariably raises his shoulders and, naturally, his shirt with them, which makes it practically impossible to accomplish what he set out to do . . . Our teen-agers continue to enrich the language. If they call you "president" or "Tiffany," you're the tops. "Take five," means shake hands and "turkey out" means they're going to go—quietly . . . Watch for the nation's canners to strike back against the frozen food business. Recent inroads have been too serious to let the swing go much farther . . . Startling statistic: Rheumatism attacks three times as many women as men . . . Laugh of the week: Said one skunk to the other, "So do you."**

★

AS AN OLD Horatio Alger reader I used to wonder if virtue would invariably reap a reward. Well, I'm still not sure of the answer but I know this: every year, out here, 40 to 50 outstanding boys have their dreams and ambitions realized. That's the group who, last year, were awarded more than $35,000 in college scholarships by the Star and Tribune and co-operating schools and colleges in the country through our newspapers' scholarship plan for carrier-salesmen. The awards recognize scholastic achievement, good citizenship and ability as carrier-salesmen. And this year we're expanding the program to include travel scholarships to Europe for two deserving boys. Isn't that a thriller? To me, our carrier-salesman scholarship plan—largest in the nation for a single carrier force—is just one more reason why, to residents of this great 3⅓ state area, the best-liked, most-respected newspapers are the **Minneapolis Star and Tribune** (combined daily circulation: more than 485,000) and the **Minneapolis Sunday Tribune** (circulation, now more than 620,000).

★

WIDOWERS HAVE PRETTY good pickings if they want to remarry and will take a widow. Today there are three widows to every widower in the country. Don't get your hopes up too high, though, girls. Widowers who pick widows for their second go usually take women 10 or 15 years younger than themselves . . . The buggy industry isn't completely dead. Makers still turn out 800 a year. The Amish buy the plain top jobs, dude ranches are still pretty good customers and owners of large estates make up most of the remainder . . . Due soon is a chocolate-flavored chewing gum, after 16 years of research . . . Eddie Fisher, who exited from the army only a year ago, has become one of the top earners in show business. In the last 12 months from records, guest shots on TV and club and theater dates, he's rolled up a yearly gross of $700,000 . . . You can shorten a tire's life by 600 miles if you drive it continually at only one pound under recommended pressure.

The misadventures of
a proper girl
improperly in love

PATIENCE

An enchantingly rakish, but
essentially moral novel by
JOHN COATES

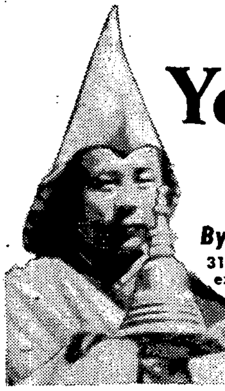
*$3.00 wherever books are sold*

The Macmillan Company
60 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 11, N.Y.

Fraulein
Bo-Peepen
AND MORE TALES MEIN
GROSSFADER TOLD

By DAVE MORRAH
author of
Cinderella
Hassenpfeffer
AND OTHER TALES MEIN
GROSSFADER TOLD
Each, only $1.50
at all booksellers
RINEHART & CO., N.Y.

"Incredible adventure"
—N. Y. Times Book Review



Seven
Years in
Tibet

By HEINRICH HARRER
314 pages, plus 40 pages of
extraordinary photographs
At bookstores, $5.00
DUTTON

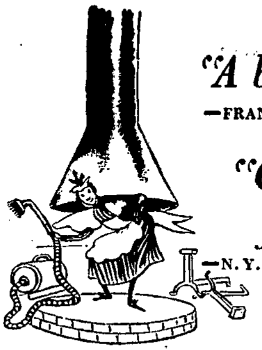
through—at just about the point, in fact, where the orphan turns the corner into the road that leads him quite rapidly to success and riches. It is a self-consciously pathetic book, saved to some extent in the beginning by its eventfulness but falling, after the money begins to roll in, into a teary yet avid coziness that oppresses the reader just as thoroughly as the monotony of being rich oppresses the somewhat sticky orphan, whose name, by the way, is Arthur.

THE GARDEN TO THE SEA, by Philip Toynbee (Doubleday). Writing this book must have been a very luxurious experience, but it is not a very entertaining book to read, even though Mr. Toynbee's stalwart efforts to obscure his subject instead of going after it cannot hide the fact that he is fundamentally a lively writer. He gives us here a long dialogue for four voices, each voice representing a phase in the development of one man, whose name is Adam. As the voices speak, Adam's life is unrolled, but spasmodically and certainly not in full. Now that Mr. Toynbee has run through his practice work, perhaps he will come up with the novel.

### GENERAL

THE DARK CITY, as told to Hartvig Andersen (Rinehart). The apoplectic days and nights of an anonymous graduate of the Danish underground who served as an O.S.S. agent in Berlin during the last weeks of the European war. Aage Schmidt—a cover name used by the agent himself and by his amanuensis, a Danish newspaperman—slipped into Berlin in the guise of an innocent black-market drummer in February, 1945. For a while, all went reasonably well; he gathered his facts, he sent off his dispatches, and he began to build up a full-scale information service. Then the S.S. got on his trail. They had almost caught up with him when the Red Army burst into the city. With understandable relief, he raced to a Russian Intelligence post, told his story, and prepared to relax. The Russians threw him in jail. His account of his escape from his Allies, who refused to believe a word he said, is without much doubt one of the most grimly fascinating, and instructive, cloak-and-dagger nightmares that have come to us so far.

MINUTES OF THE LAST MEETING, by Gene Fowler (Viking). This book, which is among Mr. Fowler's most curious, is diverting, occasionally quite funny, often irritating, and



*"A bull's-eye"*
—FRANK LLOYD WRIGHT

*"Gloriously funny"*
—N. Y. HERALD TRIBUNE

HOMES OF
THE BRAVE
T. H. ROBSJOHN-GIBBINGS

*with 26 fabulous drawings by*
MARY PETTY

In addition to writing hilarious best sellers, Mr. Robsjohn-Gibbings is a well-known interior designer. For an example of his furniture, turn to the advertisement on page 42.

$3.50 *at all bookstores*

ALFRED A. KNOPF, *Publisher*

*583 pages of* MAX
BEERBOHM
*His most brilliant
dramatic criticisms
are collected in*
Around Theatres
$6. Simon and Schuster

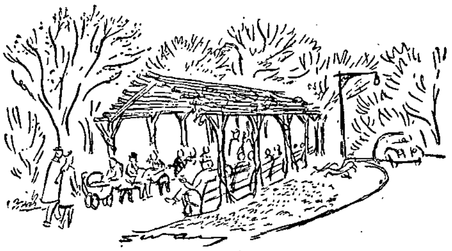
Flower
Arrangements
for all
Occasions

Magnificent
96 illustrations,
32 in rich, full color, show
you how to make magnificent flower
arrangements with your own rules, common
sense. You can't resist this big, (9" x 12"),
beautiful book!

by MARIE JOHNSON FORT
Edited by Robert Sommerville
$8.50 at all booksellers, or
RINEHART & COMPANY • N.Y. 16

sometimes a little sadistic. Ostensibly, it is a biography of a fantastically *outré* character named Sadakichi Hartmann, whom Mr. Fowler met in 1939. Hartmann was then an old man, living in destitution on an Indian reservation in California; he was half German and half Japanese, and he had behind him a career as a playwright, art critic, poet, literary confidence man, and charlatan. But Hartmann is really only an incidental character in the book. The main figures are John Barrymore, who kept urging Mr. Fowler to write Hartmann's biography; the artist John Decker, who was a crony and drinking companion of Barrymore's; W. C. Fields, who was a friend of both men and a drinking companion of practically anybody who had a drop to spare; and Mr. Fowler himself. What the book turns into is a chronicle of the last years of Barrymore, Decker, and Fields. Mr. Fowler writes of them with affection and contributes to their legends, but in doing so he often leaves one with the impression that he is a small boy delightedly showing off his naughtiness.

Puritan Sage: Collected Writings of Jonathan Edwards, edited by Vergilius Ferm (Library Publishers). In one of the worst-looking books of the decade—no margins at all, impenetrable photographs, and an ugly blue binding—Dr. Ferm has done us all an enormous service by collecting much of the work of America's first major writer. Here—in whole or in part, the text arbitrarily modernized or not—are most of the important writings, as well as such surprises as the wonderful treatise on spiders that Edwards wrote when he was eleven. If there are no longer many readers for some of the tracts, or for such hell-fire rhetoric as "Sinners in the Hands of an Angry God," there still is and always will be an audience for the brilliance and clarity of Edwards' Harvard commencement address, "God Glorified in the Work of Redemption," and for the marvellous rolling eloquence, not unworthy of Sir Thomas Browne, that is manifest



Long Distance calls now cost you less

***Recent reduction in federal excise tax means a substantial saving for you on every Long Distance call***

The reduction in the excise tax from 25% to 10%, voted by Congress, is good news for Long Distance users.

It means that every Long Distance call—to anywhere in the country—now costs you less than it did before April 1.

Basic rates remain the same. What you save is the difference between the old and the new tax. Every bit of the tax reduction goes to our customers. The telephone company does not retain any part of it.

Now it costs you even less to keep in touch by telephone.

**Don't Wonder • Don't Worry • *Call today and be sure***

**LONG DISTANCE RATES ARE LOW**

Some typical examples:

| | |
|---|---|
| **Philadelphia to New York......** | **40¢** |
| **Indianapolis to Cincinnati......** | **40¢** |
| **Cleveland to Chicago..........** | **75¢** |
| **Dallas to Atlanta .............** | **$1.20** |
| **San Francisco to Washington...** | **$2.00** |

These are the Station-to-Station rates for the first three minutes, after 6 o'clock every night and all day Sunday. They do not include the new, lower federal excise tax of 10%.

**LOW RATES FOR SIMILAR DISTANCES ALL OVER AMERICA**

**BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM**

editor at large

It is interesting how, in the arts, the word "experimental" tends to take on an unfavorable meaning for the average person. Too often the true experimenter is confused with the mere eccentric or the exhibitionist.

¶ Yet without experiment, obviously, there can be no growth in any art form. And at present the fields of art and music are being widened by sculptors in welding masks, by painters who drip colors on the canvas, by composers working with electronic devices.

¶ Meanwhile in literature there has been, since the deaths of James Joyce and Virginia Woolf, little significant effort to broaden the scope of the novel.

¶ Now comes Philip Toynbee, the English writer, with a novel, "The Garden To The Sea," which is openly labelled "experimental." It is the story of the disintegration of an individual, and a generation, told in the form of a dialogue among the four selves who make up one man. It is based on the myth of the expulsion from Eden.

¶ No experimental work is wholly new, and few are wholly successful. Despite the brilliance and poetic quality of Toynbee's writing and the intensity of his emotion, his book is not an easy one to read. It demands several careful perusals.

¶ It repays the effort, though, and I recommend it to those interested in writing as well as in reading.

¶ And remember, if Henry Fielding hadn't experimented, we might still be reading novels written in the form of letters.

L L Day
EDITOR-AT-LARGE

"The Garden To The Sea," by Philip Toynbee, $3, is published by Doubleday & Company, 575 Madison Avenue, New York 22, N. Y. Your bookseller has copies, or can order one for you.

(*Advertisement*)

in such sermons as "Justification by Faith Alone."

THE QUEST OF ALAIN-FOURNIER, by Robert Gibson (Yale). Mr. Gibson, an English enthusiast of Alain-Fournier's lovely novel "The Wanderer" ("Le Grand Meaulnes"), has written what he calls "the sad and beautiful story of its author." As is not unusual in such cases, Alain-Fournier's brief life—he disappeared in action in the First World War, before he was twenty-eight—turns out to be much less interesting than his book. Mr. Gibson's biography can be recommended only to those who read French easily (great swatches of quoted material are untranslated), are not put off by a style of breathless gush, or have a clinical interest in adolescent mother fixation. All others might better read, or reread, the sad and beautiful story of Augustin Meaulnes.

LINCOLN IN CARICATURE, edited, with descriptive and biographical commentaries, by Rufus Rockwell Wilson (Horizon). This album of cartoons has its value, since it helps one to follow the course of public opinion, both at home and in England, in regard to the Civil War. Artistically, it is depressing. Thomas Nast is not seen here at his best. By far the ablest draftsman is Tenniel, who up to the moment of Lincoln's death, when a tribute of mourning was called for, did a consistently anti-Lincoln job for *Punch*. The editor adequately explains the historical context of each cartoon but, annoyingly, does not indicate in every case who drew it.

NOTE: "Sullivan Bites News," a collection of what the author, Frank Sullivan, calls "perverse news items," has been published by Little, Brown, with illustrations by Sam Berman. All the items first appeared in this magazine.

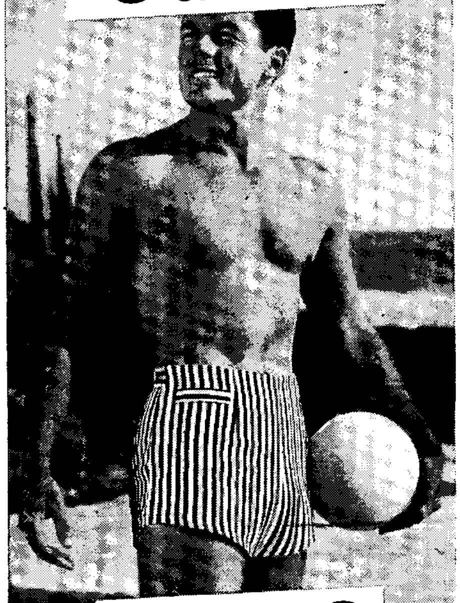
•

### HOW'S THAT AGAIN? DEPARTMENT

[*From the Herald Tribune*]

COLLINGWOOD, ONT., Feb. 8 (CP)—Buied under tons of snow while skiing, thitty—of Toronto was rescued yesterday when searchers found him after a five-hour hunt. themselves standing over the very avalanch of snow that buried him. They dug Mr. Bornet out unharmed. He was from the surface to his burial place in a creek bed saved his life. It gave him enought air to breathe untill searches found him.

Gantner



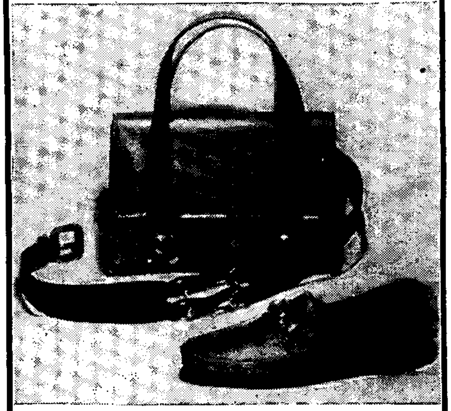
WIKIES.

SURF RIDER*... It's the cut—tailored for swimming comfort as only Gantner can do it. 5.95

*Available at Saks 34th Street, N.Y.C., Hahne & Co., Newark, Broadway Dept. Store, Los Angeles, Macy's, San Francisco*

Or write Gantner of California, Dept. 2, San Francisco 3
"America's Finest" since 1876
*T. M. Reg.

Gucci of Italy invites you to visit his new shop in New York



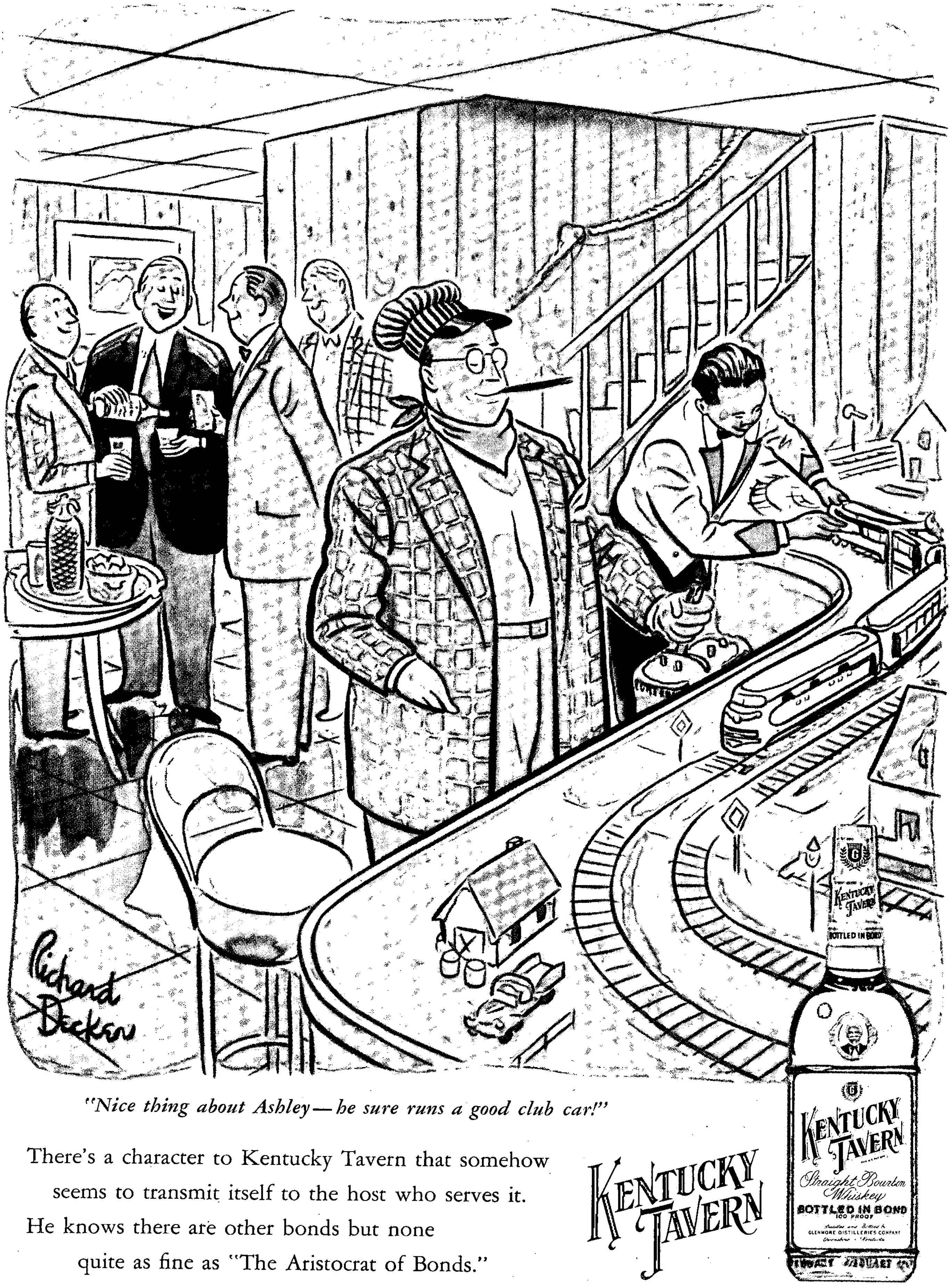
Natural calf handbag in Gucci's own walnut shade. Handstitched, leather lined. Available also in black or navy calf, red or purple pigskin. $54 (tax incl.)
Belt in matching colors $16
Handstitched moccasins $23
walnut or red in ladies' sizes; walnut in men's sizes

GUCCI
7 EAST 58TH ST., NEW YORK
PL 3-0758
FLORENCE ROME MILAN

BULLFIGHT POSTERS!

Authentic full-color Bullfight Posters, printed in Spain: from Plaza de Toros de Madrid, Granada, Seville, y Valencia. Featuring Spain's most renowned matadors: Manolete, Bienvenida and others. Printed in vivid colors with complete description in Spanish of matadors, dates, bulls. Genuine collectors' items; ideal for den, patio, bar. Each 21" x 40". 2 for $3.00 ppd; complete set of four, $4.00 ppd. Complete satisfaction guaranteed. Order from Importer:

MANUEL RIVERA ANDALUZ
29 Sixteenth Avenue, San Francisco, California


Richard Decker
Kentucky Tavern
Bottled in Bond
Kentucky Tavern
Straight Bourbon Whiskey
BOTTLED IN BOND
100 PROOF
Glenmore Distilleries Company

*"Nice thing about Ashley—he sure runs a good club car!"*

There's a character to Kentucky Tavern that somehow seems to transmit itself to the host who serves it. He knows there are other bonds but none quite as fine as "The Aristocrat of Bonds."

KENTUCKY TAVERN

GLENMORE DISTILLERIES COMPANY • LOUISVILLE, KY.

KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON
BOTTLED IN BOND • 100 PROOF

APR 30 1956

# PARK & TILFORD

## *makes it easy to choose* the Right Whiskey for Your Enjoyment

Private Stock
PARK & TILFORD
Private Stock
Founded 1840
P&T
Over 100 Years of Quality
PARK & TILFORD
KENTUCKY BRED
STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY
P&T
PARK & TILFORD
Private Stock
All Straight Whiskeys
P&T
Founded 1840
Buy Name is Our Bond
PARK & TILFORD
Old Bond
100 PROOF BOTTLED IN BOND
Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whisky
P&T
PARK & TILFORD
RESERVE
WHISKEY
A BLEND
Fine Whiskeys
Since 1840

*Park & Tilford in 1840. Today the company owns five great distilleries.*

For *quality*, look to a whiskey produced by a distiller famed for skill and long experience. For *taste*, choose a whiskey by its *type*, as well as by its quality. Park & Tilford—whose reputation for quality-whiskeys goes back 114 years—produces *all four basic taste-types*, and assures their uniform excellence by more than *100 quality controls!* Choose *your* type of Park & Tilford whiskey—and enjoy the *finest-tasting* whiskey of its type!

### *Park & Tilford "Reserve"*

"The blend of experience." Consisting of fine whiskeys and quality grain neutral spirits.

*"Light and Mild"*

62½% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS, 86 PROOF

### *Park & Tilford "Private Stock"*

*Four* great whiskeys "custom-made" into *one* matchless whiskey. Your choice of round bottle or gift decanter.

*"Rich and Soft"*

A BLEND OF STRAIGHT WHISKEYS, 86 PROOF

### *Park & Tilford "Kentucky Bred"*

Thoroughbred Kentucky straight bourbon. A champion in *quality* . . . a winner in *taste!*

*"Hearty and Smooth"*

STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY, 90 PROOF

### *Park & Tilford "Old Bond"*

A magnificent, 100 proof Kentucky bourbon. Bottled under government supervision.

*"Robust and Mellow"*

PARK & TILFORD DISTILLERS CORP., NEW YOR
PARK & TILFORD DISTILLERS OF KENTUCKY, IN
KY